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Benito Mussolini—Thomas McMorrow—Maximilian Foster—William Slavens McNutt
Peggy Wood—Clarence Budington Kelland—Fanny Heaslip Lea—Rear Admiral Magruder

Here's a thought to tempt you out of bed on the sleepiest, laziest morning of your life!

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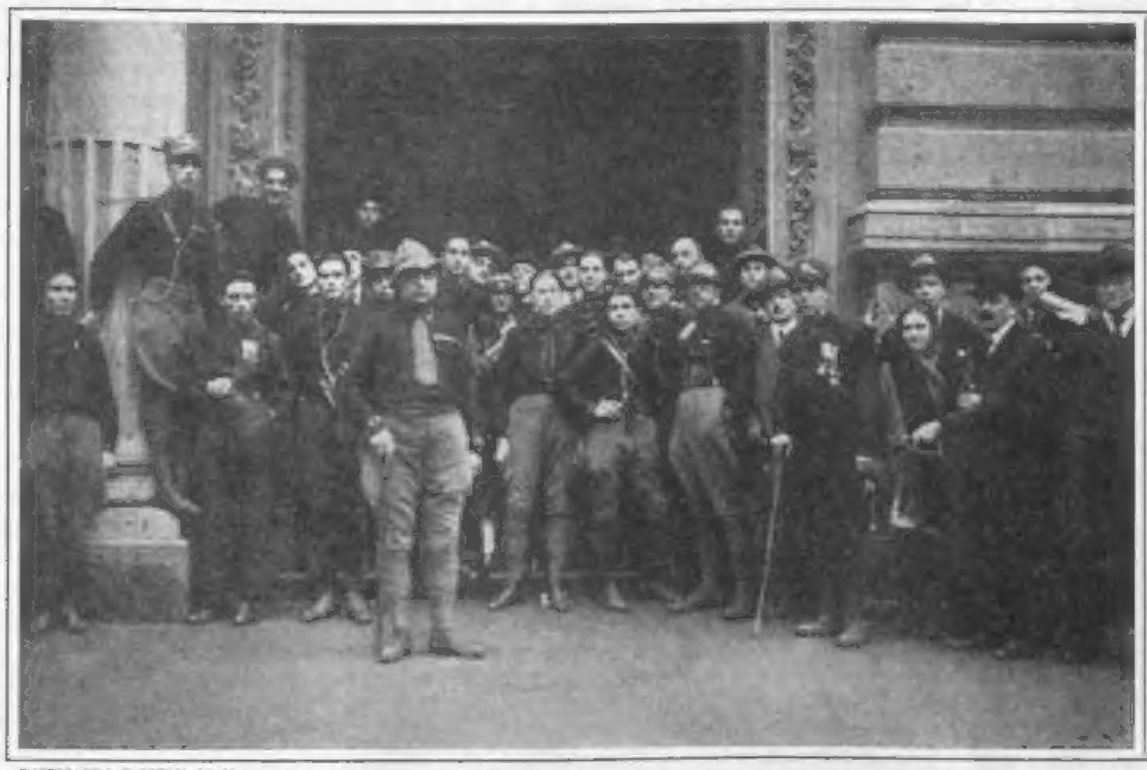
The Death Struggle of a Worn-Out Democracy—By Benito Mussolini



PHOTOG. BY A. FLECCHIA, MILAN

The Milan General Post Office Guarded by Black Shirts

The Main Railroad Station in Milan Patrolled by Black Shirts

I HAVE little doubt that all inefficient party and parliamentary governments die from the same causes and with the same typical mannerisms of decay.

I have watched one die and have been present to hear the raucous drawings of its last breaths. But these were times which tried the souls of us. We saw passing before our eyes the dreadful panorama of chaos and of evil forces which had broken into a gallop, ridiculous to behold, tragic beyond words to one who loved his country. Above all, these forces were trivial and insincere.

The political elections of November 16, 1919, had painted and glossed over Italian political life with a mere veneer of quiet. Not one of the weighty problems of domestic or foreign policy for which a quick, brave solution was needed was yet even put under the microscope for study. Everything was boiled up in the joust of political parties. There was the usual seethe of inconsequential prophecy about the new ministerial combinations.

The Socialists dominated the scene. They continually harassed the government, while it was preoccupied on account of the attitude of the Extreme Left—communists.

The occasion of the crown speech, at the beginning of the twenty-first legislature, was upon us. For this ceremony there had been some worry on the part of Nitti. He tried to hold the Socialists in check. But they could not help showing their cold hostility to the king. I was told in advance that they would refuse to be present in the hall during the king's speech.

PHOTOG. BY STRAZZA, MILAN

The Fascist Leaders With Mussolini at the Time of Directing the March on Rome

On the day of the opening of the chamber, when the king was solemnly entering the Hall of Parliament, what was the demonstration? The Socialists made a parade of their pinks in their buttonholes and went out in groups, singing the Hymn of Workers and the International. With them, giving a clumsy show of doubtful political taste, filed the republicans, the independents and members of the Left.

The speech of the crown did not take a clear position against the subversive forces which were menacing nothing less than our whole national unity. It forgot the question of Fiume—a torch which held out a flame for our national spirit. The speech even renounced some sovereign prerogatives. It conceded a good share of the crown patrimony, in behalf of the war veterans, combatants and wounded, for they also were full of evident signs of restlessness. Furthermore, in a period when foreign policies were in a snarl and the economic crisis serious indeed, I could see little else besides the petty shifts and maneuvers of parliamentary cloakrooms and corridors in the same old disgusting struggle to grab places in the Ministry.

During the first three months the Ministry of Nitti fell three times at the chamber. It outlived itself and then succeeded itself.

The Stampa, an old Piedmont newspaper, liberal in character, began to be willing to indict the war. It began an attempt to carry in triumph the very man who was the breeder and teacher of being neutral—Giovanni Giolitti. The Popular Party wanted to draw the most profit from the

PHOTO. BY A. FLECCHIA, MILAN

Black Shirts Defending One of the Barricades in Milan

abnormal situation. The Socialists revealed themselves very badly prepared for their victory. Victory had only set them down in a marsh of trouble; I knew that they could not create an equilibrium between the communists and the Extreme Right. On one side it was the nation; on the other politics—inefficient, empty politics.

Reunion

MEANWHILE Gabriele d'Annunzio, in Fiume, was resisting with his legionnaires the flatteries of political secret agents who, we all knew, were pouring into Fiume, and was resisting, also, the blockade. Fascism was setting in order again its disunited ranks, after the electoral defeat of November 16, 1919, and the light was everywhere dim and the atmosphere murky with selfish, small, cowardly breathings. Nevertheless, we began to see our thoroughfare.

To reorganize the ranks of Fascism was not a matter of impossible difficulty, because the Fasci di Combattimento—Bundles of Fight—had learned discipline and enthusiasm; we could stand our shocks from mere electoral vicissitudes. And on the other hand, some strategic leadership began to show itself at Florence, where, in October, 1919, there was held the first international meeting of the Italian Fasci di Combattimento. What a characteristic meeting! The adherents were obliged to defend the liberty of assembling, by the voice of the revolver. Florence, a city having a tradition of kindness and hospitality, received the Fascists with violent hostility. Ambushes! Provocations! Nevertheless, the meeting was held. Our friends were able to control the place. By great energy they broke down resistance and suppressed the unprovoked violence of our opponents.

The meeting of Florence wrote the real problem of government across the sky. On October ninth, by way of starting that sky writing, I made an unadorned speech. I made clear appeal to the subversive forces of the nation. On the next day, after a sharp needle-point speech of the poet F. T. Marinetti, the secretary, Pasella, presented a resolution in which the Fasci di Combattimento claimed the right to formulate for Italy a fundamental transformation of the state. It was a clearly defined program of political convenience and expediency ready to create a social and economic state, absolutely new.

I have interpreted and carried out that purpose. If the end I now seek is to disclose the paths which have led to the development of the self I am, then surely it was during this period of training and test, of trial and error, that may be found the most significant guideposts.

The program of the Fasci was approved to a man. There, indeed, was the disclosed warning of the Fascist régime to come. To the régime's problem, however, there was being added—and sharp it was—the problem of the syndicates. For that reason, during the afternoon sitting of October tenth, I myself proposed a resolution which declared "adhesion of the movement of economic deliverance and autonomy of the worker." We sent a greeting "to all those numerous groups of proletarians and employes who are not willing to submit to the leadership of political parties composed and controlled chiefly by little and big mediocrity which is now trying, by impoverishing and mystifying the masses, to gain applause and salaries." I often wonder if other nations do not feel the same.

The whole spirit of that meeting, which closed with a greeting of Fiume, was able to rivet the old conceptions of the irreconcilableness and of fight.

When Friends Turn to the Attack

I ARRIVED at Florence, coming from Fiume, where I had gone by airplane. There had been a long, affectionate and definite heart-to-heart talk with Gabriele d'Annunzio about all that was needed to be done in Italy. On my journey back, the plane, on account of the *bora*—a violent wind of the Upper Adriatic—was obliged to come down on the aviation field at Aiello, in the province of Udine. Chafing under the delay, I continued my journey to Florence by train, where I came just in time to preside at the meeting and to take what may be called a lively part in our resistance against the violence of our opponents. At the bottom, I was the most harassed in spirit of all who were there. But to the eyes of the glowing crowd I was a patriot, a preacher of resistance, he who succeeded, through the violent articles written from day to day in the Popolo d'Italia, in beginning the smashing of Bolshevism. The meeting was ended in Fascist style; we swore to see one another again; we promised ourselves victory at any price.

I set out from Florence by auto, to go to Romagna. The machine was driven by Guido Pancani, well known in Florence in his capacity of war volunteer and airplane pilot—a great athlete. In the same machine there were also the brother-in-law of Pancani, Gastone Galvani, and Leandro Arpinati, of the railway workshops of Bologna, since then well known in the political clubs. When we came to Faenza the auto stopped

PHOTO. BY STRAZZA, MILAN

Mussolini, Called by the King After the March on Rome, Leaving Milan to Become Premier. At Right—Another Black Shirt Barricade in Milan

PHOTO. BY A. FLECCHIA, MILAN

before the Orpheum Coffee Shop, where I met and greeted some old friends of mine. On continuing our way, the auto, driven at full speed, crashed into a railway crossing with closed gates. Under our terrible impact the first iron railing was broken to pieces and the auto was hurled over the rails onto the second barrier. We were all, with the exception of the driver, Pancani, flung yards away, like toy men. I, who came out unhurt, and Arpinati, who had been lightly bruised, went shouting for help for our two friends, who were groaning in agony. People arrived, the injured men were laid down in our auto, which, dragged by oxen, conveyed the two wounded to the hospital of Faenza. During the surgical treatments I also helped the two patients. I did what I could to comfort them. Finally I departed again by train to Bologna. The incident might have had greater consequences, but fortune assisted me; I felt that the hatred of our adversaries had been my talisman.

Already I have told how, after the electoral defeat of November 16, 1919, some of my friends were terrified and others asserted how useless it was to go against the stream. They said—for there are always minds of this type—that it was much better to come to an agreement with the opposition, which in those days held all strategic political positions and dominated the parliament. Compromise, negotiation and agreements were offered me.

I rejected flatly any agreements whatever. I did not admit even one moment's thought of coming to a covenant with those who had repudiated our Italy in war and now were betraying her in peace. Not many understood me—not even those close to me. Two of my editors on the Popolo d'Italia, my newspaper, asked permission to leave. They made their excuses on the grounds that they had moved from their political streets and house numbers. They even accused me of having helped myself—during the electoral fight—with funds gathered by the Popolo d'Italia in the cause of smarting Fiume. So I have seen myself—a bitter experience—obliged to defend myself from those who had been my friends.

I appeared before the convention of the Lombardian journalists, demanding opportunity to hear and be heard as to the charges made. My justification was ample and precise. The board was forced by the facts to do me justice. And afterward, without waiting for the hour of my triumphs, the selfsame slanderers of mine, it is fair to say, made honorable amends for their errors.

Enemies

BUT meanwhile, taking a pretext from this episode, there was launched against me the furious wrath of the Socialists and of the members of the Popular Party. Ferrets were sent to smell into my life.

PHOTO. BY A. FLECCHIA, MILAN

Black Shirts Patrolling the Streets Where the Reds Had Withdrawn

PHOTO. BY STRAZZA, MILAN

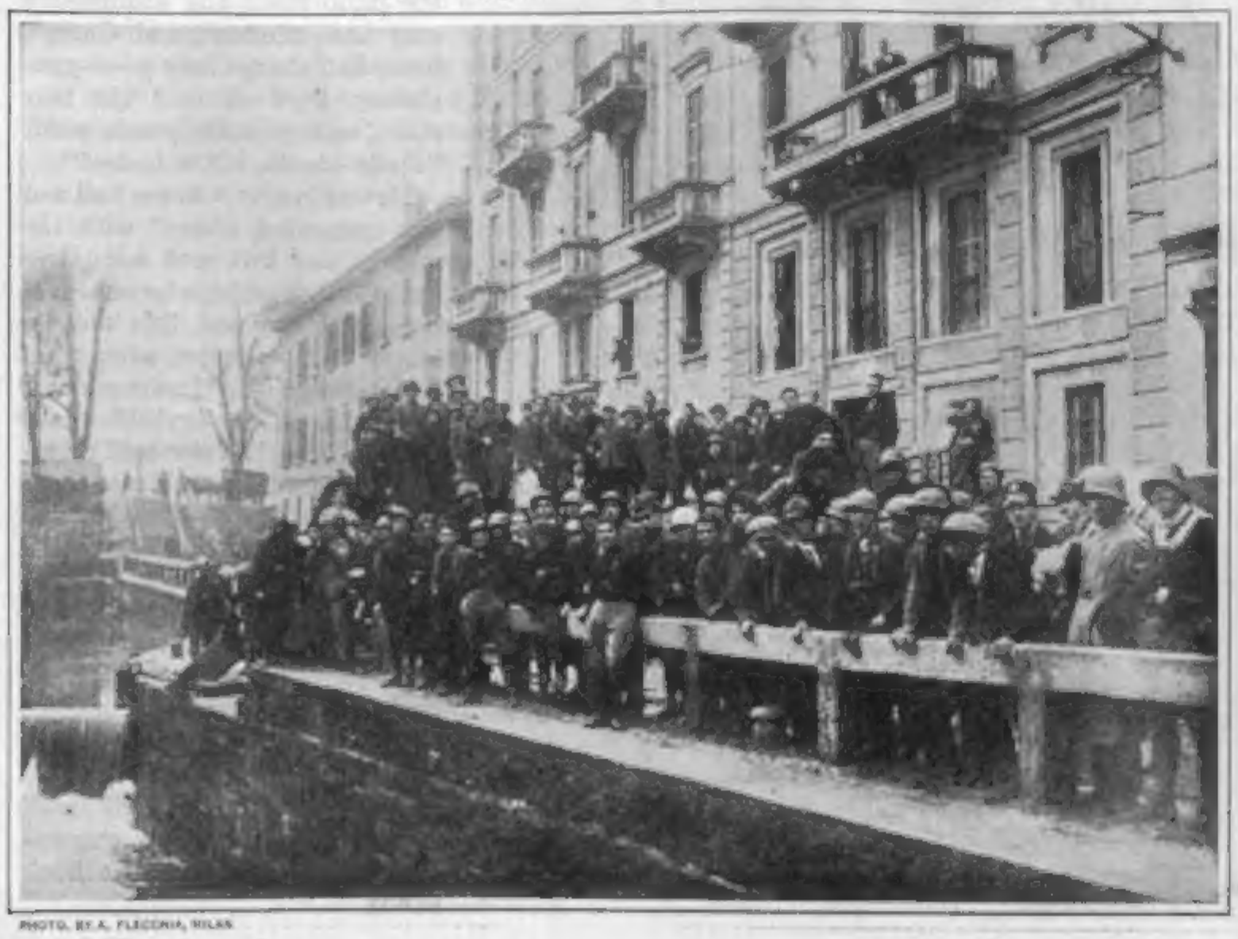


PHOTO. BY A. FLECCHIA, MILAN

Mussolini Just Before the March on Rome. At Left—Black Shirts Gathered at the Milan Headquarters

Soldiers and police were bribed. Secret inquiries were made into my everyday routine, into all my acts, all my beliefs. The deluded, the rejected, the unmindful—all whom my upright and fierce soul had fired at in some way or another gathered against me. They could do nothing. In spite of the investigation in its length and breadth, up high and down low, no dragon was dredged out of my pool. As for the disposition of the funds for the Fiume campaign and other unworthy calumnies, I published in my newspaper documents and testimony which could never be refuted.

Strength

THE conclusion arrived at then has been and always will be the same until I cease to exist: on the field of integrity there is no assault to be made upon me. My political work may be valued more or less this way or that, and so people may shout me up or howl me down, but in the moral field it is another matter. Men must live in harmony with the faith by which they are pushed on; they must be inspired to the most absolute disinterestedness. True men, in politics, must be animated by the humane and devout sense; they must have a regard, a love and a deep vision toward their own fellow creatures. And all these qualities must not be defiled by dissimulations or rhetoric or flatteries or compromises or servile concessions. On this ground, at least, I am proud to know myself as one not to be suspected—even by myself—and feeling, as to my inmost moral fiber, that this fiber is invincible.

I believe that this, above all else, has been the stuff and fabric of my strength and of my success.

The beginning of 1920 found Italy engaged with a most difficult international situation. While in Paris the diplomats were discussing sordidly, the bleeding wound of Dalmatia was yet open, and in it was D'Annunzio at Fiume. The Socialists, to be sure, had obtained a boisterous electoral victory, but they proved from day to day more and more impotent and incapable of maintaining their positions in government with dignity. The most temperate were overturned by the extremists. There was the gorgeous myth of Lenin! The Italian Liberal Party had resigned all its prerogatives. The Ministry was living from day to day, at the mercy of political extortions, of blackmail, of those who wanted special favors. There were turbulence in parliament and uproars of political nature on the streets.

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THE SANDALWOOD FAN

By Thomas McMorrow

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

IT WAS about nine o'clock in the evening of May 21, 1920, when Dick Phillipse drove his car across the Queensboro Bridge on his way to visit Garry Duane. The day was Friday, and the townward traffic was not heavy; he made fair time on the Queens County Boulevard into Jamaica and then opened up to a steady thirty-five miles on the Merrick Road.

A high-handed chap, he reflected with a trace of irritation. In view of his having returned from Europe only that afternoon, Garry could have named another week-end, should not have pledged him to come out that very evening.

He had not seen Garry in ten years, nor, until the telephone call, had he exchanged a line or word with him; another few days would not have mattered. Of course he would like to see him again. Garry had said to him once, "Dick, you're the only man I know that I can just sit around with."

He was at once eager and rebellious, like any man upon whom a pleasure is forced. Ten years was a long time. To renew an acquaintance after ten years is an experience; to revive a friendship is an adventure. Embarking on it, Dick's irritation, which he would not restrain where Garry Duane was concerned, was suffused with gayety. He would see his friend again, and he would see himself. For him ten years was to be but a moment. He had last seen Garry at a class dinner where there had been hilarious drinking; he felt now a sense of astonishment, as though he had just waked and had recalled a vivid dream wherein he had been a sober and oldish machinery manufacturer, a staid bachelor chap who would soon be forty.

Garry's place was out between Blue Point and Bayport, and a good two hours from the bridge—confound his crust to drag a man away out there on a moment's notice. Nobody but Garry Duane would have done it, or could.

During the elapsed ten years, Dick had passed the entrance to Garry's place a full dozen times, but always while going somewhere in a hurry and always with the resolve to stop in another time. He would know it now by the black masses of the spruces—blue and gray and green in sunlight and with the pure flash of marble in the slate-colored shadows. He had never passed that imposing entrance without saying to himself, with gladness and a dash of indignation, that gambling certainly paid. That's what the chap was—a common gambler—real estate, the stock market, yes, and the race track and poker table; he could call himself a promoter.

Ah, here was the place now, with a drive in like a wolf's throat, and five hundred feet long. Where was the house—those lights, glinting through evergreens? They had swallowed the house; when Dick had last been there, those evergreens were due to be headed back, and overdue; now they were dense and high—as high as the chimney pots. They were the fringe of green that had been planted about the base of the walls as a mere ornament and accessory once upon a time, and now they had swallowed the house—a symbol of the distorted values in Garry's life. Well, a symbol, perhaps, but without a moral or warning, if to live in a place like this was the appointed end of a gay dog.

Dick tooted his horn beside the stone steps to the brick terrace. There was too much noise in the house for his signal to be heard. He left his car under the porte-cochère and went up the steps and rang the bell.

Here was not the black house of a workaday suburbanite; light peeped from all the windows. Voices clattered in conflict; a single male voice was bellowing dominantly and there were brassy snatches of music. Garry was evidently having a party. The same old Garry Duane. How did he stand it, how had he stood it for all those years? He had always been a fellow to drink and carry on. Well, Dick was sure of his welcome—hearty if boozy. Garry would seize him and haul him in among a merry and tipsy company, which would become for a moment exaggeratedly grave and formal; Garry would announce that this Dick Phillipse was an incomparable fellow, a mechanical genius, and his nearest and dearest friend; and Garry would mean every word of it. To be a friend of Garry Duane was to be an incomparable fellow. Dick would enjoy the manhandling and the genial extravagance; it had been a dark and chilly drive.

No one came to the door. Dick found it unlocked, opened it and stepped on the deep-piled Turkish rug in the foyer. He was greeted by his own reflection in a tall mirror over a console table. He advanced into the vast living room, smiling, braced to endure and enjoy the hospitable onset.

As he crossed the threshold and surveyed the luxurious prospect of grouped easy-chairs, grand piano, ranked bookshelves at the farther end, silver, bottles and glasses, there was a perfect roar of voices, a frenzied and joyous tumult. Dominating the noise, which came from a loud-speaker on the chimney breast over the fireplace, were the staccato shouts of the radio announcer: "A right—another right—a right and left—Durkin is down! They're counting—one, two, three ——" Nobody was in the room. Dick was amused.

He went to a table and helped himself to a cigarette and strolled about the room, stopping under paintings for a judicial view, caressing his chill hands, letting the news of the latest battle of the century go in one ear and out the other. He balanced himself on the threshold of the dining room and looked in; he lounged to the billiard-room entrance and looked in there. He saw no one, but was thoroughly at home, being in Garry's house.

"They are in the pantry, no doubt," he said to himself—"somewhere in the service quarter. The help have been sent to bed or to the moving pictures, so that the company may have the house to themselves. Perhaps the party is in an advanced stage; the weaker members have succumbed to conscience or drink and have gone discreetly or have been borne off like trophies. An elimination contest is going on; Garry and three or four good fellows of iron heads are making a sporting finish with straight brandy."

The oak-paneled dining room was white with light; he walked through it and into the gleaming pantry, and met no one. No one was in the kitchen or in the help's sitting room behind it. The illumination and the bellowing from the radio made the atmosphere easy and informal, and Garry's house had always been go-as-you-please; Dick climbed the rear stairs, calling cordially as he went, "Hello—hello, in the house!"

He was in a dark upper hall and was occupying himself with the whimsical but not amusing thought that perhaps he was making a mistake and this was no longer Garry's house, when a female voice called, "In a moment."

He heard an invisible door open. The girl's voice said cheerily, "Good evening. Please come here. I can't see."

Dick advanced haltingly in the darkness. "I am Richard Phillipse, madam. I'm trying to find somebody to tell that I'm here. Perhaps you'll take this important announcement?"

"Very well, you're here," said the girl laughingly. "Just where are you here, Mr. Phillipse?" Dick's groping fingers encountered an extended hand. He shook hands.

"But Wait!" She Ran to a Bookcase, Stretched Up to its Top and Felt About. "It's Gone," She Said

The Man With the Cropped Ears Searched the Faces in the Doorway. "You Lie! I Never Seen You. I Never Was There"

"I am Nell Duane, Garry's little sister," said the invisible girl. "Hello, Dick Phillipse. Garry has talked so much of you. I know all about you and still I like you. Have you done anything very wonderful lately to add to the picture?"

"I'd rather have a picture of my own to dwell on," said Dick, still holding her slim hand—"a picture of the little sister. From your voice I know that you are very beautiful, with large and starry eyes ——"

"Now I know the lights are off," exclaimed the girl merrily. Dick heard the click of a push button. The hall was flooded with light.

"And with large and starry eyes, by George!" said Dick, bowing to the pretty chestnut-haired girl who stood before him in a *robe-de-chambre*.

The pupils of her large gray eyes were much dilated; the dilation did not subside under the sudden glare. He leaned toward her and looked in her eyes with intentness.

"I can't see," she said, answering his unspoken thought. "That shows you what a selfish beast I am—I keep forgetting that most people are helpless in the dark. Dick, we love to have you here. You've been abroad, haven't you? Garry's been calling you up, and he went to see you in New York. He's home, I think. I'll stop that infernal noise and look about for him. We must be careful not to startle him or he'll bite," she said, confidently leading the way down the main staircase. "He's been a fierce old bear lately. I can't imagine what's worrying him so, Dick; maybe he'll tell you."

They had reached the foyer. Through a French door in the farther side of the living room, Dick saw the shadowy figure of a man crossing a side porch and descending.

"Are you and Garry alone in the house?"

"Yes—why? Did you hear someone? I'm sure I did. Someone went through the solarium and out into the garden. It couldn't be Garry. I was upstairs in bed reading"—Dick glanced at her slender fingers—"and I heard the crowd going out. Flo—that's the new Mrs. Duane, Dick—was entertaining friends." She shut off the radio. "That couldn't have been Garry. And the chauffeur has taken the maids to Patchogue to the theater. Oh, Dick, you must see the fan Garry bought for you. He tells me you collect fans." She walked to a secretary. Dick noticed that the drawer beneath the writing shelf had been pulled halfway out. She felt in the drawer. "Garry has it in his study."

She was returning to him and chatting easily when she halted suddenly. Her mouth opened and her head turned aside. Dick listened too; he heard nothing but the musical chiming of a clock striking the midnight hour. He saw fear in her bright face.

"What's the matter, Miss Duane?"

"Dick, go up to the study. But wait!" She ran to a bookcase, stretched up to its top and felt about. "It's gone," she said; and now her fear was controlling. "The pistol. I heard someone running just now. Garry!"

She cried her brother's name aloud in an agony of dread, turned and darted from the room. Dick overtook her on the rear stairs. He caught her wrist and compelled her to let him pass her.

"I'll go first, if anything is wrong," he said imperatively. She remained where he had halted her. He bolted up the stairs and into the study. "Hello, Garry!" he shouted with nervous intensity, catching an ominous glimpse of his old friend.

Garry Duane was sitting in a chair at his desk. It was Garry—a thin and gray Garry, prematurely aged. He was six years older than Dick, and had always seemed old to him, but there was nothing fanciful about it now.

The marks of hard living were plain in his face; he was given the bill at last, poor chap, thought Dick, lifting the dead man's head. It was all over. The reveler's glass was turned down; his song was sung. How clever he had been, how loyal in friendship, how he had loved life. He was dead. His poor forehead was powder blackened. There was the pistol on the floor, warm. The hand from which it had slipped was drooping to it now, telling the ghastly story in a revealing gesture; Garry's poor right hand was stretched toward the evilly shining thing as if he would seize it again, unregretting.

It might have been, if Dick had come sooner, had come at once, had not delayed about his own trifling affairs while his friend was bowing under mortal tempting here—and Dick could have come hours sooner—he would have found his friend alive who now was dead.

Slow and unwilling steps sounded on the stairs. He went out, shut the door behind him and said commandingly: "Miss Duane—Nell. We're going right downstairs and wait for your sister-in-law. Do you know where we can get her? Come now, Nell."

She flung off his arm with frenzied strength and raced upward, crying her brother's name.

II

"YOU heard the clock strike?" asked the tall, thin man with the brooding manner and the muted voice who had been introduced to Dick as Doctor Wessel.

"Just before Miss Duane became alarmed."

"Typical," murmured Doctor Wessel.

"Typical of what?"

"Alcoholics. They'll set a precise time and then they'll drink themselves full of courage. When the time comes they'll do it; the resolution carries over and the drinking doesn't change it. Alcohol doesn't affect them as it would you or me; it doesn't exhilarate them—make them happy. It just numbs their feeling of depression so that they can endure to live. But that's when they kill themselves. It takes a bit of nerve, and they have no nerve or initiative ordinarily."

"Nell says Garry wasn't drinking."

"She couldn't watch him. I've had him in my sanitarium down the road here, and I could take care of him there, but he couldn't be watched in his own house. He promised her he wouldn't drink, but an alcoholic thinks he must drink. It is difficult to work on them through the mind, because their minds are abnormal. If Nell begged him not to drink he'd promise, to please her, and then he'd get drunk to please himself."

"Good Lord, was Garry like that?"

"Oh, yes. You knew him when he was a social drinker. Most drinking of alcohol is social drinking, and most drinkers never leave that stage, but there's a percentage that goes on to dipsomania. People of bad ancestry; people of such strong stomachs that they don't feel poisoned on the morning after, and therefore don't learn to fear alcohol. Of late, Garry would go systematically to work and drink himself into my place down the road. I have the very best people there; you'd be shocked to know how many people love a long and solitary souse, and who they are. The trouble with alcohol is that it affects the mind. The social drinker can take it and can leave it alone, but if he drinks

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THE WEATHER IN ARGENTINE

By Maximilian Foster

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST FUHR

PROMPT to the minute, every afternoon at four the door of the private office opened and Old Man Gundy, the La Salle Street operator, stuck his head into the outer room. Invariably, clutched in his jaws was the ragged stump of a ten-cent cigar. Invariably, too, as he glowered out from the doorway, he rolled the stub over savagely in his mouth.

"Say, you done yet?" he'd ask—snort, rather—his stenographer, his tone loud with accusing doubt; and in reply Beals, the stenographer, would kick back the chair on which he was sitting, while with the same movement he'd snatch from the machine the sheet of letter paper in the rolls.

"Huh!" Joe Beals would grunt, too, his tone as savage as his employer's; and handing a sheaf of letters and envelopes to Milo Gundy, Beals, still grumbling and muttering to himself, would slouch across the room and fill a glass of water at the water cooler.

Meanwhile, from the doorway, Old Gundy would give his stenographer another sour stare, the look exactly as if in having the letters finished on time the stenographer somehow had done him a dirty trick; but retiring presently into the inner office, the door slammed behind him as he went, in ten minutes or so the old boy would reappear, the scowl gone from his brow and its ugliness replaced by a look of benign, complacent kindliness.

"Well, s'long, Joe," he'd say. "See you in the morning." To this invariably Joe Beals' reply was another "Huh!"

By Now the Old Heehaw Was Grinning Like an Ape. Joe Beals Still Was Unaware of It. His Back Was Turned and He Was Bending Over His Desk, the Drawers of Which Were Open

It was like a game, this daily happening. The event, always timed, always precise to the instant of four o'clock, had gone on now for seven years. In fact, during all that time, the term of Joe Beals' employment in the La Salle Street office, the occasion was rare when it was omitted. On Old Gundy's side, for instance, it was as if the battle-scarred veteran of the Chicago Pit sought to catch his stenographer napping; while on Joe Beals' side was a like unflagging effort and determination, the savage purpose to beat the old man by hook or crook. Understand, however—in spite of this—in spite, too, of the knock-down looks and at times even the sour words that passed between them, neither really disliked the other. Instead, crotchety and quick as Old Man Gundy might be, his apparent ugliness was more often than not what the Freudians call a defense complex, a screen. For, by nature kindly and, it may be said, secretly sympathetic to the point of tender-heartedness, the old boy, it seemed, lived in terror that someone might find it out. And as for Joe Beals, Joe was what in his own terms might be named a regular fellow; though, indeed, more than once there were times when Joe, without being conscious of it, came perilously close to becoming a grouch.

One time, for example, was when Old Gundy had, as he called it, a hen on—the same, briefly, being some big deal he was putting over on the Board of Trade. And when that happened, with all the extra labor and the responsibility Milo Gundy dumped down on his stenographer, it hardly was safe to address any light, thoughtless remark to the stenographer, such was his momentary mood.

"You get out of here!" he'd snap, his teeth bared and fire in his nerve-racked eye; though, on the other hand, a time as bad—or, it might be said, even worse—was when work in the office was slack. At such times, anyway, his brow dark and nibbling his fingers in thought, Joe was even less safe. In fact, the thoughts Joe Beals thought at moments like this were hardly the sort to fill any hired stenographer's mind with ease and comfort, even though that stenographer be the fastest and the best paid in the La Salle Street district. For what Joe pondered, in short, was the rotten injustice and inequality of life—the joke, the swindle of existence.

Why, for instance, should some men get all the breaks? Why, too, for example, should a few, a mere handful, get all the plums while the rest, himself among them, got about what the boy got when he shot at it? You know that one, of course. What the boy got was nothing—which was exactly what he shot at; though Joe Beals, to be sure, never looked at it like this—that is, that he was shooting at nothing. Hadn't he slaved and sweated like a wop? Hadn't he ground away for seven years like a ditch digger? Yes, but what he got for it! He had his pay, of course; and the pay was the best any clerk in the office got. But what of that? There was the boss, for instance—take him. And how, ask yourself, had that old hapdoodle heehaw made his money—his millions? Was it by crooking his back over a typewriting machine? Was it by punching a time clock, either, or by sticking in his sock what he got in a Saturday envelope? Bunk! Tell it to the marines! The fact is, having guessed long before this the secret of his employer's success, it was because of it, this afternoon, for example, that Joe Beals sat at his typewriter, his gorge rising and disgust and resentment filling him to the neck.

"Huh!" he said. As he said it, too, Joe hit the machine a thump.

Under the window, its pavement shimmering in the hot August sunshine, La Salle Street roared by, the air quivering with the thunder of its traffic; and halting, for a moment Joe Beals stared at it. Down the street, only a block or so away, the huge ugly bulk of the Board of Trade Building sprawled across the view, flocks of pigeons strutting and cooing on its cornices and window ledges, while in the street beneath was another flock of the birds. These, fluttering perilously in and out among the wheels of the crowded traffic, hunted the gutters for a few stray grains of the corn and wheat the janitor and his men swept up daily from the floor and tables of the exchange. And it was like these pigeons, Joe Beals sourly reflected, that he, too, got his daily keep—he and the girl who'd married him. Her name was Mary—Joe's wife's was—and she came from Joe's home town in Iowa, though let that go.

Let it go, too, that when Joe had told the old skeezicks, his boss, of the impending marriage Old Gundy had grunted, "Yeah, another young fool, ain't you?"

True, when Joe had set forth to his nuptials he'd found in his pay envelope an extra one-hundred-dollar bill. True, too, when he reached the Iowan home town where his Mary was awaiting him, the bride-to-be proudly and a little wildly displayed a huge oak case filled with the heaviest of heavy flat silver. All of it, money and silver together, had come from the one hand, of course—Gundy's. But for all that, and in spite, too, of the fact that Mary still kept on talking of it, what Joe Beals' mind seemed most to dwell on nowadays was the sinister significance of the grunted comment, "Yeah, another young fool!"

Once married, anyway, Joe soon found where he stood. Married, he was as good as hog-tied and thrown. No two ways to that—no. Milo Gundy had his hooks on him, that was sure; and awake to this, and wise also to the game that was going on, for three years Joe Beals had sat there, shackled to his machine and watching helplessly while Old Man Gundy went on knocking down the thousands, the hundreds of thousands, and sometimes even a million. But never mind! What got Joe Beals was not the money—not just, anyway. It was the method by which Old Man Gundy raked it in.

"Raked"—that was the word! It was as if a sluice had been turned on, the dollars pouring from its snout. Money, then more money! And was it by being wise, being shrewd, that Milo Gundy did it? Or, if not that, was it by sheer rotten luck?

"Huh!" grunted Joe. His eyes narrowing, his lip curled, for a moment he let his glance dwell on the squat, ugly pile of brick and stone down the street. In the staring sunshine a jail could not have looked more sinister.

The Corn Belt was Joe Beals' home. In passing, the Corn Belt also is perhaps the greatest farm land in the world. And hailing from a farm, before he had even so much as set foot in Chicago, Joe had known all about the Board of Trade and how the men on it made the money they got. Gamblers, crooks! Crooks, con men! In fact, a farm lad and wise therefore to all this flimflam, it seems a bit odd that Joe Beals ever had taken a job so closely connected with such a game.

However, idyllic ethics are one thing and three square meals a day are another; and having landed in Chicago with something like sixteen dollars pinned in his inside pocket, and the sixteen dollars having dwindled rapidly to something less than four bits—fifty cents—Joe perforce had taken the first job offered. This, in short, was the job to which he still was tied; and though in the seven years his ideas had somewhat altered, so that he now could walk past the dim doorway of the Board of Trade without the fear that some of the gang would leap out, sock him on the head, then rifle the pockets of his quivering corpse, back in his mind still lurked that old suspicion, the heritage of his farm days. What's more, it no longer was a mere suspicion. He had the facts now. Among them, too, was the secret he had guessed—the way Old Man Gundy made his millions—and that in itself was enough. Luck? Wiseness? It was to laugh!

These are the facts:

A gambler, a sharp, Old Gundy played the game only when the cards were stacked. That was how he did it. The deck was cold, the cards were marked, every time he dealt!

"Huh!"

II

How oats, peas, beans and barley grows,
You nor I nor nobody knows —

MAYBE not. Maybe nobody cares much either. Mention corn, though, and every time you'd see Old Gundy sit up and take notice. Corn! It was like a war cry.

Funny, this. Funny that after all these years his passion was still so fierce. Like the well-known war horse that sniffs the battle from afar, he would paw the earth and champ. Just the same, though you call him a gamester and a shark, it was not by gambling, he'd tell you, that he'd made his money—his millions. It was by knowing corn and the way corn grows, he'd say.

"Yeah—corn," said Milo Gundy. It still was foremost in his life. Sixty or more, even now he seemed only to talk, think, dream of it. "Say!" he'd chuckle, the sweat dripping from his brow with the heat of some palpitating July or August day. "Fine weather, this! Great! Great for the corn!" Or, if outside half a blizzard raged, the snow sheeting down from the lake through Jackson Boulevard and piling in drifts against the Board of Trade, he'd chuckle again, slapping his side in glee: "Fine! Dandy! Just right for the soil!" Joe Beals at times thought him cracked.

Corn? Huh!

Day by day, six days in the week and not infrequently seven, Joe sat there in the office, beating out on his clanking typewriter reams and reams of facts, figures, statistics, all of them having to do with that one thing—that one thing only. There was the corn itself, first of all; and besides Joe, out in another part of the offices was a room where a battery of telegraph sounders clacked and chattered, a squad of men hanging over them in rapt attention. The men were for the most part in their shirt sleeves, and over their eyes all of them wore eye shades. Dot-dash, dash-dash-dot. All day long, day in and day out, the dope came pouring in; and hot off the wires, every scrap of it was brought in to Joe Beals, who took the sheet, scrambled to his feet and hurried it inside to Milo Gundy. His waistcoat unbuttoned, his feet more than likely cocked up on his desk, the old boy would be sitting there with the frayed butt of his cigar stuck in a corner of his mouth.

"Got anything?" he'd ask—snort, rather—and Joe would shove the paper at him.

The flash, that bit off the wires, might be one thing or another. One bit he seemed keen about was the daily weather in Argentine. The Argentine, you know, is the States' greatest competitor in corn; and if down there the weather today was warm, moist, still, Old Gundy would grunt. If, on the other hand, the weather was cold, raw, dry, he'd grunt too. Warm, moist tropic weather is corn weather, if you care to know; and cold, raw, windy weather isn't.

Aside from that, though, there were other things that made him grunt, his look sagacious. One was a government crop report; while another, say, was a wire or letter on, say, the Omaha market. Then, too, there were the other daily reports—the local supply, the cars on track, the mill and elevator showings, the New Orleans price, the export trade—these and other things. Some he'd tuck away in his desk, others he'd chuck into a near-by wastebasket. Afterward—and it would be, most likely, some afternoon when Joe Beals was figuring on going to a ball game or taking Mary to a movie—the old paluka would dredge a handful of the papers out of his desk, then stick his head through the doorway.

"Here, just run these off on the machine," he'd order.

And after that, when Joe, sweating away in the hot, muggy office for a couple of hours or so, had pounded them out on the typewriter, Old Gundy would cock his eye at the laborious output and grunt again. More than likely, too, after the one glance and the grunt he'd toss the whole works on the floor or tuck it away in a pigeonhole of his desk, where it would lie for months, undisturbed and covered with dust.

However, all this ducking and dodging didn't fool Joe Beals—not now, it didn't. Step by step, he knew what was going on; for every once in a while, out of this mass of junk and tucket Old Man Gundy would seem to catch some fact or figure that made him yank his feet off his desk, his face at the same time lit with unholy joy. Someone was in trouble. Someone either had too much corn on his hands—that, or someone hadn't enough. Or, if it was not that and no one yet was in any trouble, Old Gundy was going to see someone would be. In other words, having gleaned from the dope that there was too much corn in sight—that or, on the contrary, too little of it—the old hijacker would grab up a telephone or hustle hot-footed into the outer office, where he'd begin to fling out orders like a general running a war.

"Buy fi' hun'erd May!" he'd roar—that or "Sell fi' hun'erd October!" Each "fi' hun'erd" represented half a million bushels at a clip

And this, too, was just a beginning, not more than a couple of days passing before he'd be carrying a line of a couple of million or so, or even five times that, of the May or October or January option, such as the case might be. Nor did he seem to make any secret of whether he bought or sold.

"I'm long May," or "I'm short October," he'd say openly, his tone guileleasly frank.

Yes—but Joe Beals wasn't fooled. Not now, he wasn't. Nowadays, in fact, the way the old boy knocked down his million or two was no more uncanny or mysterious to Joe

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"Yeah, Who' Did I Tell Ya? Look at It! Look at 'At 'Ere Corn!" He Yelled

BEGINNERS, PLEASE!

By Peggy Wood

I SUPPOSE glamour is the reason for it, whatever it is that glamour means exactly. At any rate the light that shines from out a battered door up a dingy alley, though neither rosy nor bright, seems to attract to it whirling motes of stage-struck humans trying desperately to enter into its magic radiance. Magic it must be, for even those who pass in and out of that door seem to gather a sort of halo which in turn attracts its own gallery. And the vibrations caused by the sight of Miss Ina Claire leaving the theater after the matinée or Mr. Glenn Hunter looking in a shop window are more than likely to send little Gladys or young Robert home burning with an ambition to go on the stage, that they, too, may some day sport a halo and cause little clots of worshipers to coagulate at stage doors and in front of box offices.

Of course, there may be thousands of other reasons why the ambition to go on the stage occurs. Did I say "may be"? Nay, is, for even among those who confess to being brokers or lawyers or housewives or stenographers, you find that, after the first amenities of introduction are over, they will almost always say, "I am so delighted to meet a real actress. You know, I always have had a kind of sneaking ambition to go on the stage myself."

And the reason why they never did is all nicely spread out for you to recognize in the word "sneaking." If it had been any other kind of ambition than a sneaking one, they would have gone on the stage, and try and keep them from it.

Nevertheless, sneaking or not, it is so universal an ambition in this age—now that actors are socially accepted—that whoever goes in and out of that little back door is besieged with letters to please tell them how to go about this getting on the stage.

And if you happen, either by hard work or a funny nose or bull luck or blazing genius, to have become somebody after having gained your right to pick your way through the garbage pails and refuse to the stage entrance, these petitions take on formidable size. If someone has got as far as being a star, why, then he or she must have the right formula for success; therefore imitative magic is the kind to invoke, and soon the night's mail is swelled with petitions for interviews.

In the Mail Bag

A KIND of sinking feeling arrives in the pit of the stomach as these letters appear on the dressing table when you come in to make up, for you can, after a few years, distinguish them swiftly from the rest; perhaps by the handwriting, certainly by the fatness of the envelopes, which usually means a detailed description of how everybody has said that Emma or William ought really to go on the stage, for they seem to be just full of talent; of course, they've done only little amateur things and they realize there is a great gulf—all well larded with praise of you and how everybody says that Emma is just the image of you—that always helps—and you are really her ideal on the stage; and a self-addressed stamped envelope to insure a reply.

Casting a wary eye at the ominous fatness of the letter, you leave it to the last—in dread, perhaps—and wade through the regular batch of blue, pink and mauve notes which always begin: "I saw your show last night and just loved it. Won't you please send me your autographed picture? I'd just love it." Variants of this sometimes are tried for a smile, as the one George Arliss received one night from a young girl who said she was collecting famous men and women and would so like to add him to her collection." Then the notices of the removal of Doctor Paring's—the eminent chiropodist—office to some place else, letters asking if you wouldn't buy a six-thousand-dollar bracelet if you could get it for three, samples of the excellent work of clipping bureaus who want to know if you knew your name was mentioned in the paper this morning, and all the other waste of good wood pulp to be found in the mail box of anyone whose name has become well enough known to find its way to a mailing list.

Mary Eaton

But at last there is nothing left but the fat letter, and once more you know you have got to give out advice which neither you nor any living soul is qualified to dispense, for here is youth again at the door wanting to know the way to success.

Yes, it is the same tale: "And if you will see her only for a minute." A low suspicion lifts its head that maybe this is just another collector of names, but then maybe it isn't, and it wouldn't be fair; anyway, there's the stamped envelope. Usually it is mamma who has written, for mamma can be excused for spilling over a little about her clever offspring and for saying things which the young aspirant couldn't in all modesty say of herself. I must add that the sex of stage-struck youngsters is mostly female; at least those that have come to me have been, although I suppose the boys go to the male stars. At any rate, there's the situation, and face it you must. The interview must be given, you must hear all about everything, mamma doing the talking, while the young hopeful stands by, confused and yet thrilled to be so near an actress, already planning how she will tell the girls, and at last it is put up to you: What would you advise her to do?

There it is once more, and once more you are supposed to give a sane answer. What would you advise? The awful thing is that—whisper it ever so softly to yourself, for they must not find it out—you don't know.

And that's the real truth—you simply do not know. You know how you got started on a career, but that's no signpost for everybody else in this profession. The fact is, there is no royal road to the stage door, there is no beaten path. You don't learn the business from the bottom—that worthy trail traveled by all our American heroes; indeed, you might be the very one to walk from Barnard College into leading parts as Helen Gahagan did. Why then advise beginning in the chorus, or as an extra, to learn the rudiments? We all got there by devious routes, and no two are alike; therefore we cannot say "Do as I did; that is the only way," for the combination of circumstances may be, and probably is, completely different. Neither can you say "Lose your Western *r* and learn to speak with the accent of Park Avenue," for that very *r* may make the child's success; nor: "Have a father who is a famous star of an old theatrical family"; nor: "See to it that your mother is a casting agent"; nor: "Get yourself born into the social set, so that managers will give you parts for the advertising your name will bring"; nor: "Fly across the Atlantic"; because none of these methods, though they have succeeded, may be the Open Sesame for the palpitating infant before you, letting you know ever so clearly that her future is in your hands.

Some of Life's Mysteries

COAL barons and oil kings always have a ready formula for the road to fame and affluence, and I suppose in an organized business there is something like a definite procedure; but in the show business—which is no business, but a disease—the thing you tell beginners to do is so sure to be wrong and the responsibility is so colossal, is it any wonder those fat letters send the shivers down our backs?

My father used to say, "Be a paper hanger, or a steeple jack, or take in washing—anything but write." Lawyers say, "What in the name of Michael and all the angels do you want to bother with the law for?" Doctors sigh and wonder why anyone ever thinks of medicine as a profession, and actors beg to be informed why any person thinks the stage is an easy life. It seems to me, or at least it used to seem to me, that either they were afraid of new blood and jealous of the young generation, or else they really and genuinely wanted to save their imitators heartaches and hardships. Now I wonder if it isn't for the reason that the responsibility of someone else's career is too great a load and the best and safest thing to do is to try to dissuade the aspirant and at least have the satisfaction of saying "Well, I did all I could."

And yet, who are you to stop a career? The Duse of tomorrow may be standing before your eyes. Have you any right to get in her way?

Of course, there's this: If it is tomorrow's Duse she will get on the stage or do whatever it is she wants to do, no matter what you or forty others say to the contrary. You know the old adage: "If you want to hard enough." Well.

Still that doesn't answer the question of what you advise, does it? And there it is, put up to you in so many words.

You remember with gratitude a large gentleman by the name of Harrington who had said to you that day going home on the train to Northport: "Arthur Hammerstein is a friend of mine and is going to put on a musical piece right away. If you want to go over and sing for him ——" and how you had gone over to the Manhattan Opera House with eight or nine hundred others and the man who heard you sing a scale had said, "All right. Stand over there." Pretty soon another man came and took your name and address, and said he would send you a post card with the first rehearsal date on it right away. Next thing you were learning the words and music with the rest of them and boring all within earshot with what you intended to become in this great world.

Yet the large gentleman didn't actually get you the job; he told you where there was one and you got it yourself.

I shouldn't be surprised if the rosters of the dramatic schools are more indebted to actors and actresses with chills down their backs than they know, for in sending these youngsters who come for advice to such they at least think.

"Well, it can't do them any harm. Of course, you can't really teach anybody to act, but they can learn to use their hands and feet, perhaps their voices, at a school. At any rate, whatever else I might advise may be detrimental rather than helpful, and this looks like the safest way out."

This is, undoubtedly, evading the issue. But what are you to do? The thing had begun to worry me after some years of feeling that I had perhaps not done all I could in lending a helping hand; although I had sincerely tried to deal with each problem as it came to me. At least I determined to go to some of my friends in the theater and find, if possible, a formula or some kind of intelligent way to meet the situation.

Good Luck's Guiding Hand

ACCORDINGLY I told Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt my woes one day at luncheon in their most charming house. Luncheon, by the way, is about the only meal the servants are sure of in that delightful ménage, for, what with the lady of the house having to go to the theater at four o'clock in the afternoon, every afternoon, to play in Mr. ONeill's Strange Interlude, which begins at five and lasts until eleven, Miss Fontanne's dinner, consisting of an egg and some tea, brought in by her maid in the hour's intermission allowed for food at 7:30, and Mr. Lunt's refusal to dine at home without her, things are rather more upset than in the usual theatrical household. But then, the servants of show folks have a special brand of philosophy, I find.

"I wish you'd tell me something," I said timidly, for people who play in New York year in and year out, as these two do with the Theater Guild, impress me deeply. "When kids come to ask you how to go on the stage and want your advice, what do you tell them?"

"I wish you'd tell me!" exclaimed Mr. Lunt. "I get so embarrassed I don't know what to do or say."

"I tell them to go to agents," said Miss Fontanne. Aha, there was something definite.

"But do they know what that means?" I asked, thinking for the moment that even this was also just a way out, a getting from under.

Helen Hayes

"Rather not! They all come back to me and say, 'But I've been going to an agent now for three weeks and nothing has happened.' That to me, who sat in agents' offices for ten years! I suppose it's the influence of the tabloids, where things always happen overnight. No, action is what they want, and miracles."

"Did you begin by going to agents? I mean, is that why you recommend that procedure?"

"No, not exactly. You see, I was, at the age of three, stood on a chair and made to recite pieces for the family and all callers, and was known seriously as the future Ellen Terry—that was what I was and that was what I was to be. So that, when the time came for me to go about it, I went down to the Drury Lane Theatre, where they always wanted extras for the Christmas pantomime, pushed in with the crowd and was taken on. As you know, it is only in the last few years that managers have given leading rôles and important rôles to beginners. When I started—and that not so long ago—you began as an extra and finished playing Shakspere, so my procedure was orthodox. Well, when the panto. was over I inquired around until I found where another show was going on which would need a mob, and went in once more with the rest. This I repeated until they began to know me and give me bits. Then came the years of agents.

"But I can't say to the people who come to me for advice, 'Oh, to be in Drury Lane at pantomime time!' can I? So, I feel, agents are the only way out. They know where the jobs are and it is up to the person to get one."

"What about you?" I asked him who is so fondly known as the First Actor. "Do you feel your way of arriving on the boards is any help to someone who wants to get there too?"

"Well," said Lunt, grinning, "you see, I had a drag. I knew a man in Milwaukee who had something to do with the Castle Square Stock Company in Boston, where I found myself, and feeling this yearning to be an actor, I went over to him to see if he had a job. He said I could walk on for five dollars a week if I wanted to, and I wanted to so much that I did so for two solid years. Lived on it too. Oh, I had a lot of friends who would set me up to

Lynn Fontanne

eats occasionally, so I didn't starve, and I played everything that wasn't under seventy years old; I specialized in old men. Not through choice, you understand."

"But do tell her about Margaret Anglin, darling," said his wife. "That's the most extraordinary thing"

"It hasn't anything to do with what we are talking about, but perhaps it means something. I don't know. You know, one is not supposed ever, in America, to say 'I got where I am because I'm lucky,' but 'because I've worked hard.' Well, I wonder. Anyway the thing about Margaret Anglin was this: I had been playing old men until I was well fed up with them and told my friend if they gave me another old man to play I'd quit. Of course they didn't believe me and passed me out a codger of eighty for the next week's bill, whereupon I handed in my notice. That night in my mail box was a long, important yellow envelope. I can see it yet, with the name William Faversham engraved on the upper left-hand corner. I know it was engraved because I ran my thumb over it. The letter inside said that Mr. Faversham had seen my performance at the matinée yesterday—he was playing in Boston at the time—and liked my portrayal very much. Would I call to see his manager the following day about an engagement for next season?

"Would I call? Let me tell you, the pressing and polishing that went on in my wardrobe that night and next morning was nobody's business! And with my shining morning face I walked briskly down to the theater to meet Mr. Faversham's manager. On the way I passed a huge twenty-four-sheet poster which announced that Margaret Anglin was playing at the Park Square Theater in Lady Windermere's Fan, but beyond the knowledge that Mr. Faversham and she had once played together, this made no other impression.

"Arriving at the theater offices, I sent in word that I had an appointment—a lovely sensation to one who had been bullied by office boys—and was ushered into the manager's office. He looked at me, rather puzzled, even after I had introduced myself, but that did not surprise me, for I was accustomed to people not knowing I was that old man who came on in Act II. I explained this with

Ina Claire

easy grace, but still he looked bewildered. Finally a light broke over his face.

"'Oh,' he said, 'you're not the fellow we wanted at all. It was So-and-So.'

"Ordinarily this would have crushed me to the ground, but something hitherto unknown in me—something jaunty—spoke up with great—aplomb, I believe is the word—and I found myself saying, 'Well, that's all right, because I couldn't accept Mr. Faversham's offer anyway. I am going with Margaret Anglin next season!' and swung out of the office terribly pleased with myself. The funny part of it is that I really did go with her as her leading man."

An Unauthorized Agent

HOW that happened I didn't have the nerve to ask, for already I was sounding like an interviewer. Whether it was luck, or something deep and mystic, I shall have to wait and ask another time; although I suspect the fickle jade has Mr. Lunt especially under her care, for a story was told to me the other day about how this same Mr. Lunt was asked to do a stock job some place and to name his salary. He had heard the firm was willing and able to pay, so he wired: "Accept. Salary two hundred dollars a week," from his home in Wisconsin. Next morning the telegraph operator called him up and said:

"Well, I got you the job. Sure, I got it for you. I knew nobody would pay you two hundred dollars a week, so I changed the wire to one-fifty and here's the wire back from them saying, 'Salary satisfactory. Come at once.'"

And who shall say that that wasn't luck?

But still we were getting no nearer a solution of my difficulties—which were theirs, of course, too—and we parted with admonitions to one another that if one of us found a real answer, to waste no time in passing it on to the others.

So next I tried Mary Eaton, that bewitching blond star of The Five-O'Clock Girl whose dancing toes occasionally touch the floor just to show she's human like the rest of us. She, I knew, had been on the stage since she was

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NOT A NEW STORY

By Fanny Heaslip Lea

ILLUSTRATED BY HARLEY ENNIS STIVERS

SHE was a womanly woman, and she sat in her steamer chair upon the second day out and waited for a young man to go by. Not a generic young man—an especial young man—a manly man. Having established which semibiological but nevertheless lyrical bit of data, we may continue:

She was, in effect, a womanly woman. It was the first thing people remarked about her, and by some not-too-strained coincidence it was apt also to be the last.

More than a matter merely of long dark hair, close-knotted at the back of a shapely little head; more than melting brown eyes, a wistful mouth, a small straight nose, an ivory throat—although we should be foremost in admitting the importance, not to say downright practicality, of instruments such as these; more than anything visible or audible or tangible, or even edible—there was about her—something.

Madame Glyn has classified it. So, for that matter, did Solomon—in a larger way, a purely metrical treatment. Pages here could no further go. Except that it may be of interest to mention, in passing, a simple but charming perfume which the womanly woman affected—Bondieu's Apple Blossom—and to say that her bag, which lay long and narrow in her lap, was of snake skin.

At about four on the afternoon of the second day, then, waiting and watching, she saw him come slowly along the deck. His rough brown head was slightly bent and with narrowed frowning eyes he raked the occupants of a double row of deck chairs.

She identified him exultantly, with a fast-beating heart. He wore grayish tweeds, as before, and, although the day was chill, no topcoat. He had one hand in his trousers pocket and under one arm he carried a green-covered magazine—the same which, the day before at luncheon, had lain upon the table beside his plate. She considered yearningly that he didn't really walk. He ambled, like a tall, lean, diffident bear.

As for her, she huddled deep in her chair, yellow-furred coat fastened high under her chin, small brown felt hat drawn low over her eyes, grayish rug swathing her breast-high, gloved hands clutching her own magazine, unread—and let him go by.

Let him go by!

Did her courage fail her, or did her instinct warn her? At a moment when just to lift her eyes—to smile—to stir—would have brought recognition! She kept her eyes upon a page she made no sense of and cried to herself over and over in a mute despairing wail:

"There he goes—there he goes—now he's gone! You stayed awake half the night thinking about him—yes, you did—don't be a fool—you know you did—half the night. But in daylight you haven't nerve enough to let him know you're living. . . . Maybe he was looking for you. . . . Of course he was looking for you. You know in your soul he was looking for you—and you let him go by! If you'd so much as lifted a finger ——"

She was as incapable of lifting a finger, in that moment, as of lifting a toe. She lay and watched the long gray waves slide past, beyond the glassed-in shelter of the deck, gloom in her mind, rage in her soul, wistfulness of a very poignant and delicate sort in her heart.

"I wanted to talk to him again. . . . Then, fool, why didn't you?" said she to herself.

"If I ever see him again," she mourned inwardly, "I'll stop him and speak to him—I swear I will! . . . No, you won't, you big bellowing calf! You'll just lie there ——"

She saw him again in ten minutes. In ten minutes, which is roughly the time it takes to encircle the deck of that especial steamer, he came padding along once more, head down, eyes seeking ——

He Knitted His Long Brown Hands Together Between His Knees and Scowled at the Floor Despairingly. "I Didn't Sleep Much Last Night," He Eventually Informed Her

And she sat up in her chair and lifted a shaking finger, nicely gloved in stitched doeskin. She crimsoned as she did it, believe it or not. She was, to that extent, a *rara avis*.

He stopped almost with one foot in the air, like the people one sees in the more elegant magazines, reading from left to right. He came to her at once. In his haste he very nearly slid home, as the saying goes.

"You!" said he deeply. "Well, I've been looking for you!"

"Oh, have you?" she said inanely—she who had lain sleepless compiling brilliant small talk with which to allure him when next they met; she who had recognized at once that he had a mind and a personality and a purpose out of the ordinary—to say nothing of the nicest mouth and chin. "Oh, have you?" said she. "Have you really?" She didn't say she had seen him go by before. One has to be selective with men—no good telling them everything. Far better to feed them only that sort of information which they can readily digest.

"Well," she said, "won't you sit down?"

"Where?" said he frankly.

"There's nobody using this chair," she assured him, indicating the one on her left.

He leaned over and inspected the name on the card at the top of it warily:

"Mrs. Reginald Fitzhugh Mallock."

"She's probably ill. I've been here all afternoon and I haven't seen her."

He took the chair, put up his long legs, hunched his big shoulders and demanded without preliminary, "Where have you been?"

Enchanting bluntness, sweeter than any dosage of gilded flattery!

Obviously he too had lost a bit of sleep—had felt the need of a second encounter—for all his ridiculous and engaging shyness, had to come looking for her.

She said "I've been right here."

"Here? I've been looking for you in the second class!"

She said "Have you?"—safely noncommittal.

"Haven't you eaten since luncheon yesterday?"

"Of course I have—I'm not an anaconda."

He said "I haven't seen you at the table."

"Oh, the table!" said she. She avoided his unusually nice eyes.

"Have you had your meals on deck?"

"No—oh, no. I hate a tray, don't you? It's so messy—for the people who aren't having any."

He passed grimly over the people who weren't having any.

He observed: "Of course, I suppose the second-class table is not exactly fleshpots."

She murmured "I don't know what you mean"—being womanly. She saw that what he was after was an explanation and she wasn't quite ready to give it to him.

All of a sudden, as if an arm, friendly about her shoulders, had tightened and shoved her off into a wide wet cheerless Atlantic, he laughed in her face—bitterly.

"So that woman was right!"

"What woman?" she inquired sweetly. . . . Most women were right—give them time to arrange it.

"Miss Muzzey—the one who sat across the table from you at luncheon yesterday."

"Oh, that one! What a terrible name!"

Red herrings across the trail didn't even trip him. "She's a terrible woman. She's a spinster with a husband fixation."

"You don't mean it!"—a stricken gasp.

"I do mean it. I have every reason to mean it. Don't I have to sit next to her three times a day—feel those damp blue eyes slithering over me?" He grunted apprehension and distaste, then grinned apologetically.

"Well, but what did she say about me?" She wasn't curious; she only felt she'd better know before telling him anything as to where she'd been since luncheon the day before.

"She says you've been to the purser ——"

"Why—what ——" cried the subject of Miss Muzzey's dissections dazedly. "And if I had, it's all right, isn't it? It says on a card by my cabin door, Passengers May Deposit Valuables and Money ——"

"Wait," said he. "I've read that card. It tells about the valet and the steward, too—that's not what she meant. She said you'd been to the purser ——"

"I wish you wouldn't keep saying it that way."

He persisted, riding down her natural and womanly love of delicate phrasing:

"She says that you've got him to give you first-class privileges."

"I see!" But she didn't say what she saw.

"Eating at the first-class table, and so on—having your chair on this deck. I'm disappointed," he wound up simply. "I was looking forward to being with you a lot."

Her dark eyes gleamed; her gentle mouth was like a scarlet flower against the clear and healthy oval of her face.

"Well, here you are," she pointed out sensibly

"I came here to look for you."

"Did you? Oh, did you really?"

"Do you think," he inquired sardonically—shy and sardonic—he achieved that irresistible mixture—"that I'd deliberately inject myself into the bosom of the Booboiserie for any but a very good reason?"

Booboiserie—the word rang a bell somewhere, far off in her consciousness; a deep-mouthed brazen bell with a facile chime. She mused a moment, baffled but desirous. . . . Somewhere a long way off a light glimmered, came nearer, like a lantern bobbing home in the dark.

"Tell me something. Are you a writer?" she demanded of him, breathless.

He stared at her suspiciously, but there was no doubting her rapt and perfervid interest. He surrendered to it with a half shamefaced smile, like a boy turning out the treasures of his pants pocket—marbles, a jackknife, a fishing line, perhaps a warm and throbbing flying squirrel.

"Not yet," he said. "Some day, maybe."

"Oh," said she, "I thought for just a moment ——"

He was avid of her abortive thoughts. "Who did you think I was?"

"No—no," she said hurriedly; "never mind! I'm quite sure now you're not. He'd never have said what you just did just then."

"You don't mean maybe?" Neither smiled. She nodded.

"Then he isn't an artist," said he firmly.

"Oh, no; he's a well-known writer."

"My name," he informed her with frightful and sudden embarrassment, "is Gregory Hilyard."

"I think that's a very delightful name," she commented. "If you're going to write, I should think it would be quite a help to you. I can't"—she considered languidly—"I can't, just at the moment, think of any name more attractive. . . . Gilbert Gabriel, Alexander Woollcott, Ferencz Molnar, Leslie Howard ——" Oddly, she seemed, by sidewise glancing, to watch the effect upon him of these serried stars. "Of course," she concluded thoughtfully, "that's all theater."

"I don't know much about the theater," said Gregory, frankly envious. "I will, though, before I'm through. I expect to write," he announced touchingly. "That's why I'm going to Paris. To find yourself, you've got to get away from Babbittry." He looked to her for agreement and approval.

"Dear me, yes, that's important," she admitted, gravely respectful.

He continued amazingly: "Lord, how I despise the money grapplers, the boob chasers, the fat swine with their feet in the trough of commercialism! . . . What is your name?" he ended quite suddenly.

She told him meekly, "Janet Jones."

He laughed aloud—the most delightful sound she had yet heard from him.

"Janet Jones—it's like three notes on a flute. I play the flute a little."

"Oh, do you?" said Janet admiringly.

"It's kind of a comfort, when you're lonesome," he said slowly. He lay and looked at the gray empty sky, at the racing gray water. "I've had a good deal of lonesomeness in my life."

"So've I!" said Janet impulsively. Mutely, he turned his clear eyes from the sea to her face. "A year ago today," said Janet, "my father died." She clenched the stitched doeskin gloves together and felt the tears rise, anyhow, searing the edges of her eyelids, hurting the back of her nose.

"Gosh!" said Gregory softly. He leaned over and touched the back of her locked hands very gently with the tip of one forefinger, as if she had been a child.

"It's all right," said Janet, blinking. "I ought to be over it by now."

"Nothing of the sort. You're lucky to care that much about anybody"

"Haven't you anyone at all?" she asked him.

"I got me a couple of dogs," said Gregory.

In her turn, she laid consoling fingers on his sleeve. "What kind?" she pursued sweetly.

"Just dogs," he said, gently amused. "Fellow I bunked with is keeping 'em for me."

"Well," said Janet, "we seem to be orphans and strays, don't we?—both of us. I think we ought to be friends."

"We are," said Gregory. "At least, I took it we were." When she nodded, biting her lip and smiling bravely, he sat up and folded his arms, assumed an endearing solemnity. "Come back where you were yesterday—come back for dinner tonight."

"I can't," said Janet pathetically.

"You mean you won't." She hadn't supposed he could look so stern. "Honest, everyday food isn't good enough for you. You've got so much false pride you're willing to hang around among these truffle rustlers, this *Blutwurst!*"

"You have no right ——" cried Janet weakly.

"Look at 'em," said Gregory, and swept the deck with a contemptuous glance. There was, indeed, more beef than brawn, more fine feathers than fine birds, upon the collective bosom of deck chairs.

Tweed caps went by, for exercise, plus-fours and sporting topcoats. Fat women, also exercising, with galvanic twitchings, unhappily not invisible, of calf and hip and thigh. Fur coats and slightly drooping orchids in day-old corsages. Young girls painted like *coryphées*, their innocent mirth vocalizing largely in the upper register. Young men, nicely brilliantined or sportively roughened, unanimously vacuous, however arrayed—nothing in the lot of them to draw a second look.

Janet defended her background lamely: "Some haven't come up on deck yet."

"When they do," said Gregory, "it will be a fine assortment of the boobus Americanus." Since she let that pass unchallenged, by more than a fleeting expression of distressed uncertainty, he got to his feet. "I shan't see you then at dinner?"

"No," said Janet unhappily—apologetically, almost—"but I do wish ——"

He began to quote, staring down at her gloomily:

"Just for a handful of silver he left us,
Just for a ribbon to stick in his coat ——"

She wilted before this open indictment. Her lip trembled, her dark eyes besought him, but not for long. Light from some outer source struck and suffused her magically. She uttered a small cry of relief:

"Tea is coming. Stay and have some."

"Tea!" echoed Gregory in a voice husky with reproach and scorn. But a deck steward at that instant wheeling a loaded tea wagon against his legs, he had no choice but to reseat himself.

"Those sandwiches," said Janet, "look really rather nice. And the cookies, too—not bad." She, in her turn, took on now a kind of charming artificiality—smiled gently at the steward, as from a height of some sort, and murmured, "Cream, please—no sugar," like one exerting herself to the recital of a formula long since grown commonplace.

Gregory, beneath the spell of her manner, accepted a cup, held it somewhat gingerly and glared at the steward, who proffered him cream.

"No, thanks," he said gruffly. Then, suddenly, "Here—I believe I will."

He tasted, drew down the corners of his mouth.

"You take sugar, don't you?" said Janet indulgently. "One, or two?"

"One no, three," said Gregory.

The steward wheeled his wagon away. Janet and Gregory munched and drank, glancing at each other above the

(Continued on Page 104)

At About Four on the Afternoon of the Second Day, Then, Waiting and Watching, She Saw Him Come Slowly Along the Deck

YOOHOO!

By William Slavens McNutt

ILLUSTRATED BY RAEBURN VAN BUREN

"KNOW anything about horses?" Eddie O'Donnell asked me.

"Everything," I assured him. "They have four legs and they're man's best friend."

"You're thinking of dogs," he chided me.

"I'm not," I assured him. "In the first place, I'm not thinking at all. In the second place, if I was, I wouldn't be thinking of dogs. In the third place, what of it?"

We were aviators. Yes, we were! We had pilots' licenses and everything. We had a record of six months each served concurrently in a hospital in Los Angeles too. Stunt flying for the movies. When they got us spliced up so we could walk and bend without anything important dropping off, we read about Lindbergh and decided the competition was too keen. We came to New York then and looked around for something good. What a look we had!

"It's a big business," Eddie said. He was lying on the bed smoking a cigarette.

"I agree with you absolutely," I said. "What are you talking about?"

"Racing," he said—"horse racing."

"All right," I said; "it's a big business. What of it?"

"Why don't we get into it?" Eddie asked.

"No reason," I assured him. "No reason why we shouldn't No reason why we should. That's a Mexican stand-off."

"There's money in it," he urged.

"Yeh," I jeered "in it. Try and get it out."

"I did," said Eddie "once."

"Sensible boy!" I said. "The suckers try it twice."

"I made money," he said.

"By not trying it twice," I said. "I don't doubt it."

Eddie sat up. "You admit that you don't know anything about horse racing?"

"I do," I said. "I don't."

"You don't think anybody makes money at it, huh?"

"Sure," I said. "Touts and bookmakers and handbook men and trainers and owners. I know."

"Aren't you smart!" Eddie sneered. "They're running down in Maryland now. Do you know how much is bet in the mutuel machines at the track every day?"

"Ra," I said, "the Egyptian sun god. Ask me another."

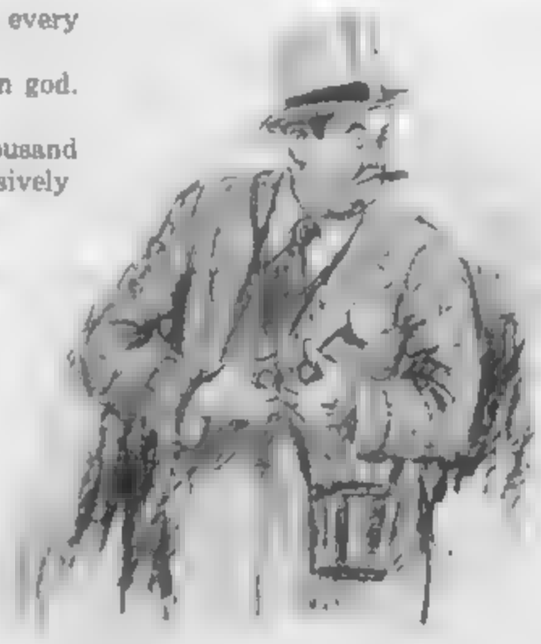
"Approximately six hundred thousand dollars a day," Eddie said impressively

"There ought to be a law," I said.

"Do you know who bets that money?" he asked.

"If I knew who had that much I'd buy me a pistol and go into a good business," I assured him.

"I'm serious," Eddie assured me. "We've got nearly four thousand dollars between us. I can show you how we can invest that much in racing and make a bigger profit than we could get from any other source."



"He Ain't Coming From Behind Today, Muter"

He went out and bought a whole flock of racing forms—got each day's issue for a month back. In each form was a list of handicapper's picks for each race of the current day and the results of the previous day's races.

"Now look," he said, arranging them on a table and getting out paper and pencil. "We'll take one handicapper's picks—the Racing Form Handicap, say. Now you call out the picks from Monday's form and I'll give you the results from the Tuesday's form."

I called 'em off. The first horse lost.

"Now see," said Eddie. "Say we want to win ten dollars a race. They run seven races a day. That's seventy bucks. Not so bad, is it?—just for sitting out there in the open air and watching them run?"

"That's grand," I said. "When's pay day? Our horse loses and we make a lot of money. I don't get that yet."

"Wait," said Eddie. "I'll show you. Now this first horse is two to one. Good! We want to make ten dollars on that first race, so we bet five to win ten. We lose." I agreed with him. "All right," said Eddie. "What's the next horse picked?" I told him. "Um," said Eddie, studying the chart. "That horse was even money. Now on this race we got to win back the five we bet and lost, the ten we should have won and then ten more. That makes twenty-five dollars. Right?"

"Right," I said. "What happens?"

"We bet twenty-five to win twenty-five," said Eddie, studying the chart. "And we lose."

"Hooray!" I cheered. "What a business!"

"Wait a minute," Eddie urged. "What's the pick in the third race?"

"Dancing Daddy," I told him, reading off the name of the horse. "We bet all we got left on him. That's the verse. Now the chorus: 'And we lose!' Come on, let's bust out to the Curtiss plant and see if they can put a couple of earnest young aviators to work."

"No, no, no!" Eddie said. "Wait a minute! I'm serious about this. We've bet thirty dollars on the first two races. We want to get that back and then we want ten on each of the races we lost and ten more on the third. That makes us shooting for sixty on the third race. Dancing Daddy was six to one, so we bet ten dollars to win sixty. And we ——"

"—— lose," I chanted.

"Is that so?" said Eddie. "We win. That's what happens. We've got back all we bet and we're thirty dollars ahead on the first three races. Do you see how it works now?"

I looked and saw how it worked. There it was in the chart of the race. Dancing Daddy had won and paid six to one. Ten dollars played on him won sixty. I began to get interested.

"Now we start all over again," Eddie explained. "We've got back all we bet and won our ten dollars on each of the first three races. Now we bet to win just ten on the fourth race. What's the pick for that one?"

"Mad Maid," I read.

"Mad Maid was three to one," said Eddie. "We play four dollars on her to win twelve—two isn't enough and we can't play less than four—and she runs third, so we lose. That's four we bet and ten we should have won. That makes fourteen. Then we want ten more in the fifth. That's twenty-four we're shooting for. What's the pick?"

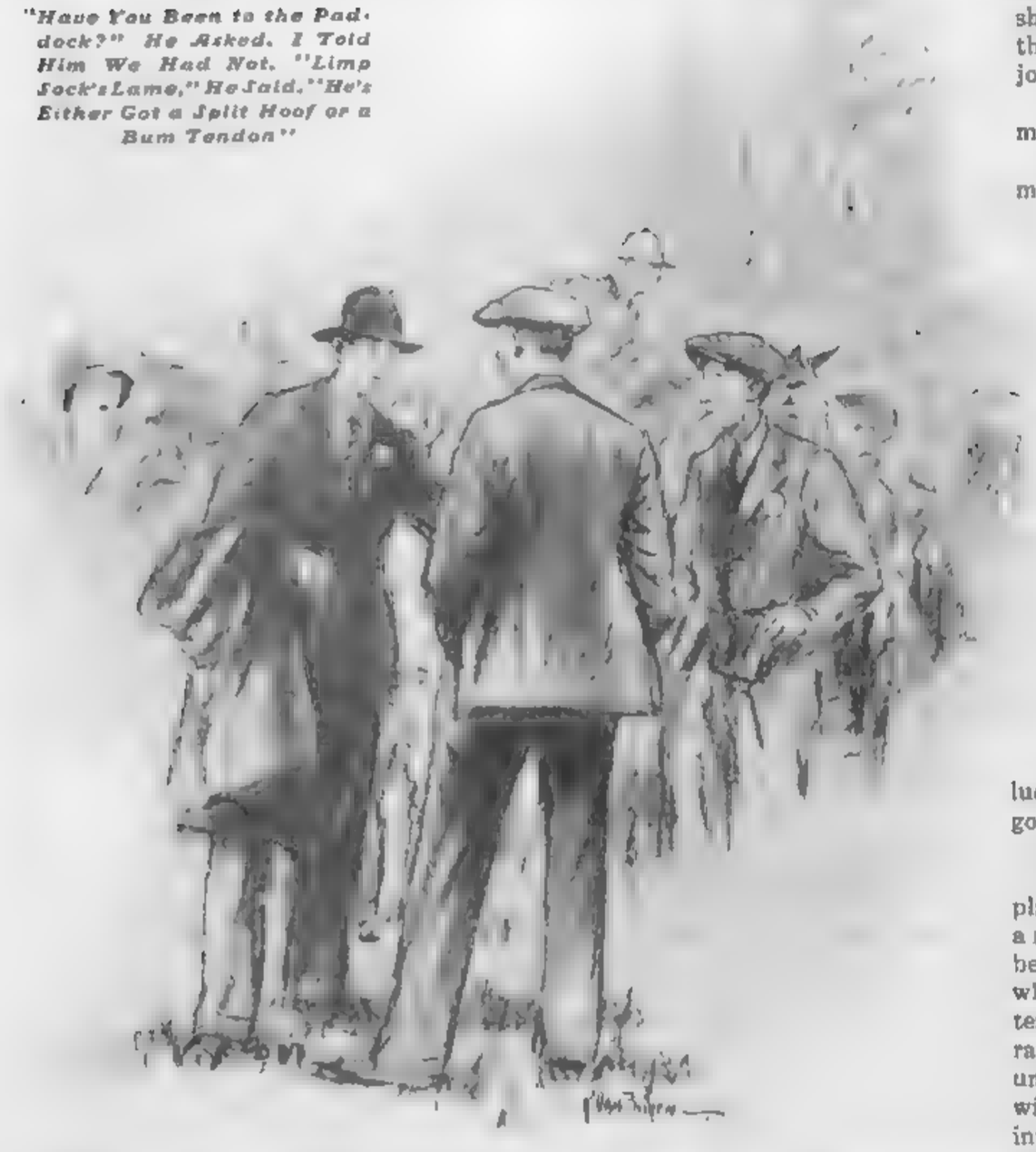
"Moose Milk," I read from the selections.

"Aha!" Eddie said gleefully. "Here's where we get a break. Moose Milk was twelve to one, so we only have to bet two to get our twenty-four."

"Two for twenty-four!" I said, awed. "We win twenty-four dollars for two, huh?"

"Oh, no," Eddie said. "We lose. But we lose only two dollars, see? We get a shot at twenty-four for only two. You see that's where we get the breaks. If that had been

At the Sixteenth Pole the Boy on Yoohoo Made His Drive. How That Horse Did Come! He Passed One Horse and Was Second, Dueling Desperately With the Leader



"Have You Been to the Paddock?" He Asked. I Told Him We Had Not. "Limp Sock's Lame," He Said. "He's Either Got a Split Hoof or a Bum Tendon"

an even-money shot we'd have had to fork over twenty-four dollars to play the race. See?"

"Sure," I said, beginning to get interested. "We got out of that one cheap, didn't we?"

"I'll say we did," Eddie said gratefully. "Now then, we were shooting for twenty-four and we bet two. That makes only twenty-six. Then there's ten we want to win on the next race. That makes thirty-six. So in the sixth race we're shooting for thirty-six dollars. Right?"

"Right," I said. I was beginning to get excited and breathe hard.

"What's the pick?" Eddie asked me eagerly.

"Galloping Goose," I told him, almost in a whisper. "How do we come out?"

Eddie looked at the chart and got pale. He shook his head and drew a deep breath. "Phew!" he said. "We certainly have a piece of bad luck here!"

"What happened?" I asked, my heart beating hard.

"We should have won it," Eddie said sadly. "Phew! That was tough! Galloping Goose was even money, so we had to bet thirty-six to win thirty-six. We got left flat-footed at the post and ——"

"Gee!" I exclaimed. "Left at the post, huh?"

"See?" Eddie said sorrowfully, pointing with his finger at the spot where the tragedy was chronicled on the chart. "It says there, 'Left at the post.' And even then look what happens."

"What?" I asked breathlessly, looking over his shoulder at the columns of figures and names.

"Galloping Goose comes from behind and catches the field in the stretch," Eddie said.

"Hot dog!" I rooted. "What then?"

"At the sixteenth pole he was neck and neck with Banner Line, the leader," Eddie said excitedly.

"Wow!" I yelped.

"We only lose by a nose," Eddie finished the tale. "Only a nose out of it after getting left flat-footed at the post. What do you think of that?"

"Only a nose!" I said happily. "What do you know about that!"

"A scant nose," Eddie went on, making it better. "That goes to show, don't it? We were on the best horse, weren't we? We bet right, didn't we?"

"I'll say we did!" I agreed with him. "We should have won by a city block. We had hard luck, that's all."

"Now you've got the idea," Eddie said approvingly. "Just luck—that's all. Well, that's racing, see? The point is this: These public handicappers—these fellows who make selections for newspapers and racing sheets—they have to know their business to hold their jobs, see?"

"Sure," I agreed. "They must be experts in their line."

"They are," Eddie assured me. "They tell us the horses that figure to win. Now why don't the horses they pick always come in first?" I tried to guess, but I was dumb about it. "You had the idea just a minute ago," Eddie said, a little exasperated. "Luck—that's why—racing luck."

"Sure!" I said, laughing a little shamefacedly at my own stupidity. "I can see that, of course."

"In order to make a real sound business of betting we have to have a way to offset luck," Eddie went on. "I've got the way."

"What is it?" I asked.

"Progression," Eddie explained. "We bet to win ten a race, see? Then if we lose, bet to win what we lost and what we should have won and ten dollars more on the next race, and keep on that way until we win. Whenever we win, we've got back all we invested and ten for each race run besides. The luck's against us, but we beat luck with progression. It's simple mathematics. Now let's see where we are. We bet thirty-six to thirty-six and lost. That's put us seventy-two bucks to the bad at the end of the sixth race. We've got to win ten on the seventh race, so that makes eighty-two we've got to get. What's the pick?"

"Whisky Sour," I read from the list of selections.

"Whisky Sour," Eddie repeated, studying the chart. "Let's see. Whisky Sour was three to one. We want eighty-two. The nearest we can get to it is to bet twenty-eight to win eighty-four. Right?"

"Right," I agreed.

"All right," said Eddie, "we bet twenty-eight."

"What happens?" I asked. I was tense and trembling.

Eddie studied the chart. Then he looked at me and grinned. "We win!" he said triumphantly. "We've got back all we bet and we're ten dollars winner on each race of the day besides. We're seventy dollars ahead on the day and all we did was follow a public handicapper's picks and play progression. Can you beat it?"

"You say they're running in Maryland?" I asked.

"At Havre de Grace," Eddie said. "They opened there yesterday. Phone the Pennsy, kid, and find out what time tomorrow morning we can get a train."

We were at the track at Havre de Grace the next afternoon for the running of the first race. I had never been at a mutuel track before and I got a great kick out of it. The betting ring was a huge barnlike inclosure under the grand stand. Along one side were the sellers' and cashiers' windows. There were windows where you could bet all the way from fifty dollars to two. On the lawn facing the grand stand was the approximate-odds board. The horses entered in each event were listed there before the race started, with the track handicapper's guess at the odds at which they would go to the post. After a few minutes of betting, the second line of odds would be written in. Then, just as the horses were parading to the post, the third line would be given. At a mutuel track, of course, the odds are determined by the amount bet on each horse. If a lot of people bet on a horse, he goes to the post even money or less; and if only a few bet on him, he is a long shot. I have seen a horse win that paid as high as four hundred and eighty dollars for a two-dollar ticket.

We got away to a grand start. Our horse in the third race clicked in and also our pick in the sixth. We wound up the day sixty-five dollars to the good and went back to the Bayou Hotel in Havre de Grace, wondering rather uneasily how come nobody else had discovered this gold mine.

"It's because scarcely anybody has the character to stick to a system around a race track," Eddie explained this matter to me. "There are a number of perfectly simple mathematical ways of beating the races, but people won't stick to them. The human equation beats them."

"We got to look out for that," I said.

"Listen," he said, "we got a system that works. We know that, don't we? Sure! Now let's shake hands on it right here that no matter what comes we won't vary it in the slightest degree." We shook—solemnly. "No human equation is going to bust us," Eddie said jubilantly as he got into bed.

"Human equation!" I said scornfully. "Hah!"

It was uncanny the way we cleaned up there at Havre de Grace. Every day our system horses clicked through for us and every day we made our seventy dollars. It was all so good it worried us. We felt as though there must surely be some sort of law against anything that easy. Then, too, we got worried for fear others would find out our system and spoil it for us. We discussed it in whispers behind locked doors and took all manner of precautions

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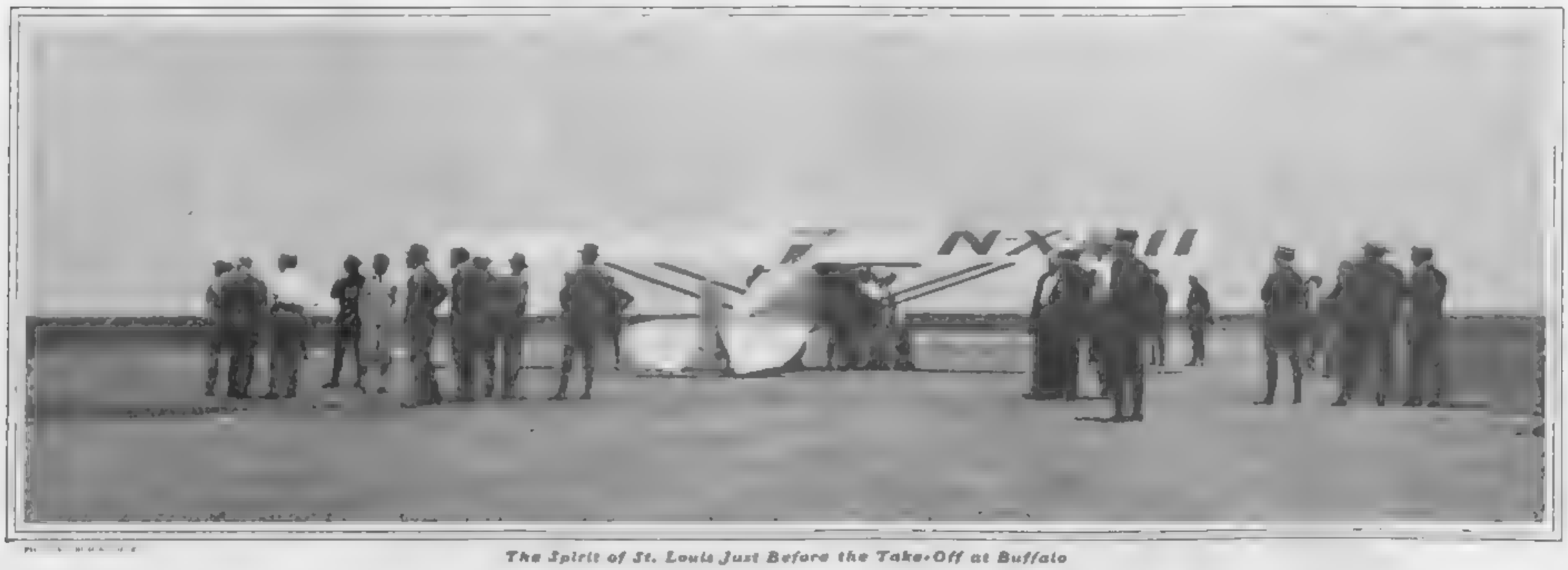
"It's the Simplest System in All the World," the Old Man Said. "I Seldom Bet, But When I Do, I Win"

LINDBERGH, THE PILOT



The Spirit of St. Louis Just Before the Take-Off at Buffalo

By Donald E. Keyhoe

Aide to Colonel Lindbergh on the United States Tour

TILTING the silver wings of the Spirit of St. Louis, Colonel Lindbergh expertly slipped his famous plane to earth, glancing quickly from one window and then the other of his narrow, blind cabin to see that the field was clear before he leveled off, for the wire barrier between him and the waiting crowd was unusually close. As the wheels touched the ground, the throng broke into a joyful bedlam, while those behind struggled and pushed to displace the others packed tightly against the fence.

The Spirit of St. Louis ran along easily, while Lindbergh held his rudder to the left to overcome the effect of the cross wind in which he had been forced to land. But just at the moment when the lessened speed reduced the power of his controls, an unexpected shift of wind direction and a sloping ground caused the plane's nose to veer to the right.

With more space, only a few seconds of wide-open throttle would have been needed to send a blast of air back upon the rudder, giving Lindbergh control at once. But already the plane was headed down the slight grade, directly toward the helpless people jammed into the fence. There was only a hundred feet between—hardly room enough for the colonel to complete his turn safely. And that wire would be like thread under the impact of the propeller!

Laying the Course

WITH the airport officials at our heels, Phil Love and I raced after the ship, hoping to catch a strut and swing it around. But we were not needed, even if we could have caught up. Lindbergh had already made a swift survey of the situation and his hand had moved almost simultaneously. The engine died as he snapped off the switch. The propeller slowed, jerked through a few more revolutions, and then stopped. The transatlantic plane drifted harmlessly against the fence.

An error in judgment, a second's panic in deciding whether to speed up to make the turn, or whether to shut off the engine, and there might have been tragedy. Lack of knowledge as to how long the propeller would continue to revolve, slowness in realizing that the plane was on a down grade—any of these would have been sufficient. But Lindbergh's mind had functioned with the rapidity of a sensitive mechanism in that moment when the safety of lives depended on him alone.

This ability to decide and do things quickly was what first attracted universal attention to him. When he made his unintentionally dramatic entrance into the spotlight, on the flight from San Diego to New York, the public mistakenly saw him as an impulsive youth who had made up his mind almost overnight that he was going to Paris. His success in completing that flight was frequently set down as luck and the nickname of "Lucky Lindy" held a strong popularity.

That name has almost been forgotten with the realization that back of his quickness in starting on the New York-Paris flight there was careful planning and a background of valuable experience.

Lindbergh's experience is unique. It includes months of barnstorming, completion of the exacting Army cadet course and the grueling test of night air-mail service. The first, probably more than either of the others, is responsible for his strong initiative. As a gypsy flyer, wandering constantly across new territory, seldom knowing in advance where he would land, he came to acquire a total disregard for established air routes and a quiet confidence in his ability to navigate an airplane in strange country and to land it in a minimum of space.

Major Lanphier, Commanding Officer of the Pursuit Squadron at Selfridge Field, Michigan, and Colonel Lindbergh

This disregard for regular airways was always manifest during the United States tour. In planning each day's flight, Lindbergh drew a straight line between the cities over which he wished to fly. He never deviated because of bad country below, nor did he stay close to railroad lines and highways to be sure of his position.

From Denver to Pierre, South Dakota, he laid our course over the Bad Lands; and from Cheyenne to Salt Lake City, through the rugged mountain country, he flew far south of the transcontinental route, with its intermediate fields and established aids, so that he might circle one or two cities which had sent him urgent requests to fly over them.

Lindbergh has been said to possess a peculiar instinct for knowing where he is at all times, but the greater part of this is a result of his careful and systematic navigation. Whenever he plans a trip, he lays down his course on each of the maps which he will use, marks off the distance in units usually of ten miles, and then arranges the maps in the proper order. This is his groundwork. The rest is accurate reading of those maps when he is in the air.

The Supreme Test of a Pilot

NAVIGATING in daytime and clear weather requires fairly close attention, but it is simple in comparison to blind flying, in which Lindbergh has been proved a master. On both the New York-Paris and Mexico City flights he flew several times in fog, and also on the return to St. Louis from Havana. The United States tour gave him other tests of this nature. Each of these times he had to fly without sight of ground or sky, sometimes with his wing tips almost hidden, depending completely on his ability to read the set of instruments before him while hurtling along at ninety miles an hour.

Few people understand what this blind flying required of him. From the compass his eyes had to pass to the bank-and-turn indicator, an instrument which told him whether he was flying straight or turning, and how steeply the wings of his plane were inclined. Next, to the altimeter, so that he would not get dangerously close to the ground. From here his eyes had to go to the engine tachometer and on to the airspeed meter, to learn whether the plane was climbing or inclined toward the ground. At intervals his eyes had to pass on to the clock, so that he could estimate the distance to be checked off on his map, and then, when a spare second presented itself, to the oil-pressure meter and then the temperature gauge. This cycle had to go on ceaselessly until the fog cleared. Blind flying is the supreme test of a pilot. Some cannot stand this rapid movement above a hidden world, nor the fear that they may have calculated erroneously and may be about to crash into some unseen obstacle. They break under the strain, partly caused by their own lack of confidence and knowledge, and either climb up higher in the effort to pull out of the enshrouding fog, or else dive down to clear it, sometimes with disastrous results.

Panic is fatal in this kind of flying, and only the man with utmost calmness and perfect understanding of instrument

flying can keep it up hour after hour, as Lindbergh has repeatedly done. But no man could be calmer when in the air than Lindbergh, as I found on my flight with him in the Spirit of St. Louis.

In spite of a keen satisfaction and a definite thrill at being privileged to fly in the transatlantic plane with the man who had piloted it across the sea, I did not neglect to watch his handling of his ship. I had had experience as a pilot and had covered many thousands of miles with capable flyers, but that flight with Lindbergh was a lesson in complete mastery and understanding of an airplane.

From the second of taking off he was utterly at ease, although, to me, that blank wall of instrument board in front of us was at once disturbing. Yet it did not bother Lindbergh, in spite of the added handicap caused by my being seated on the right arm of his chair, so that one of his two small windows was halfway hidden. He climbed quickly up to 2000 feet and then throttled the engine so that I could hear him.

"Watch the action on this stall," he said, as an automobile salesman might have called attention to a good point in his car.

He pushed the throttle ahead once more and waited until the Spirit of St. Louis had picked up a speed of about ninety miles an hour. Then he pulled back evenly and deliberately on the control stick, until the nose of the plane had risen at a steep angle, and I could see a wide margin of sky under the wing. The ship slowed to a stalling speed.

"Notice that it doesn't fall off on either side," commented Lindbergh, nodding toward the wing tip, which hung parallel with the horizon even as the nose began to drop earthward. The Spirit of St. Louis pointed itself downward without jerking, picked up speed and went ahead into straight flight as Lindbergh pushed the stick to its normal position. After a moment he throttled the engine again and pointed to the altimeter.

"We lost less than 200 feet on that stall," he observed. "That's why I'm safe in bringing the plane in so slowly in small fields. It won't fall off on one side unexpectedly."

A second later he was banking into a vertical turn, with the wings pointing straight at the uninhabited stretch below. Smoothly, we pivoted for a complete turn, Lindbergh effortlessly keeping the telltale bubble in the position of a perfect turn, his eyes on the ground beneath.

As he leveled off for a gentle landing a few minutes later, the hundreds of people along the side of the airport began to push forward. Then, for the first time during the flight, I saw a faint sign of uneasiness in Lindbergh's manner—a tension that had nothing to do with the actual flying. For in that brief trip he had shown that he is without nerves when in the air.

Flying Over Glacier National Park in the Spirit of St. Louis

Putting a New Plane Through its Paces

EVEN in a desperate predicament—running out of gas, his exact location unknown, the ground hidden by fog, so that he could not know where to seek a landing—he would still be calm, thinking out the best way to land, and losing none of his energy in useless panic.

I learned one other thing from the flight. Lindbergh knows the Spirit of St. Louis as probably no other man has known any other plane. This is not unusual, however, for he would know any ship he flew, and that within a short time. He is always trying out new types. At several stops on the tour he rose early in order to fly some new plane before beginning the day's work of flying.

Nor are these merely joy hops. He tests each one thoroughly. I happened to be in the advance plane when he first flew it. Within five minutes I had seen a complete tryout of maximum climbs, steep turns, stalling point, performance when stalled, handling with idling engine, gliding, and finally flying with hands off the controls. As he ended this brief but complete test, he nodded to himself and turned around.

"Handles all right, considering all that baggage in the rear," he commented.

And with that he closed the throttle and went down for a landing as smooth as though he had flown this particular ship for years.

Lindbergh's calmness comes in good stead when flying close to other planes where a mistake might cause a serious accident. He carries in his mind not only the movement of his own ship but also that of his neighbor, planning, perhaps subconsciously, what he will do in event of any sudden maneuver by the other pilot. There were many examples of this when he flew close to our advance plane so that we might photograph the Spirit of St. Louis, or communicate in pantomime. Once or twice this pantomime went on between Phil Love and Lindbergh while I was looking in the finder to focus the camera, the colonel signaling Love to nose down suddenly, which he did, putting the camera and me up in the top of the plane with all the baggage that was not stowed tightly under the seats.

Yet even when he seemed utterly engrossed in this not entirely necessary maneuver, Lindbergh did not forget safety precautions. Whenever this occurred, which was rather too often, he always ruddered the Spirit of St. Louis slightly off to one side so that if the advance plane deviated a few degrees before resuming its level course, the ships would not be too close together.

Sometimes, after he had left us in order to fly over some out-of-the-way town, Lindbergh would calculate our position and set his course to catch up with us. This in itself was no ordinary problem in navigation, but one which he found of no difficulty. When he sighted us cruising leisurely along he frequently would come up straight behind to avoid being seen. Then, with wide-open throttle, he would pull out to one side and dash by as though we were standing still.

Before we had time to realize what happened, he would idle his engine, drop back and get in a position where his plane was hidden. From this point of vantage he would parallel each movement of the advance plane, probably laughing to himself at Phil's endeavors to locate him. At last, when we had finally decided he had dropped down to explore the country below, he would shoot beneath us at a safe distance and tear away, leaning out to wave us a mocking farewell.

A Man-Made Emergency

ON ONE such occasion we had no idea he was within miles of us, and Phil had taken advantage of the opportunity to try out an idea.

"This ship will almost fly itself," he had said more than once. Now, at a high altitude, he proceeded to attach cords to the rudder bar and to climb up on the back of his seat, guiding the plane much like a man driving a horse from a high wagon.

All went well for several minutes, the plane flying without more than an occasional gentle pull at one of the cords. But suddenly a shadow shot across our left window. We looked around just in time to see the Spirit of St. Louis shoot by, Lindbergh grinning in anticipation.

The transatlantic ship swerved sharply as it came into line ahead, so that under Lindbergh's too-skillful direction the propeller blast of his engine swept straight back at us.

The advance plane rocked and careened under this attack. Phil grabbed for the stick, leveled the wings and

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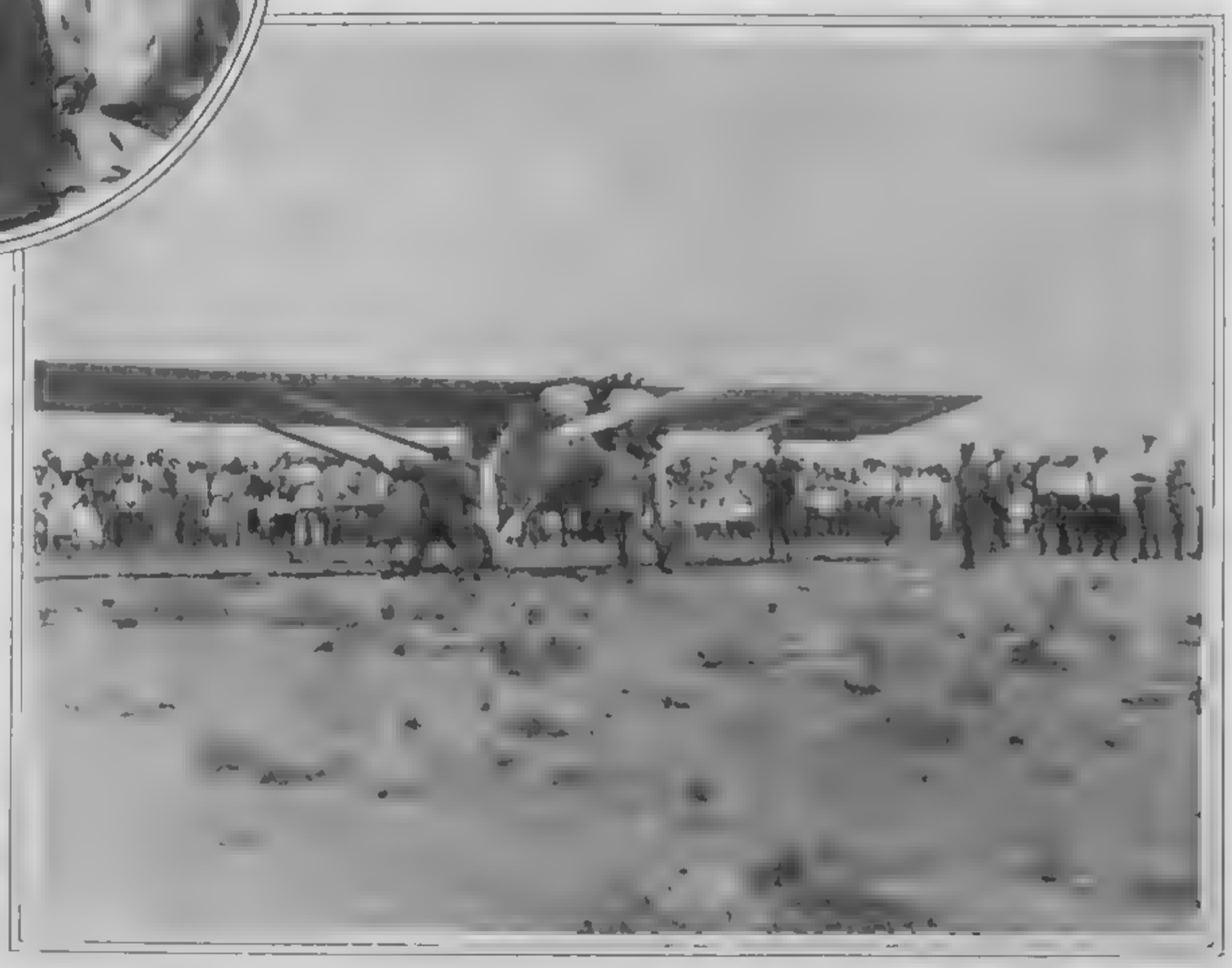

Leaving a City After a "Touch Stop," Where Colonel Lindbergh Gave a Short Talk. In Circle—The Colonel and Phil Love, His Companion of Training and Mail-Pilot Days

THE DESERT'S DUSTY FACE

"I Always Told You I Was Strong as a Horse. But You Wouldn't Believe Me"

The Three Musketeers

By DOROTHY BLACK

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

THE band played on the club lawn every Thursday evening. Tortured by mosquitoes, under a circle of lights that enticed every bug from its evening occupation to come and find them, the bandsmen sat blowing beetles and grasshoppers out of their instruments with that grim determination that made the British Empire what it once was. The scent of the tropical night was sickly sweet, and hot and close like a greenhouse. Upon the club lawn in little groups sat all Rangoon, looking on and listening to the music.

And ever before the evening was far gone would come three young men slowly, the tallest in front and the shortest at the back. They would group themselves round a small table that was placed apart from all the other tables, and there they would sit, not joining any other party, for they were sufficient unto themselves. Mothers, daughters, hostesses and others interested in young men would watch them as they made their way to their own corner and would say to one another, "There go the Three Musketeers."

There had been shocking inroads of late years in the Chummery over Messrs. Green & Hawthorne's rice and shipping offices. Out of the once illustrious company of six who sojourned there, only three remained, since Mark Hill had unexpectedly married the little Irish nurse who came to nurse Rob King when he had his pain.

But there the matter seemed likely to end. For romance, people said, would have an uphill job with any of the Three Musketeers. Falling in love with any of them, people said, would be as unprofitable as whetting your teeth on the front doorstep. I mean, after a time one would simply give it up as unremunerative, if you understand me.

Rob King was the eldest of the three, a young man with a fine clean-cut face that had taken on a saturnine look years ago when he was jilted by a girl at home. He eschewed female society, treating all women as if they were his sisters or aunts. People sometimes said he was a prig because he kept the younger men in order and had been known to quote poetry.

Peter Tait was small and insignificant, noted only for the fact that he had nearly died of enteric the previous rains. That was the only thing anyone knew about Peter. Once he had nearly died. Living, he was a harmless, unnoticeable little fellow, with shortsighted eyes and thick horn-rimmed glasses. There may have been a lot in him, people said, but what was the good of that when it never came out? Indeed, it is like having a sardine tin of which you have mislaid the opener. Peter hadn't much character, but he never willingly did anybody any harm. At one time he had been drinking too much and the firm had had its eye upon him severely. But that was only due to keeping bad company. Now Peter never kept any company at all except that of the Three Musketeers, and they guarded him zealously.

Peter hadn't the constitution of a cat and needed looking after. He was always trying to perform feats of Herculean strength. He invariably offered himself for Rugger teams and volunteered to go out with lifeboats, and was always ready to embark on any feat of strength that would have killed a strong man. His life held only one devotion, and that was to Buddy Graves—the one who walked in the middle.

Buddy was what every mother would like her son to grow up into, with a sense of humor thrown in. There wasn't a game he couldn't play better than anyone else in Rangoon, and yet there was no side about him. There wasn't a girl wouldn't gladly have married him tomorrow, with his gay blue eyes and his humorous smile and his long lithe figure. But Buddy kept clear of the women, and the only photograph in his room was a photograph of his sister Hermione, who had just the same gay blue eyes and that gallant fashion of holding her head. Buddy had been to Eton and Oxford, and anything those two places could do to anyone they had done to Buddy. He was a walking advertisement for the English public-school system and he did not know it.

Humbly and far behind came Peter, worshiping him and trying to keep up with that bright intellect—trying to follow that nimble mind, and failing dismally, and trying again. Reading all sorts of books he would never have read otherwise, because if a chap hadn't read them a chap hardly knew what Buddy was talking about. Humbly and very far behind, Peter tried to model himself upon Buddy and educate himself to understand Buddy's jokes.

Peter had come to Rangoon rather an impossible young man, with quite the wrong wardrobe. With ornamental shirts and fancy socks and a ring with MIZPAH on it upon his little finger. But now all that was gone. His wardrobe, like everything else about him, was modeled after Buddy Graves, and Peter would have passed in any crowd as a decent, unnoticeable little fellow. Which is perhaps another of the best possible advertisements for the public-school system.

The Three Musketeers led a quiet life together in the flat over the office that had once been Evan Stansfield's. They read the newspapers and kept up with world problems,

and generally tried to get ideas beyond gins and bitters that so often limit the horizon of young men sojourning in that sunny land on the wrong side of the Bay of Bengal. People sometimes called them prigs, because they kept the young men in order and allowed no goings-on in the Chummery. A pretty tough lot, some of the young men.

At garden parties or weddings or any places where two or three are gathered together, it was easy to spot the Three Musketeers. They were always together, and they had a certain courtliness of manner rather unusual and charming to come across in these cheerio days. They spoke no scandal no, nor listened to it. And any woman who tried to inveigle them into anything resembling a friendship found that endeavor as unremunerative as whetting her teeth upon the front doorstep.

"It's quite a pity, dear," said Mrs. Bunker Green, the wife of the burra sahib, to a friend on the club lawn on band night, "that they won't mix in society more. For young Graves is quite a personality, and the sort of young man born to be a force for good wherever he goes, besides being so agreeably ornamental into the bargain. Peter Tait's devotion to him is quite touching, my dear, and I cannot tell you what a difference it has made in his life, for when he first joined us—well, my dear! Mock emerald studs, I mean, and so highly perfumed, dear, that one felt it must be to hide something. I can't imagine what young Graves sees in the boy, but, my dear, they are quite inseparable, and Bunker says he doesn't know what they will do when he has to transfer Graves to an outport, which, of course, he will eventually have to do. Bunker expects young Tait will simply go to the dogs, for he was heading for them pretty briskly at one time, dear, before Buddy pulled him together. . . . Yes the little one at the end with the glasses. Quite a nice face, but weak, dear. He nearly died of enteric last year. Far too delicate for this country. . . . No, I am afraid I cannot introduce them to you, for they are positively set against dining out."

A fortnight later Buddy Graves walked leisurely into the flat with the intense calm of one bearing evil tidings.

"Well, chaps," he said, "the worst has happened, and I'm for an outport next week—Bassein."

Rob King said, "Hell! Why can't they send someone else? We just fit in here, the three of us."

"Good for prospects, I suppose," said Buddy, being careful not to look at Peter—Peter staring straight in front of him through his thick horn-rimmed glasses, his delicate-looking hands knotted between his knees. It was rather desperate, having to leave Peter. The old chap had no guts. You never could be sure he wouldn't get into a mess without ever realizing what a mess it was. He needed someone to stop him doing the sort of things he was bound to be sorry about afterward. He needed someone to tell him what those things were. And no one knew it better than Buddy

Peter said, "I'll get them to send me out somewhere too."

"Yes, I would," said Buddy affectionately. "Why not offer to go and clear the teak forest at Pyntaza for them or join the elephant hunt upcountry? You just stay where you are, old chap, and live quiet and remember all I've taught you. You don't want any startling transfers anywhere until you've had some leave and pulled your inside together."

"I don't want to stay on here without you."

"Rob will look after you. Treat him rough, Rob, till I get back again."

They saw him off on the Bassein boat on a breathless afternoon. The rains broke late that year. Night after night, the clouds banked up ominous around a dying sun, only to disperse again, leaving the air as leaden, as breathless, as before.

The Bassein boat carried three hundred passengers and their goats and a cargo of dorian—the luscious golden dorian that looks like celestial fruit and smells like a workaday sewer. So they sailed down the river with a following wind and an escort of white gulls looking for garbage. Peter stood for a long time looking after them, until the river boat turned to a child's toy in the blue distance and was lost among the sampans and junks and ocean-going steamers ever at anchor in the port of Rangoon.

Peter went back to the Chummery, deadness in his soul. It was like being a boy again and returning to school after some happy holiday time. Strange how memories of one's school days came flooding back to fit into a different life. He knew again that sick hopelessness flooding his heart.

Rob was kind to him. Rob did what he could for him. A good soul, Rob, but not very sympathetic, just because he couldn't understand. Rob could only understand one kind of sorrow—being jilted by a girl.

And now on band night there were only two of the Three Musketeers together on the lawn at their isolated table.

Mrs. Bunker Green, the wife of the burra sahib, said to a friend: "It's quite pitiful the way young Tait has felt about losing him, dear. I assure you he's like a lamb without its sheep, and Bunker says he feels like a murderer. But, my dear, there was nothing else for it. We have to have a reliable man in Bassein; and, after all, as Bunker says, you can't run a firm just to amuse the young men, dear. He would have sent someone else if he could, but these new young men they send us out from home nowadays—well, my dear, I cannot think where they get them from, unless they throw dog biscuits out in the Whitechapel Road and catch whatever it attracts, dear. When we had the last batch to dinner, dear, words failed me. Table manners positively rococo."

The Bassein mill stood on the river bank and there great steamers came alongside to the private landing stage to ship rice for many a distant port. And there great clumps of water hyacinth came floating by, purple and poisonous and lovely in the morning sun. And rice boats passed with spreading sails, and white paddy birds winged home at sunset over the face of the waters. There was not much doing when Buddy arrived. He had the house to himself, and all the cockroaches therein; and the office was underneath it, so that he had not far to go. And people sat and panted and waited for the rains to break and bring relief.

Buddy made occasional tours to the buying stations up and down stream to Myaungmya, Kothan and Henzada;

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Buddy Awoke to Find His Room a Sea of Water, With Most of the Veranda Furniture Being Blown in Through the Door

THE MONKEY BUSINESS

As Told to Mara Evans

A SMALL boy stared at a blank sheet of paper. He shifted uneasily as he tried to soften the relentless contact between himself and a hard, schoolroom bench. He nibbled his pencil. It was a warm spring day. Branches of a lilac bush in bloom peered inquiringly in through the open window, and a tiny saucer of a pond, just visible, sparkled enticingly. The whole class sat, hunched and silent, in the throes of composition. On the blackboard was a list of subjects: Dogs, Cats, Birds, Monkeys. At the front of the classroom the teacher sat intrenched on her dais.

The small boy sighed and shifted again. He looked at the blackboard; he looked at the teacher; he looked at the piece of paper. Desperate, he chose a topic, penciled it carefully at the top of the page and regarded it. As he did so his face grew wistful. For a moment he gazed longingly into space. Then he plunged into literature:

MONKEYS

A monkey is a very interesting animal. I saw a monkey in the circus. It rode on a pony. I wonder if he would bite me. I wonder if he would be fun to play with. I wonder what he would eat. I wonder where he comes from. I wonder where he would sleep. I wonder if I will ever have a monkey.

It was nearly half a lifetime after that earnest literary effort, and after many years of work with animals in one way and another, that the same small boy, grown much older, found himself able, at last, to open a pet shop of his own.

The year I started my own establishment I was particularly anxious to find out what animals commanded a good, steady market. For goldfish, birdseed, dog foods, bird cages, and the like, there was, of course, a constant demand, but the profits were small. Other items, where the profits were larger, were much more variable.

Immigrants

PEOPLE are invariably attracted by monkeys, for one reason or another—curiosity, amusement, even a sort of resentment. But they are always interested. I began to ask myself how much yearly profit there is for me in people's interest in monkeys?

I knew that there are probably something like 15,000 monkeys of various kinds, from marmosets to chimpanzees, brought into the United States every year. One big dealer alone brings in annually shipments that sometimes run as high as 4000. Most of these simians are of the commoner varieties—ring-tails of different sorts, and rhesus monkeys. But they run all the way up to specimens worth $5000 or $6000. The total value of all monkeys coming in through New York and San Francisco, Boston, Philadelphia, New Orleans, and other main ports of entry, runs probably well toward $250,000 a year. There is no way of procuring either the exact number or value, as many are brought in by sailors or travelers and traded to small pet-shop owners, or perhaps sold to some friend or chance-met acquaintance direct. The Department of Agriculture statistics at Washington list 2,19?,950 nondomestic animals brought into this country during 1926, aside from those intended for exhibitionary purposes. Approximately $100,000 in duties was paid on such importations during the past three years. Smothered in that total are the thousands of monkeys and lemurs and marmosets and gibbons and all the rest.

I thought it would be good fun, and very likely quite profitable, to buy a few monkeys and see how I would come out. So when I ordered my next supply of stock from a big dealer that brought in his own stuff, I added to the usual listing of canaries, parrots, goldfish, and so on, the following: "Two rhesus monkeys; 1 tame black spider monkey; 1 blackface ring-tailed monkey; 3 marmosets."

These Monkeys are Sacred to the Hindus and Lead an Unmolested Life at Galta, Near Jeypore

That came to eighty dollars.

It happened that when the truck arrived with that order I was very busy. The girl I had hired to help me through the summer months came into the basement where I was working and said, "John is out to lunch. What'll I do with the monkeys?"

This girl, Dora, was a high-school senior, seventeen years old. Although I had engaged her at a ridiculously low salary, I found that she was almost as calm and quiet and reliable as John, my old German assistant, who was with me the year round. Dora was especially good with puppies and kittens, but she was still a little timid about handling the larger birds and animals, and monkeys, I suppose, were more than she had reckoned with.

"Wonder what she'll do," I said to myself, "if I leave her alone?" And aloud I said: "Just see that they have fresh water, Dora, please, and put the marmosets in a cage in the window and the other monkeys along the east wall, near the back, will you?"

She looked at me for a moment in silence. Then she turned and went up into the store. I listened, but there was no call for help.

After a little while I went up and stood watching her where she couldn't see me. She had the little marmosets in the window, all right, and had lined the rest of the cages where I had told her to. Now she was giving them all fresh water. After she turned away from the black spider monkey, who was quick as a flash and had observed how his cage opened when she put in the water, he pushed up the sliding door and sprang out. Nervous and frightened by his journey, he made straight for what appeared to be a friend, leaped on Dora's shoulder and clung around her neck, gibbering madly close to her ear.

Too Friendly

DORA stood as if she had suddenly been turned into stone, except for the muscles and cords in her neck, which became strained and prominent. The monkey's cold and clammy little palms patted over her cheeks and forehead. He swung abruptly to her other shoulder and tugged at her ear. She held her breath. Her face went pale and her eyes wide and distended, but she never moved.

I hadn't intended to let her in for such an ordeal as that apparently was for her. "Scared to death," I said to myself. "Half disgusted too. I guess she never touched a monkey before, poor kid."

When she saw me, she breathed, almost without moving her lips: "What'll I do? What'll I do?"

"Knock him off," I said.

She answered, absurdly yet pathetically, "I don't want to hurt his feelings."

I laughed, plucked our newest acquisition off her shoulder, put him back in his cage and secured the door carefully. Dora sat down on the sturdy cage of a pair of Persian kittens and gasped.

"Do people ever really like monkeys?" she asked. "Really like them?"

"Of course they do," I answered. "Monkeys make fine pets. You're not afraid of them, are you?"

She said "No!" quickly, and went to wait on a customer who had just come in. I knew she denied her fear and repugnance because she really wanted to overcome them. So, to help her, I gave her rather more to do with the monkeys than I ordinarily would have done. John was busy with the parrot end of the business and there was plenty of opportunity for her to accustom herself to handling them.

The first to sell were the marmosets. One went almost immediately to a well-known motion-picture actress for twenty dollars. It weighed only about seven ounces, and she soon got it so that it would ride all over with her in her car, curled up, scolding saucily, in a flannel-lined basket that looked like a diminutive peach basket. The second went, for the same price, to a very delighted twelve-year-old

boy, who brought it back, a month or so later, just to show me how he had taught it to stick out its tongue.

"He sticks out his tongue at himself in the mirror," the boy said, grinning proudly.

As far as accustoming herself to handling monkeys was concerned, Dora was able to learn plenty of it just from that first black spider monkey. He was constantly getting out of his cage. The second morning that we had him I reached the store about two minutes after Dora. She stood in the center of the floor, her hat and coat still on. The monkey had escaped from his cage, evidently an hour or so before, and had done his best to turn the store into a rummage sale. About twenty pounds of dog biscuit were scattered over the floor; a small goldfish tank was upset and about five dollars' worth of the little yellow fish were flapping themselves to death; a whole shelf of canary and parrot cages were tumbled on the counter beneath it; the place was in an uproar from excited puppies and canaries and parrots. And our little pet, the monkey, was caught in the act of hurling a porcelain bird bath at a kitten that cowered in a basket in the window. Right then and there Dora lost her fear of the spider monkey.

As the porcelain bird bath struck the kitten, Dora rushed forward and grabbed the monkey. He was hurriedly confined to his cage again, but before she put him in she spanked him!

We had that monkey until Christmastime, and he learned so many cunning tricks in the meanwhile that he brought fifty dollars from a sober-faced business man who had come in to buy a canary bird for his wife.

Besides these three sales, I disposed of the rhesus monkeys for fifteen dollars apiece, after feeding them for six weeks. That gave me a total of $120 for the stock I had paid eighty dollars for. Both the others—the ring-tail and the third marmoset—died of heavy colds.

"If monkeys can be taught tricks as easily as that spider monkey," Dora asked me one day, "why haven't they ever been domesticated, like horses and dogs and camels and elephants and oxen? They must be intelligent enough."

"They are intelligent," I told her. "Maybe they're too intelligent. You know, being intelligent doesn't necessarily mean being easy to teach. Monkeys, as a rule, are not so easy to teach as many other animals; they're less docile and more tricky. You can't depend on their tempers."

Set a Monkey to Catch Another

ALTHOUGH monkeys are, of course, not so much use to man as dogs and horses, there are exceptions. Fruit-picking monkeys are as old as history; one may see carvings on Twelfth Dynasty Egyptian tombs, of men and monkeys picking figs. Monkeys that have been trained to pick coconuts bring anywhere from ten to twenty-five dollars in Java, according to their skill. The monkey goes up the tree with a cord tied to his waist. When he touches a coconut that looks good to his owner, who stands on the ground watching him, the man shouts and the monkey twists the nut from the tree and throws it down.

An old sailor who used to come in with parrots and macaws to sell told me that in the country south of Abyssinia he had seen natives eating at a supper party, while behind them, in a row, sat half a dozen monkeys holding the torches that supplied the only lights for the feast.

One man created quite a disturbance in the streets of a big California city not long ago when he chained his baboon—a mandrill, one of the ugliest of the whole tribe—on the front seat of his automobile to guard it while he was away.

Owl Monkeys Captured on the Island of Marajo at the Mouth of the Amazon River, Brazil

But the most familiar use to which monkeys, in this country, have ever been put is that of dancing attraction and penny collector for organ grinders. Twenty years ago the dark little man, usually Italian, with his organ, supported partly by a strap around his neck and partly by a single wooden leg, was a much more familiar figure than he is now. He would stop below a promising window, look up with an insinuating smile and a calculating eye, and burst into the Cavalleria Rusticana, twitching the string that he held in his hand. The other end of the string was tied to a belt around the waist of a tiny monkey in a red dress and hat, who climbed nimbly up to the window on the second story and extended a hopeful paw, peering in with bright beady eyes under a baffled frown. If anyone gave him a dime he stuck it into one of the ridiculous pockets in his coat, hopped down, chattering, scurried through a circle of delighted children, leaped up once more on the organ, and Cavalleria Rusticana moved on into the next block, while the dime was transferred to a more commodious resting place, where other coins already jingled.

Sometimes these organ men made exceedingly good incomes from the bits of jewelry and watches and money that Jocko filched from audiences on the sly. Even when caught, there was always the excuse that you couldn't very well hold a monkey responsible.

These organ-grinder Jockos usually belonged to one of the twenty-odd species of African guenons, and since "guenon" means "one who grimaces," it is singularly appropriate for Jocko. Guenons are docile and gentle, as a rule, and fairly palpitate with curiosity, readily picking up the cunning tricks that bring in the dimes. In their wild African home they live in a large, noisy tribe, ruled by an old male. Each tribe has sharply defined territorial rights, and upon their chosen sites no monkey stranger dare trespass. Guenons take well to captivity, and even, occasionally, breed in menageries.

Sometimes the organ monkeys were Americans—sapajous, perhaps, with the long, prehensile tail, covered clear to the tip with hair, that gets them the name of Five-handed. Sapajous are full of a restless, nervous energy and vivacity that are almost distressing to watch, but they bear confinement quite well.

One morning, while we still had the spider monkey, a taxicab stopped suddenly in front of our door and the driver came into the store almost at a run.

"Say!" he shouted. "Come out here quick, will you? There's some kind of animal under my car! It's alive, all right, because every once in a while it makes a funny noise!"

I went out and looked under the car. You couldn't see a thing. Then, close up under the floor of the tonneau, I thought I saw something move. I reached under, grabbed what felt like a tail, and pulled. There was a screech, and something bit at my hand, which was, fortunately, gloved. Then from inside the store our own spider monkey, out of his cage again, came with a rush and answered the screech. He, too, dived under the automobile, and in a second two monkeys, nearly identical, shot like bullets from the ventral portions of the taxi, one in flight and one in pursuit, and vanished into the store. We followed hastily and shut the door.

Of the Genus Jocko

BEFORE it could culminate in murder we captured our black trouble maker and then cornered the unpopular visitor. The taxi driver mopped a dripping brow.

"Want to sell him?" I asked.

"Sell 'im!" he shouted. "If he was mine I'd give 'im to you! I'd give you ten dollars to take him! But he ain't mine. I don't know where he come from. Say! All the way down—three miles—I been thinking I was running over something!"

At any rate, he relinquished responsibility. The next morning an ad appeared in one of the papers: "Lost: A black spider monkey. Answers to name 'Jocko.' Finder please return"—and so on. Jocko went home.

"Why on earth," I wondered, "do people always call monkeys 'Jocko'?"

I got a possible solution of this puzzle a month or so later, when Jim Travers, a happy-go-lucky sailor who often dropped into the store with some animal he'd picked up in the tropics, strolled in one forenoon, picked a tiny Brazilian marmoset out of his chest, where he had been keeping it warm under his coat, and set it down on the counter.

"Meet Jocko," he said, grinning in the friendly way he had. "How much'll you give me?"

It was an unusually tame little thing and its soft, dark grayish woolly fur showed that it was in good condition. Marmosets are popular as pets in the tropics, for they are commonly very gentle. It takes quite a little time and attention to train them, and at first you often find it necessary to be careful of the sharp claws they have instead of nails. I was glad to pay Jim eight dollars for Jocko, who curled his long tail neatly around himself

Red-Faced Baboons From Singapore, Part of a Large Consignment of Wild Animals From the Straits Settlements Destined for Several of the Country's Biggest Zoos

(Continued on Page 115)

A SUPERFLUOUS CUPID

By Clarence Budington Kelland

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRIETTA McCAIG STARRETT

SCHOOL was about to reopen in Lombardy and rumors flew about among the juvenile citizens, chief of which was that Solon Breeze, the eighth-grade teacher, had been offered a principalship in a larger town upstate and was considering a move. In as much as Mr. Breeze was also Number 20 in the Black Star Order, this was a thing not to be tolerated. Therefore the order held an emergency meeting in the old sugar house to discuss the matter.

"Now lookit," commenced Woodchuck Collins, who was Number 1, "suthin's got to be done and no foolin'. If he was to go, then what happens? Huh? Why, what happens is we got to start all over again chasin' out teachers. I'm clean tired of runnin' out teachers, and anyhow we got to have Mr. Breeze around for more important things 'n what school is."

"Let's vote he can't go," suggested Peewee Tubbins.

"Let's go 'n' jump off'n a roof," said Woodchuck disgustedly. "What good's votin' goin' to do—say? We got to think up suthin that'll hold him here."

Banty Norton, the business man of the outfit, called upon Gummy White, the literary member. "Say, you, Gummy, you're allus readin' books and things. Didn't you ever read in one of them books about how it could be done, eh? where a lot of fellers didn't want a schoolteacher to go off some'eres else an' contrived to keep him?"

"They don't write no books about school-teachers," said Gummy, "on account of schoolteachers not bein' romantic nor nothin' like that. Books is about sea captains and robbers and knights and them kind of folks."

"Huh!" snorted Pazzy Boomer. "I never see the time when you needed books to do you some good that they done it. Say, settled means—er—why, it kind of means settled in one place, don't it?"

"Seems as though," said Woodchuck.

"Well, now I heard my pa 'n' ma a-talkin' about a feller that moved around consid'able, and never kept no job nor nothin', and was wild."

"Mr. Breeze hain't none of them."

"But he hain't settled," insisted Pazzy, "or he wouldn't be movin' around, would he? How kin a man be settled if he's allus a-movin' off some'eres else to take a new job? Tell me thet, will ye?"

"Well, mebby he hain't jest ezactly what you'd call settled," admitted Woodchuck.

"So pa he says to ma that there hain't nothin' for settlin' a young man down that equals gittin' married. He says that gittin' married fills a feller up with responsibilities an' sich, an' he don't dast go skitterin' off no more like he used to; an' when he gits married he jest kind of bogs down an' that's an end of his rampagin' around the country."

"Mebby so," said Woodchuck; "but who's goin' to marry him—you?"

"You needn't to git smart jest 'cause somebuddy else thought of suthin," said Pazzy. "I betcha if he was to git married he'd stay right here where his wife was. I betcha his wife wouldn't let him go off no'eres to be no principal, 'cause she'd want him around the house to fetch in wood an' do chores an' things. That's the way wives is. It's the way my ma is. She's allus contrivin' suthin to keep my pa around under her eye."

"Yeah, an' what of it?" Woodchuck demanded. "What you want we should do, eh? Tie Mr. Breeze up to a tree an' fetch along some woman an' jest marry him kind of sight unseen, like swappin' jackknives? I bet ye couldn't do it. No, sir, he'd want to know who he was marryin' an' all. He wouldn't jest marry anybuddy on account of our wantin' him to."

"Yes," said the loyal Banty, "but I betcha any woman in town 'ud marry him if she got half a chance."

"Anybuddy," said Gummy, "but the seventh-grade teacher, an' she's allus stickin' up her nose at him. She don't like him, that's what she don't. She's kind of mean to him."

"All the same, that there seventh-grade teacher's the pertiest one in town," said Peewee.

"How d'you know?" demanded Banty. "How d'you know what's perty an' what hain't?"

"Wa-al," Said Peewee, "If You Done What We Asked You, You Could Stop It All Right. What You Could Do Would be Jest to Jet Your Foot Down an' Tell Him He Dassent Go, an' Then He Wouldn't Dast"

"I kin see, can't I?" demanded the always-matter-of-fact Peewee. "She's kind of slim and all, an' she's perty 'cause she looks perty. You can allus tell if a body's perty by their looks."

"I thought you told it by the rings on their teeth," said Woodchuck ironically.

"No," said Peewee, "that's how you tell how old they be."

"We don't want to marry him to jest anybuddy," said Gummy, as if the marriage were something to be achieved out of hand. "We got to give him a square deal."

"Sure!" said Woodchuck. "We got to pick out somebuddy he won't mind bein' married to. A feller don't want to be married to a woman he don't like."

"'N' he don't want to be married to one that don't like him," said Peewee.

"A feller's wife's around so much," said Gummy, "that she ought to be the kind he wants to have around. Wimmin is allus bossin' a man anyhow, an' a feller'd git awful sore to be allus bossed by one he didn't like."

"Let's git him the best one we kin think up," said Peewee; "an' like I said, this here seventh-grade teacher's the best there is around here."

"Fer looks mebby," said Woodchuck, "but a man don't git married jest fer looks. He's got to think about things like cookin' an' has she got a mean temper an' all."

"I betcha," said Peewee, "Mr. Breeze 'ud be tickled to death if we was to marry him to her. I betcha when he come to an' realized what we'd up an' done, he'd be awful glad we thought it up."

"Mebby, but how be you a-goin' to git two folks to marry each other?" asked Woodchuck.

"You got to make 'em fall in love," said the literary Gummy.

"How do ye contrive that?" asked Woodchuck.

"Mostly in books," said Gummy, "it's on account of the girl gittin' into some terrible fix where everythin's lost exceptin' her honor, an' then along comes the hero an' slam-bangs into the villain an' rescues her, an' she goes plop into his arms, an' they kiss one another an' go hustlin' off to find a minister."

"Rats!" said the practical Peewee.

II

IN ADDITION to being intensely practical and unimaginative, Peewee Tubbins was set in his way. If he got an idea, which was an event of rarity, he proceeded to carry it out along his own peculiar lines in spite of any opposition which developed itself. In this particular instance no opposition developed, because Peewee told nobody of his intentions. He went to call on the seventh-grade teacher.

That young woman was sitting on the stoop of the house where she boarded, and even Peewee could see that she was more than ordinarily pleasant to look at. Though her reputation among pupils was that of one who speaks with an acid tongue, he was not afraid.

"How be ye?" he commenced.

"Very well, indeed," answered the seventh-grade teacher.

"I come to see you on purpose," said Peewee.

"Then," said the seventh-grade teacher, "won't you sit down? And I'll see if I can't find you a piece of apple pie."

"I didn't come after pie. No, sir, what I come fur wan't eatin' nor nothin' like it. It's important. It's awful important. I dunno's anythin' ever happened in this town that was as important as this here thing is."

"And you want me to help you?"

"I dunno how we kin git along if you don't. It kind of hinges on you. An' we'll be awful obleeged to ye. How about it, eh? Will ye now? Say, us fellers want ye to awful bad."

"Why, I'll be glad to help all I can."

"I knowed ye would right off. I says to myself that you was the kind of person that would help a lot of fellers that needed somebuddy to help 'em. I betcha the' hain't anybuddy in town would be gladder 'n what you be to help a lot of fellers. An' you'll do it?"

"Don't you think I ought to know what it is?"

"I thought I told ye. 'Tain't much. 'Tain't hard to do, nuther. I betcha you'd like it when you got used to it. I betcha a thousand dollars anybuddy would like it."

"But what is it?"

"You know Mr. Breeze, don't ye?—the eighth-grade teacher?"

This question was rather superfluous, since she had taught in the adjoining room for a year; but knowing the methods of approach of youth, she did not point this out.

"Yes," she said, "I know Mr. Breeze."

"I don't think he better know anything about what we cal'late to do till we're all ready, an' then we kin kind of take him by s'prise, like."

"Oh, you want to get up a surprise on Mr. Breeze?"

"A kind of a one. Us fellers has heard he's mebby goin' away to git to be a superintendent or suthin, an' we don't want him to go away on account of us wantin' him to stay right here. So we jest had a meetin' about it an' we kind of made up our minds what was the best way to keep him from goin' away, an' we need you to help with it."

"But how can I help keep Mr. Breeze here?"

"Wa-al," said Peewee, "if you done what we asked you, you could stop it all right. What you could do would be jest to set your foot down an' tell him he dassent go, an' then he wouldn't dast."

"Oh, I could just forbid him, could I?"

"Easy as rollin' off'n a log," said Peewee. "An' now that's all settled, an' you bet you us fellers is obleeged to ye. So I won't be takin' any more of your time up." He arose to go, his broad face wearing an expression of great satisfaction.

"But you haven't told me yet what I'm to do," she objected.

"Dog-gone!" said Peewee. "Didn't I come to that?"

"You didn't."

"'Tain't as if it was askin' a big favor or anythin,' an' I betcha you'll like it, besides. Yes, sir. It's almost doin' you a favor too."

"Peewee Tubbins," she said severely, "can you come to the point?"

"I kin," said Peewee. "What we want is for you to marry him."

The seventh-grade teacher gasped. "Of all things!" she exclaimed.

"Sure!" said Peewee. "Then you could quit teachin' an' he'd have to support ye. Wouldn't he? But he wouldn't kick on that. 'Cause, after all, you'd be doin' his cookin' an' mendin' an' all, an' 'tain't as if you was gittin' suthin fur nothin'. I cal'late it 'ud be about six of one and half a dozen of the other. So now I better be gittin' along to tell the fellers it's all fixed an' they don't need to worry no more."

The young woman did not know whether to hurl him off the porch in righteous rage or to collapse in a chair helpless with laughter. She chose a middle ground.

"What," she asked in a stifled voice, "makes you think Mr. Breeze wants to marry me?"

"We don't know nothin' about that," said Peewee. "Mebby he hain't never thought of it. But so long as he's got to git married, we kind of looked over all the wimmin an' picked out you. If a feller's got to be married, why, he ought to git him a wife he don't object to none. Ye see, when a feller's married, his wife's hangin' around all the time, an' he druther have one hangin' around that's perty an' all, an' capable an' sich things than one he don't like. So we decided you was the best of the lot an' picked you out."

She was close to strangulation now, but managed to murmur her thanks for the compliment. "But," she asked, "how about me? Doesn't a wife need to have a husband hanging around that she likes?"

"Oh," said Peewee, "that didn't come into it. We knowed anybuddy would be tickled to death to marry Mr. Breeze."

"Probably," said she, with a touch of irony in her voice. "But what do you want me to do—just walk up and marry him as he goes along the street?"

"That'll be easy," said Peewee. "Ye kin jest ask him. He's awful p'lite. I never knowed anybuddy to ask him a favor that he refused. He wouldn't turn ye down. No, sir-ree! You jest mog right up to him an' ask him please will he marry you, an' he'll do it. Mebby he won't want to at fust, but all the same, he won't say no. He'll be awful p'lite about it."

She sat silent for a moment, considering. This thing could become very embarrassing and must be nipped emphatically in the bud; yet she was wise enough and endowed with sufficient humor to perceive that Peewee was acting in good faith and was wholly unaware of the enormity of his conduct. How then to save herself from becoming a laughingstock in the village, and at the same time to handle Peewee in such a manner that his confidence in the boundless goodness of human nature would not be damaged?

"Peewee," she asked, "can you keep a secret?"

"You bet your bottom dollar!" Peewee said emphatically.

"Does anyone know you came to see me?"

"Nobuddy."

"Well, then don't you tell a soul. Don't mention to a single one of the boys what we've talked about. It would spoil everything."

"I won't."

"You Go Tell the Justice to Take His Old Proof an' Run Up the Road," Said Bunty

"And you just leave everything with me. Don't you do another thing or say another thing."

"I knowed I could depend on you," Peewee said. "I knowed fust off you would make a dog-gone good wife fur somebuddy. I'll jest keep my teeth tight shet. An' when d'ye figger you'll marry him? It'll have to be quick to keep him from goin' before school commences."

She was noncommittal.

"I think you'd better go now, before somebody sees you here and suspects something. This must be very secret. If one person found out about it, everything would be ruined."

"Yes'm," said Peewee. "G'-by, an' if you ever want us fellers to do anythin' fur ye, all you got to do is say so."

With which he took a hurried departure, leaving behind him a young woman who was much more demoralized than her appearance would warrant the casual observer in believing.

III

THERE were seven members of the school board of Lombardy and, on a morning late in August, each of them awoke to discover that malicious mischief had been perpetrated upon his lands, tenements and hereditaments—namely and to wit: That sundry windows of plate glass and of common glass had been smashed, broken, demolished and otherwise rendered null and void by the discharge of certain missiles in the nature of rocks, pebbles and dornicks. Only one member of the board was exempt from this visitation, and that was Solon Breeze. He owned no windows.

He was aroused from his bed by Mr. Martin Knox, proprietor of the hotel, who owned a great many windows and a temper of considerable violence.

"Look a-here," he bellowed, "we fetched you here to tame them young devils, and then what happens? All to once they bust out wuss'n ever. Hunderds of dollars of damage, that's what, and somebuddy's goin' to suffer fur it!"

(Continued on Page 120)

"It's Boys I'm Worried About, Not Trout," She Exclaimed

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Mr. Hoover's Savings Account

MR. HERBERT HOOVER and sundry cooperating trade bodies were recently credited in these columns with saving the country some three hundred millions a year by devising and adopting simplified practice and discontinuing the manufacture and use of thousands of unneeded sizes, shapes and varieties of common merchandise and materials.

Some of our readers, without any apparent desire to contradict or discredit the statement, have asked for a fuller bill of particulars, with a view to learning how such extraordinary savings were effected and who is getting the benefit of them. Thanks to the courtesy of the Bureau of Standards, which has prepared for their convenience an elaborate compilation of the benefits which have accrued to many important industries as results of the adoption of simplified practice, we are able to give a brief and enlightening summary of a formidable mass of information which, if printed in full, would make tiresome reading.

A striking fact in regard to these detailed computations of savings is that the estimates did not originate in Mr. Hoover's office or in that of any other government agency, but were sent in by independent trade bodies and by industrial leaders of such prominence that their opinions may be accepted as expert testimony. Furthermore, the total of three hundred millions is made up of such a long list of items, worked up by so many scores of estimators, with every shade of personal equation, ranging from the most pessimistic to the most optimistic, that there is abundant opportunity for their errors to cancel out and give a final result which has strong claims to a high degree of accuracy.

Beginning with the steel industry, we note that the amount of capital tied up in reenforcing bars alone, and now released, amounts to $4,500,000. One authority estimates that the savings on sheet steel will amount to $8,000,000. The general conference on range boilers is responsible for the computation that the saving to the public on that item will amount to $4,000,000; and the American Gas Association estimates an added advantage amounting to $1,500,000, arising from improved heating efficiency. Mr. T. R. Preston, President of the American Bankers' Association, is authority for the opinion that the universal adoption of simplified checks will mean a saving of at least $20,000,000 a year in the conduct of the nation's business. In like manner, the Bureau of Standards passes from item to item, giving chapter and verse for the components which make up its grand total.

"Every business man," according to Director George K. Burgess, "understands the few basic economic principles which underlie the whole philosophy of simplified practice. To simplify is to reduce inventories. If you reduce inventory you save money. If you simplify production you save money, increase the productivity of plant and personnel, and usually improve the quality of your product. This increased productivity of the wage earner adds to his earning power, thereby enlarging his purchasing power and raising his standard of living. . . . Many production problems have been solved, such as those brought about by the necessity of frequently adjusting machinery for the production of a slightly different product. This tends to improve the productive capacity of both men and machines. Employe training is made easier, and this in turn is reflected in quality improvement."

The employe apparently shares in these benefits in a very definite way. His efficiency is increased and his greater productivity earns a greater wage. The elimination of dull periods also operates to increase his annual income.

Most striking of all is the intimate relationship between Mr. Hoover's savings account and the pay envelope of the industrial workman. This testimonial originates not in Mr. Hoover's department but in statistics drawn from census reports comparing the operating figures of concerns which have applied simplified practice with those which have not.

In six out of the seven industries covered, according to Director Burgess, firms adhering to simplification paid their employes, in 1925, a higher wage than that paid to employes by firms which had not applied simplification. In six cases the average wage in the plants of simplified-practice acceptors increased from 1923 to 1925, while increases were made by the nonacceptors in only two industries.

Enough has been quoted from the statement of Director Burgess to indicate that the $300,000,000 referred to is no fanciful or theoretical figure. Moreover, it appears evident that this substantial sum is divided, as it should be divided, among manufacturers, security holders, wage earners and ultimate consumers.

Bending the Twig

PREVAILING discouragement in respect to the modern difficulties of bringing up children should be offset by the remarkable success which has attended the work of Boy Scouts, Girl Scouts, Camp Fire Girls, and other similar organizations. These movements cannot be made a substitute for parental control, family life and religious influence, but they can and do tie these up with the social life of youngsters. Character building, citizen training, outdoor organizations are intended to supplement and coöperate with parent, church and school.

The several organizations in this field differ among themselves in detail. But fundamentally they are alike in implanting simple, natural and genuine values in the young at a time when, as President Coolidge says, boys and girls are "apt to get ensnared in the complexities and false values of our latter-day life." The codes of conduct, the laws and regulations of these orders are so ingrained in their members that the net result is a high type of training.

The human race has developed through action. It has lived the greater part of its existence in the open—out in the fields and forests, along streams and on the sea. It cannot continue to develop unless these age-old activities, or their equivalent, are provided. Boys and girls must go through some hardening process. If the boys cannot follow their fathers in the chase, if the girls cannot work at home because their mothers buy meals at the delicatessen, there must be other activities to keep them from getting soft.

But there is no immortality in organizations. They do not persist in good works without leadership. Boys and girls cannot be organized for sound recreation and training unless adults take a hand. The men and women willing to give their time to such a cause have the satisfaction of knowing that they do not merely talk about the necessity of good citizenship; they help to build it.

Caution in Appraising Business

IT IS customary to interpret the freight movement of the country as reflecting general business conditions. The inference is sound if the comparison is not made blindly. Figures must always be analyzed, since they are not uniformly comparable. No index can be rigidly applied, season after season. The present position of the carriers makes such qualifications pertinent.

During the first four months of the year 1928 carloads of revenue freight were notably smaller than in 1927. Does this mean less business activity? We doubt it. The decline in car loadings has been largely due to coke and coal. Coal shipments have been low, and especially so in contrast with last year, when coal shipments were relatively large in anticipation of the strike on April first. Ore shipments and those of forest products have been slightly low, but shipments of grain and livestock have been increased. Naturally, the coal roads have lost revenues, but the granger roads have increased their revenues.

Do lower shipments of coal mean lower use of power, less activity in manufacture? This is not clear at all. We would first need to learn the consumption of power in terms of electricity and gasoline and natural gas. It may mean largely, perhaps entirely, a shift from one kind of power to another. If consumption of all power were reduced, compared with last year, this would reflect a reduction in business activity. But this is not necessarily to be inferred from decline in coal shipments over rails, nor from such declines in other tonnage as have been demonstrated. Let us study business more carefully before we mark it down.

Speculation and Business

ONE hears much loose talk and reads much loose writing on the subject of managed currency in general and on speculation in particular. The world is well aware that in extreme instances speculation does grave injury to business. Inflation ought to be avoided and speculation should not infringe on investment. But it may not follow that all speculation should be checked. And most certainly this does not follow when, to make control of speculation effective, a change in monetary policy becomes necessary.

The Congress has had under consideration the Strong bill on monetary policy, also resolutions calling for a curb on brokers' loans and control of speculation. Brokers' loans are a measure of speculation, like shares dealt in and futures bought and sold. Speculations, now sometimes rather euphemistically referred to as short-time investments, are favored by abundance of money and cheap credit which we have had for some time in the face of presumptive opportunities for profits. The exports of gold, the sale of government securities by the Federal Reserve System and increase in the rediscount rate have tended to make money tighter and to restrict brokers' loans. But the rapid paying off of government debt has tended to work in the opposite direction, to make credit easier.

It is currently reported that people with small incomes have been drawn into speculations. This is likely to have unfortunate results for those concerned, but it is not clear that purchasing power has been notably disturbed thereby. So long as one cannot show that speculation is checking production, impairing consumption or creating unemployment, it is hard to say where is the danger line. Prewar data and interpretations hardly suffice to elucidate present circumstances. We lack and need a comprehensive study of relations of speculation to business and to monetary conditions. Certainly we are not in position to declare that speculation ought to be controlled by monetary restrictions as one of the phases of a managed currency; that speculation, price fluctuation, unemployment and unbalanced production are all to be cured through managed currency. This seems like going too fast—faster than facts and theories justify.

AIRCRAFT CARRIERS

By T. P. MAGRUDER

Rear Admiral United States Navy

THE aircraft carrier is the most modern and, in many ways, the most important type of warship known today. It was first used in combat at the Battle of Jutland. It was first recognized as a definite and essential unit of the fleets at the Washington Limitation of Armaments Conference. It is a new weapon forged to meet the demands of modern naval warfare.

All great modern warships are, to some degree, aircraft carriers. Battleships and cruisers include, or are prepared to include, airplanes in their equipment, for use in scouting operations and in spotting accuracy of gunfire. Such vessels may carry from two to four planes each, depending upon size and type. Destroyers and submarines will, in the near future, carry airplanes. The two huge dirigibles recently authorized for the United States Navy will each, in all probability, carry from two to four planes

The airplane carrier of most recent design houses seventy-two or more scouting, bombing, torpedo and combat planes. It provides for them a mobile, two-acre landing field. It is equipped with repair and service facilities that many industrial establishments ashore might envy. It is, in every sense, a floating airport, with gun protection.

Naval officers first recognized the possibilities of the aircraft carrier in warfare on May 31, 1916. During the early afternoon of that date the British Grand Fleet and the German High Seas Fleet were approaching each other in the North Sea. Neither knew of the foe's proximity until at 2:20 P.M. light forces, scouting ahead of the main bodies, sighted their opponents and reported "Enemy in sight" to the respective admirals. At 2:47 o'clock, Admiral Beatty, commanding the British Battle Cruiser Fleet, signaled to the converted carrier Engadine: "Send up airplanes to scout N. N. E." This, of course, was for the purpose of reporting on the composition and formation of the enemy capital ships. At three o'clock a plane left the Engadine. At 3:45 o'clock it returned to report that three cruisers and ten destroyers were in sight and that the enemy's course was south. This was most valuable information, and was put to use when the battle began a short time later. It was also an impressive demonstration of the military capabilities of airplanes sent up from carriers to scout in naval engagements.

The Dirigible, Los Angeles, Moored to the U. S. S. Saratoga

Sea Scouts

FIVE years later, at Washington, diplomatists, as well as students of naval tactics, recognized the important rôle which aircraft carriers may be expected to play in warfare of the future, assuming their place along with capital ships, cruisers, destroyers and submarines in the battle fleets. In the treaties there agreed upon, the carrier was defined as "a vessel of war with a displacement in excess of 10,000 tons—10,160 metric tons—standard displacement, designed for the specific and exclusive purpose of carrying aircraft. It must be so constructed that aircraft can be launched therefrom and landed thereon." The treaties further fixed the carriers' maximum tonnage and armament and the total tonnage allowed to each signatory nation.

In the period between the Battle of Jutland and the signing of the Washington treaties much had happened to make the aircraft carrier an important addition to the fighting fleets. Aviation had developed stronger wings and had introduced new conceptions of strategy. In the period since the Limitation of Armaments Conference development has progressed still further. The Engadine of Beatty's fleet could send up only one small and vulnerable scout. Aircraft carriers of today are prepared to launch planes not only for scouting but for air battles and for bombing purposes. There is a great difference between these various aerial weapons. The scouting plane, for example, is designed to have the greatest possible radius of action and carries little in the way of offensive armament. The fighting plane is designed to destroy enemy aircraft. It must be swift, capable of quick maneuvering and armed with machine guns. The bombing plane is slower, but sturdy, designed to carry a maximum weight of high-explosive bombs.

Thus armed with the different types of planes, the modern aircraft carrier may be regarded as a scout having a radius of four or five thousand miles at a speed of perhaps twenty knots, and a further radius—by reason of its planes—of 500 miles at 100 miles an hour. It is a weapon with a range of several hundred miles, firing a projectile which carries 1000 pounds of TNT, the most powerful of all explosives. The development of aircraft, and, a priori, of the carrier, is such that now a fleet without carriers opposed to a fleet with carriers will be at a great disadvantage throughout a naval campaign.

Displacing the Battle Cruisers

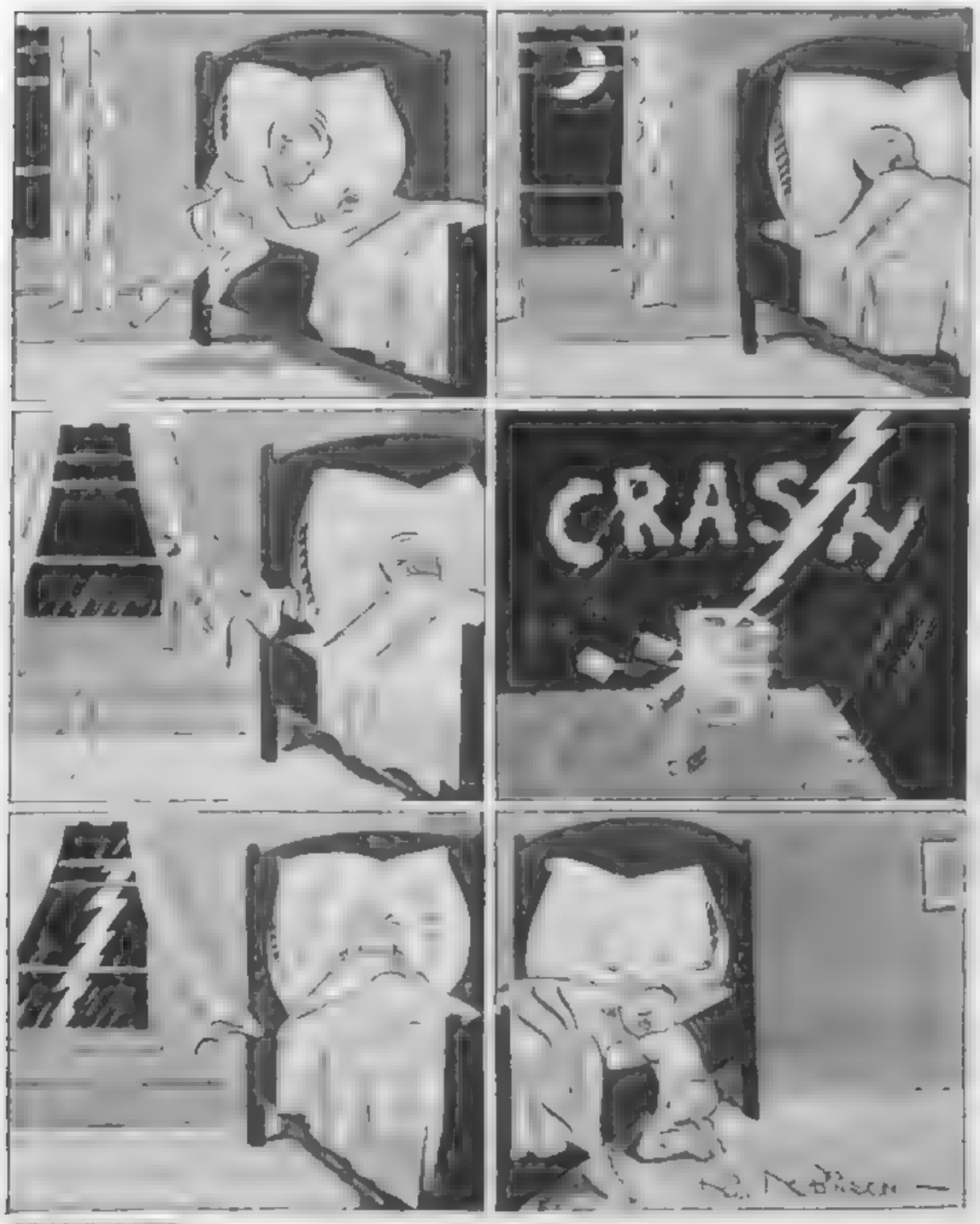
THE aircraft carrier undoubtedly will wield an important influence upon the future design of the capital ship. No longer will armor be placed only on the sides to protect the vessel from shells. It must be placed also on the weather deck for protection against aerial bombs. Aircraft carriers further probably mean an end to the building of the immense, enormously expensive battle cruisers. This question is of particular interest to the naval powers, for in 1931 the replacement of the oldest capital ships will be permitted under the provisions of the Washington treaties. In the United States much naval opinion has held that it will be necessary to build battle cruisers at that time in order to equal the naval strength of other great powers which include such vessels in their fighting fleets, and that these battle cruisers will take the place of battleships then to be declared obsolete.

It will be recalled that when battle cruisers were first designed and built it was strongly urged that because of their speed and armament they could break through any screen of light forces protecting the enemy main body from observation by scouts and thus obtain much necessary information; and that battle cruisers would deny such information to the enemy scouts. It may readily be seen now that aircraft are superior to the battle cruiser for the performance of this important duty. From 10,000

(Continued on Page 91)

The U. S. Airplane Carrier, Saratoga, in Gaillard Cut, Panama Canal, February, 1928

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES



The Forgotten Prayer

We Love This

Sculptor, Spare That Mountain!

WHEN Sculpture still was young upon this planet,
Men carved in blocks of marble or of granite;
No artist, under Pericles or Borgia,
E'er sculped a hill, such as Stone Mountain, Georgia;
E'en Phidias would be forevermore glum
If he could see the work of Gutzon Borglum;
And even the incomparable Praxiteles,
If he could see our works, would feel but little ease.

Our sculptors, prouder day by day and prouder,
Working with dynamite and blasting powder,
Wielding the steam drill lightly as a chisel,
Soon in their hearts will feel Ambition sizzle.
Bigger and bigger mountains they will cry for
To exercise their new technic; and I for
One am filled with quaking apprehension,
So to this menace I would call attention.

In many a mountain fastness, bleak and lonely,
Visited by the wheeling eagle only,
With mountain nymphs, the oreads, for warders
Against the onslaught of the summer boarders,
Are reared the profiles of the Great Stone Faces,
And Indian Heads, with curious grimaces,
And Old Men of the Mountain, famed in story—
Beware! The sculptors come, in search of glory!

They come with grants from many a legislature,
To modernize the clumsy work of Nature;
The sculptors will be modern, more and more so;

(Continued on Page 125)

DOESN'T GIVE A RAP
Modern Youth: "Wot Wam! Did Somebody Knock?"

Mother: "Janet, I Want to Speak to You a Moment. Are You Alone?"
Daughter: "Well, Practically"

Campbell's famous beans are even more delicious now !

QUALITY—and nothing but Quality—convinces the housewives of America. Among the different beans offered for their selection at the store, they have singled out Campbell's as their overwhelming favorite. Year after year, they buy more Campbell's Beans, *by far*, than any other kind.

And now Campbell's have given new perfection to these popular beans! Slow-cooked to a golden brown, the beans are whole, yet deliciously mellow and tender.

Tomato sauce! Only the pure juices from red-ripe luscious tomatoes, blended from our exclusive recipe. Just the flavor you like best in your beans!

Slow-cooked
Golden Brown

THE TAKEN CHILD

By George Agnew Chamberlain

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

XIII

LONG before winter was over Harry awoke to the fact that his share of the labor on a farm which was permitted to go to rack and ruin, even with Pickpacker thrown in as a major interest, fell far short of consuming his time or his energy. It was something nobody could have told him; he had to learn it for himself; but once absorbed, the lesson remained fixed. He felt around for a remedy, gropingly at first, but eventually with a definite end in view. He made inquiries, balanced possibilities against his capital and finally arrived at a decision.

As soon as the frost was out of the ground he secured Jake's coöperation, and without saying anything to Mr. Galloway, he bought a secondhand tractor and plow complete, drove it home and started in to plow the starved fields one after the other without discrimination. Heaven knows, they all needed it—those which showed the rounded ridges of a former cultivation, looking for all the world like the mounds in an abandoned graveyard, no less than the broad acres which appeared never to have boasted a furrow.

Mr. Galloway's first glimpse of the tractor was at a distance and he showed no interest, attributing it to his progressive neighbor, but when it rounded a corner and started toward him he perceived that it was on his own land. His first reaction was one of anger, which changed quickly to bewilderment and then to apathetic resignation when he recognized the hatless driver. A quizzical look came into his eyes as he questioned Harry that night.

"What's it going to be, son? Potatoes, wheat or ginseng? What about the fences?"

"Nothing foolish," said Harry, glad to state his position. "I'm going to put in a cover crop of cowpeas and plow it under in the fall. When I've done that two years running the land may come back a bit, and from now to then there'll be plenty of time to mend the fences or tear them down. Haven't you noticed fences have gone out?"

"No," said Mr. Galloway, a surprised look spreading slowly over his face, "I haven't; but now you tell me to think, I know most of the best farms ain't fenced any more. It was different when I was a boy. I hated splitting rails so much it kind of killed my appetite for farming."

The more he thought about Harry's explanation of his activities, the more he admired the boy. Here was an occupation that for two years at least would not interfere in any way with the training or racing of Pickpacker. Once the cover crops were sown, there would be nothing to do except plow them under any time before the frosts, and there was no doubt as to how grateful the impoverished soil would be.

He felt comforted. Who could tell but that here was the solution of his worries about Harry and his future? The farm had been a good farm once; it had kept many a generation in food and clothing and enabled more than one owner to retire on a modest competence. The starved soil was poor now, but feed it and it would surely come back. As to the matter of fences, the item interested him intensely, for he could remember many cheerless winter hours spent in the shed down by the creek which had been especially fitted out for the splitting and boring of rails. Why had it not occurred to them in those days to paddock only their pastures?

Harry got his cowpeas in none too early as far as his own peace of mind was concerned, for no sooner was the planting done than Pickpacker began to develop speed. The change came suddenly, almost overnight. He was out for his work with the Bellata mare and without warning took it into his head to beat her from the start. Harry had snapped his watch as they passed under the wire, but it had been an automatic gesture, for his hopes for the colt were at a particularly low ebb that morning. But before they had done the quarter he was aware of a peculiar tingling in his veins, a thrill known to none but horsemen.

Speed—he could feel it—feel the difference between a 2.20 clip and a 2.16. A difference of only one second to the quarter mile, and yet so accurate is a trained man's subconscious estimate of pace that he knew to a second what his eyes would see when he glanced at his watch as they flashed under the wire for the first half. From there on, the mare, with Bert Bally up, decided to leave him behind; but Pickpacker, without further urging by Harry than a subtle gathering of the lines, was of a different mind. He set out to trot as if he had only then discovered the motion. At the last turn he still held her, and neck and neck they pounded down the full length of the stretch for as pretty a dead heat as if they had been traveling in double harness.

As they slowed at the bend Harry glanced at his watch and could have cried with disappointment; in his elation he had forgotten to snap the catch. He was ashamed to ask Bert Bally if he had caught the last half; and Bert, having fully intended to win for a visiting owner, was in no mood to volunteer information. They jogged the full round of the track in silence, but as they turned out at the gate Mr. Galloway, Jake and Doc MacLaughlin stepped out to intercept them.

"What did you make it, son?" asked Mr. Galloway gravely.

"I caught the first half in 1.08."

"Pshaw! Who cares about the first half? The rascal was only scoring up to then!"

Jake's sympathetic eyes guessed Harry's trouble.

"Doc and me, we clocked him in 1.05," he interposed, "with the last quarter in thirty-two flat."

"What did you get, father? I was so rattled I forgot to snap."

"There's my watch; you can figure it out for yourself. We seem to be agreed he come nigh to a 2.08 clip at the finish."

From that day on Pickpacker got the habit; he could show 2.10 whenever he felt like it and sometimes a shade better. The question of his routing now became a matter of crucial importance, and Harry in his enthusiasm seemed to take it for granted that he should be headed for his stakes on the big line, but Mr. Galloway demurred. He was slow to come out with a positive veto, but firm in putting forward the other side of the case:

"I know how you feel, Harry. Every pet colt that breaks 2.10 is a world beater to the man that owns him until he sees the other hoss pull down the purse. Pick has got plenty of speed, but it ain't always speed that counts. You could take him on the Bay State Circuit, and if he behaved pretty in one out of three races you'd probably come out ahead on expenses. The way I see it, you know what he'll do here against his stable mates, but you don't know how he'll act on a real track with ten or fifteen youngsters of his own age fooling around to fuss him."

In the end they came to a compromise. Harry agreed to enter Pickpacker in the early meeting at Harrington and stand by the results. Mr. Galloway was not satisfied, but realized there was no use in arguing until he had something further to go on. The race at Harrington only strengthened his opinion without adding, however, to his ammunition. Pickpacker won first money in spite of three poor starts.

"Did that show you?" asked Harry at the first opportunity.

"I reckon it showed me more'n it showed you," said Mr. Galloway without enthusiasm. "I never said he didn't

(Continued on Page 30)

It Swept Her to Her Feet With Both Hands at Her Throat

They rang the FIRE BELL

AN old resident of a small Southern city remembers when the bell on the village hall was rung to announce the arrival in town of a farmer with fresh meat.

Today this city is supplied with fresh meat through Swift & Company's nation-wide car-route system.

A network of "car routes" now carries direct refrigerator car shipments to retailers in thousands of smaller cities and towns throughout the country. By this economical and efficient method of marketing, these towns are supplied with the same variety and quality of fresh meat and farm products as the largest cities.

Swift & Company's system of wholesale distribution serves retailers at a cost less than five cents per dollar of sales. This is the lowest selling expense we know of in any line of business.

Our profit from all sources averages only a fraction of a cent a pound

Swift & Company

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(Continued from Page 28)

have the speed. He had so much of it that you could start from way behind and drive around the field. What I'm trying to tell you, Harry, is something you ought to be able to figure for yourself. On account of the way Pickpacker is he would have to go in 2.05 to beat any gentle-mannered hoss that can barely break 2.10."

Harry shook his head. "I don't see it; I don't get how you make that out."

"It's easy figuring. He's like the Whelp, only worse. All you got to do is to add the time it takes him to get to the wire after the other hosses is leaving it. He'd do fine on the Bay State and Orange Circuits; he'd get in the money the same way as he did today—from behind."

But Harry was not to be persuaded. He paid up his stakes out of his own money, engaged Rip as Pickpacker's individual nurse and shipped with the first string for the Grand Circuit. Mr. Galloway regarded him sadly but not reproachfully, because he knew better than the boy himself what was going on in his mind. That was the trouble with owning one horse, one ewe lamb, one only child. You could think right about ten horses or ten children, but the man isn't born who can think right about one. You're bound to see him wrong—bigger or better or worse than he really is.

Then, too, in the matter of colts a single year bulked so huge it hardly seemed possible it could be that way. You could race them as two-year-olds, but Pick had been done out of that through not being ready. Then there were four months out of their third year when they had to enter their futurities or nevermore, never again. After that, as sure as Saturday dies into Sunday, they were aged horses. That was what the boy was thinking, and who could blame him?

But, after all and notwithstanding, nobody could really tell about a horse. Pickpacker might march clean ahead of his form, make ducks and drakes of the well-known rules of prophecy, and assist a young man in making one more fool of an old one; which, after all, was only another name for progress. John Galloway, thinking only by averages and of horses in bulk, balancing performance against forty years of experience, could not see how it could reasonably happen and yet genuinely hoped that it would, for there is no optimist on earth so eternally young as your independent trainer.

On a gorgeous hot racing day late in June took place the Horse Journal Purse, first of Pickpacker's futurity engagements. There were ten entries and the stake was good for eight thousand-odd dollars to the winner. In the lottery on the previous morning Harry had drawn Number 8, which fixed his position as farthest from the pole, with two horses in the second tier. He took the colt out early and scored him smartly four or five times before the judges ordered the horses all back for the start.

He kept wide of the track, always turning away from the other entries, and had little trouble in moving up on a general level with the bunch during three false starts. The fourth score was a go, and as far as Pickpacker could see without looking around, he was the only contender. He took the pole at the turn and from there on seemed to measure his stride to the thunder of the hoof beats behind him.

Harry knew what it was to ride on wings, to fly, to pull the weight of the whole field and laugh because it was not more. As they swung into the stretch they were bravely challenged, but almost without being asked, Pickpacker flattened out and proceeded to show what he could do. He crossed the wire two lengths ahead of his nearest rival, winner of the heat in the astonishing time of two minutes four and three-quarter seconds.

For a colt that had never done better than 2.08 in his workouts, it was a remarkable performance, so out of the ordinary that Harry with his inexperience could scarcely be expected to value it at its true worth. He walked on air when he descended from the sulky. Elation both deafened and blinded him; he could not hear Rip's pop-eyed panegyric, nor could he see or feel the extended hands of his friends. All he could think of was Pickpacker and that a colt that could go that pace in his first big race was surely destined to shine in the diadem of the harness world, to join the fabled company of the two-minute horse.

By the time he reached the stables Mr. Galloway was waiting for him, looking preternaturally grave. There was a stranger beside him, and the two men stood by without a word while Harry and the voluble Rip attended to Pickpacker's needs. As soon as the horse was made comfortable Mr. Galloway drew Harry aside.

"Come here, son. I want you should meet Mr. Quarterman. I've known Mr. Quarterman for quite some years."

Harry shook the gentleman's hand and murmured a greeting, but his mind was busy wondering why all the solemnity. There was a long pause, broken only by Mr. Quarterman's abrupt departure.

"Glad to have met you," he said to Harry. "See you later, John."

Harry had expected some word of praise, if not for himself then for Pickpacker. It was coming, but not in the form he awaited. He had never seen his foster father in just this state of diffidence mingled with a stubborn determination. He was evidently hesitating only as to the manner of broaching the matter on his mind, and came to his decision abruptly.

"Son, Mr. Quarterman offers five thousand ——"

"That's enough," interrupted Harry hotly; "you needn't go on."

"Sho, now, that's no way to be, Harry. I'm bound to tell you his offer and what I think of it. We can talk this thing over just like anything else, can't we?"

"But not now," stuttered Harry, his eyes moist with tears of anger. "No, nor any other time."

"It has to be now or not at all," said Mr. Galloway patiently. "He offers five thousand cash and half the colt's winnings ——"

"No!"

"Wait a minute! I've been a long time in this business and I never heard an offer just like this one—the cash and half his winnings in his three-year-old stakes, with you driving!"

Harry could not help but pause, but in the end he said scornfully, "I suppose you'd take it."

"I consider it the durnedest fool offer a man ever made," said Mr. Galloway slowly.

"For him or for us?"

(Continued on Page 33)

"Get Away, You Silly Dog"

For today's hard driving conditions you need the engineering margin of safety provided by Mobiloil

Quality

You may never motor across the Sahara Desert. But your engine will run better in hot weather if you use the same oil as that which protected the Citröen cars which were the first to cross that torrid waste of sand. Their oil was Gargoyle Mobiloil.

You may never race at 50 miles an hour through city streets. But there is added security in knowing that your Mobiloil is used in nearly all of the demonstration work done by the leading builders of fire fighting equipment.

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You may never fly from New York to Paris nor from San Francisco to the Hawaiian Islands. But you are sure of superior engine protection when you use the same oil which lubricated the first engines which made these daring flights. That oil was Mobiloil.

Today's high speed, high heat engines and today's faster driving and congested traffic put a new load on your lubrication.

You are always sure with

The World's Quality Oil

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GARGOYLE
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Look for the red Gargoyle trade-mark on the Mobiloil container

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SEE the new *Sealex Linoleums*. They are *soil-proof* and *spot-proof!* Think what that would mean in *your* home. Even in the kitchen where accidents just naturally happen, hot fats, fruit juices, ammonia can be removed without leaving a telltale stain or spot. Ink even when it has dried wipes off without a trace. Dirt from muddy shoes cannot grind in.

What a comfort to have floors that a damp mop will clean quickly—*and keep clean*—floors of the distinctive charm and colorful richness that are now so much in vogue. Genuine inlaid linoleum with colors going clear through to the sturdy burlap back.

Almost too good to be true, isn't it? *Sealex Linoleums*, perfected by our laboratory, answer at last the demand for soil-proof, easily cleaned linoleum floors.

Unlike a surface coat or veneer, the effect of the *Sealex Process* is to *penetrate and seal* the tiny dirt-absorbing pores and to give the colors that velvety richness so much to be desired—without a hint of gloss or slipperiness.

The striking new designs in *Sealex Linoleums* enable you to follow the vogue for smart color underfoot, and enjoy for years the resilience, comfort and quiet which only genuine inlaid linoleum can provide.

Jaspé Linoleum with Inset Figures No. 6177/2

In addition to richly designed inlaids, *Sealex Linoleums* also include Plain, Battleship, two-tone Jaspé and Romanesq. Each type offers an exceptional value at a surprisingly moderate cost.

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(Continued from Page 30)

"For him, Harry. He's betting five thousand on no performance but one heat. Don't think I don't know how it is with you. It isn't the money; it's because you have a feeling you would be playing Pickpacker a dirty trick—sort of selling your own flesh and blood—but if there's one lesson in this game you got to learn before another, it's to take a profit when you see it."

"Father," said Harry more quietly, "I've got no right to speak to you the way I did. I know you've got as much of a say in this as I have, but I want to ask you one question. Would you take twenty-five hundred for your share in Pickpacker right now?"

"Yes, sir, I would."

"Would you take eight hundred and my note for the balance?"

"Yes, sir, I would."

"Then you've sold your share in him."

"All right, Harry. A deal is a deal; but here's Colonel Kent. Before they call you out for the second heat I wish you'd give yourself a chance to hear what he has to say." He stopped the colonel as he was about to pass, seeing that they were evidently talking business. "Colonel, excuse my not greeting you, but we haven't much time. Mr. Quarterman has offered the boy five thousand for Pickpacker Guy and half his winnings in his three-year-old stakes, including today."

"Didn't he take it?"

"No, sir. He's just bought out my half for twenty-five hundred."

"Has, eh?" said the colonel, nodded and started to walk off.

"One moment, sir. Do you mind telling him what you would do in his place?"

"You probably don't care about hearing, Harry," said the colonel in his half-absent manner, "but I would do one of two things. I'd either take the offer or have the colt stuffed and put him in a glass case where I could look at him forever and ever."

Harry managed to smile, but without a vestige of mirth.

"It looks as if it was Pickpacker and me against the world," he said, "but I'm willing to bet all I've got we can stand it. There's one thing I'd like to know, though—one thing that's had me guessing from the start. Why are you both so sure he's not going to win this race?"

The colonel and Mr. Galloway looked at each other, neither wishing to appear in a hurry to speak. Mr. Galloway ducked his head at the colonel, ceding the *pas*.

"Nobody can be sure of that," said the colonel. "The things that can happen! Colts are different from aged horses, Harry. I would say offhand the chances are ten to one against the fastest colt winning any futurity. But it's simpler than that—just a matter of figures. Say he's a wonder and walks away with all his stakes. You would stand to make something like twelve thousand, in addition to a pat five thousand packed away in the bank whether or no, and that's enough. The five alone is enough. Now tell him your reason, John."

"My reason is just a hunch," said Mr. Galloway. "It's because Pickpacker has got the pole."

"That's a queer reason," said Harry, his face assuming a set look. "I'll take my chance."

"All right with me, son," said Mr. Galloway, "but if he should happen to get away to another flying start, just you remember that a winrace will pin a record on him, so be as easy as you can."

He turned to walk toward Mr. Quarterman, who was hovering in the distance, but the colonel stopped to tell Harry where he was staying and that Doris hoped he would drop around when he had time. The calling bell rang and Harry excused himself hurriedly. Yes, he thought as he hastened off, he would like to see Doris. It would be great fun to have her to talk to, because she was the kind who could understand what a fellow said. He wouldn't wait for the evening; he would look her up as soon as the big race was over—as soon as Pickpacker was fixed up for his cooling stroll.

Neither Mr. Galloway nor Colonel Kent had succeeded in shaking his confidence; a horse that could leave a field behind once—a stayer like the Packer—could certainly beat the same field again with two chances for the one win he needed.

It took some maneuvering to get the colt to the pole at all, and when the other horses crowded up for their positions Harry felt a minute chill shoot down his back, telegraphed to him through the reins from Pickpacker's quivering body. He spoke to him quietly, reassuringly.

"It's all right, Pick, old boy. Steady, there! Steady, Packer!"

But the colt seemed deaf to any sounds but the restless movements of his fellow youngsters. His forefeet played on the ground as if he were tapping a piano, and no sooner did the assistant starter send them off with his "Try it now, boys" than Pickpacker caught the bit between his teeth and bolted.

Not through vanity alone had Harry discarded the Rarey rope both in his preparations and in the race itself, for its presence would have blackened the colt's name from the start, whatever his performance. With that decision Mr. Galloway had heartily agreed, for he had never known anybody with the nerve to start a horse which still needed a rope, but now Harry would have given a finger off his left hand for the feel of a hackamore. If he could not stop him, Pickpacker would go straight through the barrier or run the full round of the track, and either alternative would be a disgrace as well as a fatality.

With a sudden heave he threw every ounce of his weight into the pull and drove his feet into the stirrups till he felt the steel bend. It was brute strength against brute strength, iron against panic, his arms against the swelling muscles of the colt's neck. Fortunately the check rein had held, and with that bare margin of advantage he managed to lift the Packer's head a fraction of an inch at a time, until, with an abruptness which almost unseated him, it was all the way up. He fairly lifted him off the ground, resumed control, turned him and started back.

To the crowd in the stands it was merely an enlivening incident combined with an exhibition of horsemanship and strength, but to Harry it was the chilling shadow of Nemesis. Scarcely had the jockeying for the start recommenced when the Galloway entry began distributing exasperation and terror to right and left, and it was after plenty of warning that he went up on his hind legs, higher and higher, a tower, a toppling steeple, facing straight across the track.

More than one experienced onlooker caught his breath, waiting for the inevitable, wondering whether the young driver realized the only choice he had. In that moment Harry had no time for even an instantaneous flash of regret. He could either throw Pickpacker backward into the milling sulkies behind, or send him forward on the pole. He eased the lines and let him crash on the rail. It broke and splintered with a tearing sound, imprisoning the bike, and it looking as if the slashed colt was bound to disembowel himself. But ready helpers were reaching for his head while others, at the peril of their lives, dragged out the broken rail and slipped the traces. Before Harry could extricate himself Pickpacker was limping away under ample guard. The damaged sulky having been lifted out of the way, the race proceeded.

Harry walked in a numb trance to the Galloway quarters; he could not immediately believe that this thing had happened to him. Ten minutes ago he had surely been the happiest youth alive; now he was undoubtedly the most miserable, but the descent from bliss to despair had been so precipitous as to rob him temporarily of sensibility. To all who saw him, and even to those who spoke to him, he appeared to take his disappointment like a veteran. He went to Pickpacker's stall, but did not offer to help, not from any rancor to the colt, but simply because he was incapable.

"Cut in half!" muttered Rip, his eyes rolling around a flesh wound as though they were on a swivel. "Yas-sir, this here colt could go both ways of the track to once—two legs one way an' two the other."

"Shut up, saphead!" said the vet, already beginning to take his stitches. "That you, Harry? It isn't as bad as it looks. As far as the cut goes, he'll be out in three weeks, and the lameness doesn't look to me very much of a strain. You've got a race horse yet, young man, but you can thank your stars the splintered rail got him sideways."

"Yes, sir," said John Galloway, "that sure was lucky, Harry. Don't you worry now. We'll tend to him right."

Harry wandered off. Where could he hide? Not anywhere around the stables, and the hotel would soon be packed solid with the horsy crowd, some of whom were bound to overflow into the room he was sharing with Mr. Godfrey as well as his foster father. He called Banco and struck across a corner of the grounds toward a point where the fence was low, intending to climb it and strike out into the country. He was only a few yards away from the last of the stables when he heard his name:

"Harry—Harry Galloway!"

For an instant he was tempted to pretend not to hear, then a twinge of shame made him turn and wait—not shame for what had happened but for himself, because he was cringing under a licking. It was Doris Kent, of course, the first person he would have wished to talk to after a victory, the last he now cared to see. He did not go toward her and while she approached he devoted the time to thinking of some plausible way to get rid of her; but he would have to hear first what she had to say. There was no getting out of that.

"Where are you going?" she asked a little breathlessly, for she had been running.

"Nowhere, particularly."

"Yes, you were. You were traveling in a straight line."

"Well, I thought a long walk alone wouldn't hurt me any."

A look as if he had slapped her came into her eyes, but they remained steadily on his face.

"I wonder," she said slowly, "if I would feel like that in your place. Perhaps I would. All right, Harry. I'm sorry I ran after you." She started to say something more but changed her mind and turned away.

She had gone several steps before he called out, "Doris!"

"No!" she answered thickly, and started to run.

"Stop her, Banco!"

The dog looked at him unbelievingly, received a commanding gesture, shot ahead of Doris and turned to face her squarely, growling almost playfully, his legs straddled and his plumed tail waving.

"Get away, you silly dog," she said, trying not to laugh. She stepped to one side to pass him, but however quick her movements, he was always directly in front of her.

Harry came up and stood at her side. "I'm awfully sorry, Doris. I had been thinking how I'd go and look for you as soon as ever I'd won the race, and then —— Well, I don't have to tell you. I'm nothing but a fool—a slimy unborn fool. Your father tried to tell me. He must have felt like turning me over his knee and spanking me, but he was as decent as if he'd been talking to his own son. Mr. Galloway too. Do you know what he said?"

She turned her face to him, her eyes wholly interested. "Tell me."

"He told what was going to happen before it happened in three words. He said his reason for wanting me to take five thousand for Pickpacker was because I had the pole."

"I know all about it—the offer, I mean," said Doris warmly. "Father let out what happened, Harry—to me, I mean, not to anybody else. Do you know what I think? He and Mr. Galloway must be crazy, and I told him so."

"Crazy!" gasped Harry.

"Of course they were! Couldn't they see that only a low-down worm wouldn't have taken the long chance after that heat?"

Instantly the skies cleared for Harry, the sun, moon and stars came out, the burden of Ajax rolled off his shoulders and the shirt of Nessus was peeled from his back. So he was not alone, after all. He was not the only gawk-eyed addle-pated gosling of a ninny who did not know enough to take a profit when he saw it. Everybody else in the world was wise except themselves, so let them stay wise and leave him and Doris to their own private brand of feeling and thinking. He smiled through and through, and when he did that he reminded her of her father, the person she adored most on earth.

They stood staring at each other in a sort of inarticulate wonder, as if they had never seen each other before and discovery had fallen upon them too suddenly for their senses to keep up with its stride. The conviction swept over him that he was hers and over her that she was his, but at that moment they were as far from saying anything about it as one pole is from the other. So long did they stand silent and immobile that Banco gave way under the strain. He bounced and barked so abruptly that they both jumped and then burst into laughter.

"Do you think you could climb the fence?" asked Harry.

"Any fence," said Doris promptly.

An hour later, with four miles behind them, he was thinking: "This is great. It's like being with a boy, only nicer—a boy you made for yourself exactly the way you want him to be."

He told her about Alloway Deep; he described the Barrens, the wood roads, the marshes, the creek, and he found out she knew how to swim. He even told her all about the cover crops and how he had come to put them in.

In the nature of things, there could be no question of selfishness between them, and for every confidence he exacted one in exchange. She was more reticent than he about her material surroundings, but she said she loved her quiet mother, adored her father, hated her Aunt Hillie and no longer knew her brother Billy. She rode, she swam, she was fond of dancing, but she would rather drive a fast one hitched to a bike than buy a new hat.

"Gee, that's nothing," said Harry seriously. "So would I."

She laughed for her own reasons, and then sobered.

"What are you going to do now, Harry?"

"Now?" he asked, puzzled.

"I mean after the cover crops."

He understood her and a shadow swept across his face.

"A couple of hours ago," he answered. "I was worth thirty-three hundred dollars. Now I'm wiped out except for a lamed colt, and I owe father seventeen hundred that I've got to pay."

"How are you going to do it?"

(Continued on Page 85

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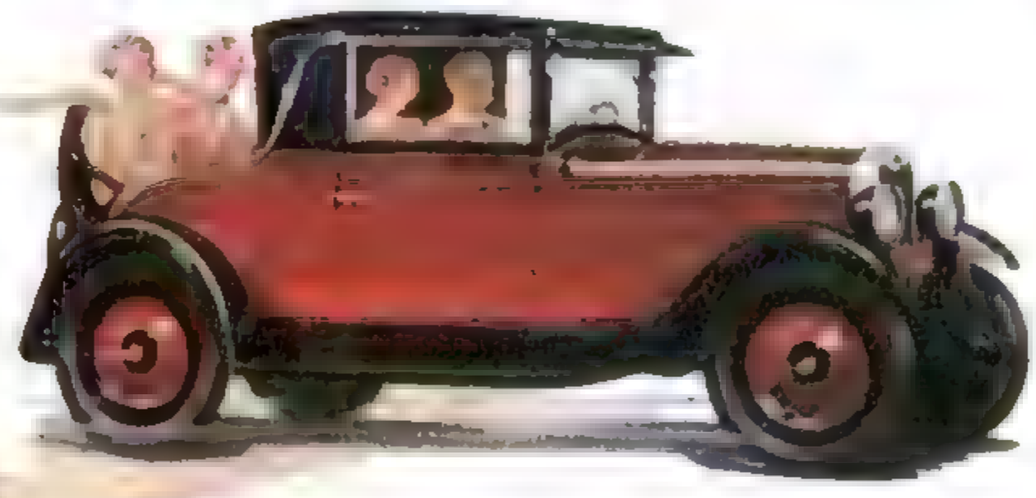

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The Premeditated Prodigal

Chet Nodded His Recollection and He Chuckled Faintly, and I Asked One Question and Another. So, During the Time We Waited There, I Had From Him the Skeleton and Substance of the Tale

By Ben Ames Williams

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST FUHR

THERE are in Fraternity many streams, and some of them are great and some are small. The Georges River in its swifter reaches is a brawling torrent, swirling over the bowlders and the ledges long since worn to velvet smoothness; and here and there a mill dam creates a backwater where the flood lies sleeping, its surface a dark mirror for the fringing trees. But the lesser currents have their uses too. There are some which during the long summer shrink to insignificance; yet in the spring, when the snows are melting, even these little ones may deliver a surprising head of water. Sometimes a dam impounds this flow and doles it out to keep a mill wheel turning through the dry times; and above such a dam, on such a stream, there is apt to be a wide and grassy marsh where black ducks like to breed.

Such a marsh lies above the Hickox mill dam, winding into the deep wood for a mile or two, and ducks know the place of old. Chet McAusland and I intended this day a foray into their stronghold. The easiest approach to the water's edge was at the mill; so, a little after noon, we drove into the yard there, our tires sinking in the mat of rotted chips and shavings. The saw was at the moment silent; but there were three or four men in the sawing shed, and Chet turned aside to speak them fair.

While he attended to these amenities, I loosed the straps which held my canoe atop the car and lifted the craft to the ground and set it in the water and returned for guns and gear. Thus, ready to embark, I looked about for Chet. And so doing, I remarked a curious scene.

A little to one side, as though they had withdrawn together, the mill owner and another man stood in low-voiced conversation. I knew the mill man by sight and by repute, but the other was a stranger. He seemed by his manner and his tone a petitioner, and an insistent one; and his clothes were shabby, and I thought he bore visibly the cankered scars of long and jealous envy and of futile greed. I watched them covertly and curiously; and I heard at last the mill man say, in a louder, grimly wearied tone:

"Well, all I'll say is what I said before. There's a place here for you any time you're content to stay in it." And I heard from the other some infuriated murmur in reply.

Then Chet came out of the sawing shed, where he had been talking with the other men, and he returned toward where I waited.

"He's busy," he said softly. "I won't bother him."

So we pushed off. I looked back once more at the mill man and his petitioner, before a corner of the buildings shut them from our view and the wide marshy meadows began to open out ahead.

Our immediate scheme of operations was to paddle along the fringe of the grass, the man in the bow ready for a shot at any bird that might rise within range. Chet had first turn in the bow, while I handled the paddle; and it was necessary to avoid conversation, for the sound of the human voice will alarm a feeding duck. Also, in these first minutes, the possibility of finding game drove all other considerations from my mind. But by the time we had threaded the whole length of the marsh and penetrated the brook at its upper end without flushing a single bird, my thoughts began to return to that incident at the mill. The two figures talking together there had, in their very postures, drama. I wondered whether Chet might know what lay behind the scene.

We descended the brook into the marsh again, and Chet suggested that we pull the canoe into the bushes and wait for a while on the chance that ducks returning to their feeding grounds might pass within range. I agreed; but when we were presently screened among the willows I referred inquiringly to the petitioner at the mill.

Chet nodded his recollection and he chuckled faintly, and I asked one question and another. So, during the time we waited there, our eyes intently scanning the horizon for incoming birds, I had from him the skeleton and substance of the tale.

This was, as I knew, the Hickox mill; and its location and its management had made it for many years a profitable property. It was built, Chet told me, by one Jasper Hickox, about 1850, when there was still some fine standing timber all about. This Jasper's son Jasper maintained it afterward, replacing outworn fittings and machinery, converting it at last into a barrel mill, an establishment designed to saw barrel staves and heads. For these wares there was still suitable lumber, and the market for casks and barrels was so good that most farmers had a cooper shop where they turned to profitable use their rainy days.

This second Jasper had two sons. Truman, the older, was usually called True. The younger, Freeman, was better known as Freeme. True was the larger—a bulky, somewhat stout young man, credited with a good deal of muscular strength. He was a shrewd trader, thrifty, canny and

Watch This Column
Our Weekly Chat

NO. I won't have an ungraceful, homely heroine in any Universal Picture. This, in answer to a correspondent from way down South. Someone might say that it is necessary sometimes to sacrifice beauty for talent. But it isn't necessary. We can always find artists who combine the two essentials. Incongruities have ruined many a promising picture, and the wise producer and director avoid them as they would the plague. C. L.

Just for your guidance, I am quoting a few lines of praise from some of the New York newspapers on *"The Man Who Laughs,"* Universal's super-production of Victor Hugo's great story, which played to crowded houses at Shubert's Central Theatre, New York City. These speak for themselves:

Conrad Veidt in "The Man Who Laughs"

N Y Morning World—"A beautiful and dignified picture. Conrad Veidt in the leading rôle has done a masterpiece."

N Y Journal—"Victor Hugo's story a marvel as done by Universal. It climbs the pinnacle of stupendous perfection."

N. Y. Daily News—"It is truly a great picture which boasts masterful direction, splendid performances, remarkable photography, impressive sets."

N. Y. Daily Mirror—"A worthy screen spectacle—a fine picture which everyone should see."

N. Y. Herald-Tribune—"The most striking and interesting photoplay that has reached town in many a weary week."

N Y Telegram—"A story which calls aloud for acting and gets it from Conrad Veidt. A splendidly mounted and tasteful production."

N Y Sun—"Paul Leni has created a striking photoplay—a courageous and satisfying picture—the most sumptuous production since 'The Hunchback of Notre Dame'."

Dorothy Gulliver in "The Collegians"

"We Americans," another Universal super production, continues its triumphal tour. Wherever it appears, critic and public alike praise it in unmeasured terms. That's unusual, isn't it? What do you know about emigrants to this country and what they go through to become Americans? Be sure to see this great picture.

LAURA LA PLANTE has been acclaimed the screen's great comedienne. Aside from her talent, she has great beauty. See her picture *"Finders Keepers,"* written by Mary Roberts Rinehart, and see if the claim isn't justified.

Glenn Tryon in "Hot Heels"

You *must* see GLENN TRYON and his clever co-star PATSY RUTH MILLER in the swift moving photoplay of the racetrack, laid in Havana, the picturesque capital of Cuba. The title is *"Hot Heels."* And the title is apt.

"Uncle Tom's Cabin" received a tremendous ovation at its recent première in Los Angeles. The people and the critics praised it enthusiastically. Speak to your local theatre manager about it now while he is selecting his pictures for the fall season.

Carl Laemmle, President

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calculating. Freeme, on the other hand, had a rough ebullience about him; a reckless disregard of opinion and of discipline and a laughing audacity that led him sometimes into follies not quite laughable.

"He was a hand to get into fights," Chet told me. "And he'd take a drink when it was offered to him, and he was always running around to dances and all. The womenfolks mostly liked him. They said it was a shame he was so wild, but they liked him, all the same."

I nodded understandingly. "And some of them were willing to try reforming him," I suggested.

Chet chuckled, but he shook his head. "Old Jasper worked at that job," he explained. "Freeme was a wild one, even when he was a boy, and his pa come down on him good and hard more'n once. But Freeme would just grin and say nothing and go on doing what he had a mind."

Till eventually the younger son's misdemeanors reached a point beyond endurance.

"He come home drunk one night," Chet explained, "and started up the mill and run the saw into a bolt in an old log he tried to saw. Busted it, and might have killed himself. Only, they say there's something takes care of children and drunkards. But that made his pa hopping mad. He told Freeme he'd have to mend his ways or get out."

Jasper meant this perhaps as no more than a sterner form of admonition, but Freeme good-naturedly assented to the edict and departed. He went to East Harbor, and then to Mount Waldo, where he worked in the granite quarries for a while; he spent one summer on a fishing schooner in the Bay of Fundy; and he returned to cut granite in the sheds at East Harbor again.

And always rumors of him came back to Fraternity. He acquired a reputation as a ready and successful rough-and-tumble fighter. He could drink, it was said, more than any two men, and without perceptible effect except that his strength thereby was doubled. And he had, by some curious freak of inheritance, a strain of gambling blood, so that he would risk all that he possessed on the turn of a penny if he were challenged so to do.

"I've heard Will Belter tell things at the store," Chet explained. "He'd hear stories about Freeme and the way he carried on, and tell us there. And old Jasper'd be there, like as not; and he'd listen and mumble and grumble, or bust out in a roar.

"Him and True always drove over to the store every evening, and True would wag his head and say it was too bad the way Freeme was doing. And the old man, when he got mad enough, would bang his fists on his knees and fairly rear and tear. Oh, he was hot sometimes, hearing about Freeme; and Jim Saladine and me, we used to tell Will Belter to keep still about it, not stir up the old man. But you can't keep Belter quiet if he's got anything he wants to tell."

Fraternity folk were interested in the situation, for Jasper Hickox was a man of some importance in the town. His mill was a source of steady revenue; he was thrifty; it was known that he had made some wise investments. He had even an interest in the rentals of a business block in East Harbor, a share in which had once fallen to his father on a mortgage.

Arthur Tuck, an attorney there, was to some extent in charge of his affairs; but Jasper himself went frequently to town. There was a general and lively curiosity as to what would happen if he should, on one of these occasions, encounter his wayward son. But if such a meeting ever occurred it was not reported.

"Him and True run the mill," Chet continued. "But True had most of the handling of it. His pa was getting old. I never took much to True, nor anybody else, I guess. He was a careful kind of a man and a close trader, and never did anything without figuring it all out.

"Freeme wasn't ever that way. If he took a mind to do a thing, he'd do it, no matter how it come out. He was always reckless and dead set to make a fool of himself, and sometimes he'd made trouble for others at the same time. But no one ever held it against him. They didn't like True, and they did like Freeme, and that was all there was to it.

"And of course," he added, "when Freeme left home, folks called him six kinds of a fool to fall out with his pa and throw away his share in the prop'ty. It was just like handing it to True."

I thought as I listened how curious it was that the scale of virtues and of vices should have thus so little weight in the popular appraisal of a man. True appeared to have been a shrewd, wise, scrupulous and honest individual; Freeme a scapegrace and a villain by any test you choose. Yet most people in the village, if Chet were right in his estimate, had been sorry to see Freeme thus throw away his patrimony; had been equally sorry that True's virtues seemed likely to earn their just reward.

And there was, by the same token, a general and hopeful satisfaction when Will Belter spread the news that Freeme had come home and come to stay.

The return of the prodigal, Chet told me, occurred at Christmastime or within a day or two thereafter.

"I heard the way of it," he said, "from Sam Gallop in East Harbor." And that was kind of funny too. Freeme had been drunk, Christmas night—mighty drunk. And he'd had two-three fights; and he come into Sam's restaurant along toward closing time and went to sleep there, and Sam left him when he closed up for the night, because Freeme was apt to be quarrelsome if you woke him up.

"And when Sam come to open up in the morning Freeme was still there, and he was feeling terrible. Sam give him some coffee and Freeme set there drinking it, and by and by he started to talk about what a darned fool he'd been.

"First off, Sam didn't say anything; but Freeme kept on talking, like to himself, and finally he says, 'There's nothing in it, that's all. There's nothing in it.' And Sam says, 'You're not telling me anything new. I tried it out before you was thought of, and I know.' And Freeme says again, 'There's nothing in it.' And Sam laughed and told him, 'You've put a good deal into it yourself.'

"And at that Freeme banged on the counter. 'I'm through,' he says. 'I'm going home.'

"Sam didn't believe him," Chet explained, almost apologetically. "But Freeme stuck to it, and home he come, sure enough. He had a little pay due him, and he went down and collected it and quit his job and set out to walk out here. He got here middle of the afternoon, the day after Christmas, and by the next day everybody in town had heard that Freeme was back and 'lowed to stay."

But there were no open arms waiting for the prodigal, Chet assured me, nor any fatted calf. If old Jasper was glad to welcome his son, he dissembled this feeling. Two or three nights later, at the store, someone said to him, "Well, Jasper, I hear Freeme's home. That's a good thing, ain't it?"

And old Jasper curtly retorted, "He'll have to earn to stay."

But in the course of time his welcome warmed. No one would have known this from Freeme, for that young man seemed genuinely changed; he stayed industriously about the mill and moved sedately. Nor did old Jasper make any public pronouncement of his softer attitude.

"But True told it," Chet said. "Along toward spring it got so True couldn't talk about anything else but how Freeme was having the best of things at home. He said the old man would set and talk to him. 'While I work my head off in the mill,' True'd say, and how it was Freeme this and Freeme that half the time. I was talking to True one day about it, and he says:

"'Of course,' he says, 'I'm mighty glad Freeme come home. It was a scandal for him to go on the way he did, fighting and drinking and gambling around, and a fine thing when he give it up. But,' he says, 'the old man acts like Freeme was made and handed down. I've stayed right at home all the time, keeping things going and tending to business and working hard, but he's forgot that now.'"

And Chet, continuing, told other words of True Hickox, till I began to get a picture of the man and of his mood during those months after his brother returned from the husks to his father's bosom again. It is doubtless quite true that the lost sheep which is found becomes more deeply precious than the ninety and nine which have stayed in the fold; but it must be equally true that the ninety and nine are somewhat disgruntled by this preference. I thought I could understand True's growing resentment and indignation, and I told Chet so.

"Likely," Chet agreed. "Maybe it was kind of hard on him, if you look at it that way. But I always figured Freeme was foolish to go away, and his coming back just put things the way they ought to be again."

"You couldn't expect True to be so philosophic," I suggested, and he chuckled.

"Well, he wasn't, anyway," he assented, and he continued with the tale.

"The way True felt didn't show up right at first," he repeated. "Freeme come home at Christmas, and along through January everything was fine. True'd say how they were all glad Freeme had settled down and all. And once or twice him and Freeme come to the store together and True'd talk that way right before Freeme, till I looked to see Freeme bust loose again just out of aggravation. Nobody likes to hear all the time what a good man he is, if he is. Maybe True figured to get Freeme mad, talking the way he did. I don't know. True was always a hand to scheme and plan; he never did anything without he had a reason."

But by the middle of February, he continued, there was a growing rancor in True's words and tones.

"Jasper hadn't what you might say fell all over Freeme when he first did come home," he reminded me. "But when he see Freeme meant to stay and mend his ways, Jasper warmed up to him, and that begun to worry True. You could see it in the way he talked and all. He'd still brag about how good Freeme was behaving, but he'd only do it when Freeme could hear, and in a kind of underhand, girding sort of way. And when Freeme weren't about True'd let out sometimes and fairly cuss and swear. He got so he'd corner you and tell you all about it any time you had a mind to listen."

And later still, Chet assured me, True passed from querulousness to a silence somehow morose and brooding, as though he had weighty matters on his mind.

"Like he was figuring," Chet said, "wondering what he could do about it. He was always a great hand to figure things."

Whether True's eventual measures were the result of this calculation on his part Chet offered no evidence except his own opinion.

"He might have just got worked up to it and got into it without planning," he confessed. "I don't know. He never let on to me, or anybody, far as I know. Maybe he just got madder and madder till in the end he broke out.

"But I doubt it. I always said True Hickox never did anything without he had a scheme and a reason, and I always thought that maybe he figured he could do the same as Freeme had. Maybe he figured that if he cut loose the old man would see what he'd been drove to and make it up to him. But I think he calculated that when the time come he could reform, the same as Freeme had, and get around old Jasper that way."

He added warningly: "Mind you, I don't say that's why Freeme had come home. Freeme wasn't ever one to calculate things that way. He just got sick of it, I guess, the way Sam Gallop said."

(Continued on Page 38)

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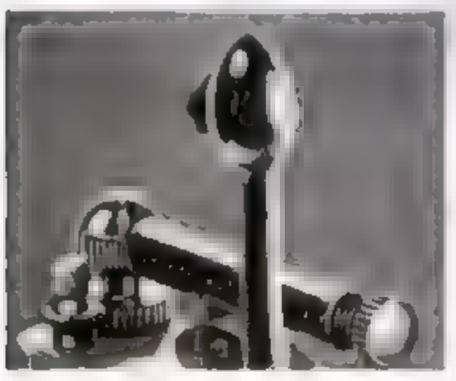

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CLARK LIGHTER CO., Inc.
580 FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK

FIREFLY
A CLARK LIGHTER

ALWAYS WORKS

(Continued from Page 36)

"Never mind Freeme," I suggested, and smiled. "He's become too virtuous to be interesting. What was it True did?"

Chet chuckled. "Why," he said, "True went on a tear. Yes, sir, he did. He just set out to be a ripping, roaring rum hound and what not—deliberate."

He laughed aloud at the remembrance, leaning back, slapping his knee, his chin firm against his neck, his deep-set eyes dancing.

"It was funny," he assured me. "It was mighty funny." He laughed again, till I had to urge him to go on.

True, he pointed out then, had no natural aptitude for the robust vices to which Freeme once had lent himself. "He wan't ever one to drink and row and carry on," Chet said. "That sort of thing comes mostly just from feeling fine; too much spirits and no chance to work them off. I've seen granite cutters in the quarries down't Vinalhaven on pay nights. If a man's going to get drunk, he'd ought to feel for it. But True done it deliberate."

Gay Hunt, he explained, had a keg of hard cider in his cellar. "He'd set it to make vinegar," Chet insisted. "It was just an accident that it turned to cider first. But long as it happened that way, we'd all had a glass or maybe two. We went over there with Gay one night along in June after Will Bissell had turned out the lamps in the store. Gay asked us over, and True was at the store and he went along.

"We went down in Gay's cellar and True had a glass of cider, and then another, and he put 'em down fast. And it was a hot night. First thing anybody knew, True was feeling it.

"Well," he continued, "not being used to it, when he began to feel it, he thought he'd had more than he had. He wan't but a mite red, and hot; but he thought he was drunk. Freeme always used to be a hand to fight when he got drunk, so I guess True 'lowed he'd do some fighting, too, now that he was drunk the way Freeme used to be. Only, he made the mistake of tackling Andy Wattles, Andy being handy at the time.

"True was bigger'n Andy, and Andy's right good-natured, but he don't do to pick on, and True'd ought to known it. He had some words with Andy, claiming Andy'd short-weighted him on a sack of feed he'd bought three-four days before. It always did get Andy's dander up to say anything against the store, and they went at it all over the cellar floor.

"True was big enough to clean him, but he didn't. Andy worked him over proper, and quick too. And when he was done, True had a busted nose and one eye was swelling and getting shiny, and his ear wasn't as good as it had been before. I remember he set there on the floor of Gay's cellar where Andy'd flung him, kind of fingering his face and whining and snuffling.

"And then he had some more cider and got sick on it. Oh, True wasn't what you might call a success as a hellion—not to mention—not at all!"

He paused to give himself to laughter at the memory, and I joined with him in his mirth. But I was insistently curious; and by and by, to my questions, he took up the tale.

He said True had to be carried home. Gay Hunt loaded him in his buggy and drove the two or three miles to the mill house, and old Jasper and Freeme met him at the door. Gay reported that there were stormy words from Jasper, with True too sick and shaken to retort.

"From all Gay said," Chet assured me, "Jasper give True a good going over, almost as bad as what Andy done to him. Only it was talk instead of licks. And True just took it, kind of wabbling and grunting, and Gay left them still at it and drove home."

He chuckled at the memory. "Well," he said, "that might have been an accident and nobody thought much about it. But there come other times after. You'd have thought that once would have been enough for True, but it wasn't. He was sick in bed all next day; but the day after he was around again with a black eye and complaining about the way his pa had talked to him. And the first thing anybody knew he'd gone over to Gay Hunt's again.

"This time it was in the middle of the afternoon, two or three days after, and Gay wan't at home; but True went right down cellar and got at the cider. And when Jasper and Freeme come for the mail that evening, True hadn't showed up at home and nobody knew where he was. But by and by Mrs. Hunt come over and told he was down in her cellar and they went over and found him."

He chuckled again. "Well," he continued, "they set out to take him home, and True tried to fight, and Freeme cuffed him and he went to sleep and they loaded him in the buggy and drove off.

"There was more talk about that than there had been before, and wondering whether True would act up again. I 'lowed he would. It looked to me like True didn't get drunk because he wanted to. He was always sick the next day. He was like the fellow that said he was going to town to get drunk and gosh, how he dreaded it! It must have been a chore for him, but I will say he stuck at it noble.

"Cider's bad enough, any case; and too much of it's worse. But True stuck at it. Yes, sir, he worked mighty hard, getting drunk and getting over it.

"And every time he got drunk he'd fight somebody, and every time he'd have a fight he'd get licked. Andy licked him, and Gay licked him for stealing the cider, and Luke Hills whaled him good. Luke was scared mightily when that fight started, but by the time he found out he could get the better of it, he didn't know when to stop. He mauled True something terrible before Will Bissell put a stop to it.

"Yes, sir, True did take his evildoing mighty hard. But he was earnest about it. I give True credit; nobody ever tried any harder to be a prodigal than him. Only, he didn't run away from home. Probably he figured it was safer to stay close around so's he could reform quick when he wanted to and without having to travel ten miles to do it.

"Jasper got the jump on him there. True didn't calculate on that, maybe. He didn't look for Jasper to come down on him so sharp.

"But after Luke Hills licked him, Jasper put him out of the house. Will Belter lugged True home that night, and True was in bad shape, and Will said afterwards that old Jasper wanted to know what True'd been up to this time, and Will told him, and Jasper he says:

"'By gravy, if Luke Hills can lick him he don't belong to me! Take him off my land!' he says.

"And Will says, 'Where to?' And Jasper says, 'You can dump him anywhere you've got a mind.'

"True didn't know anything that was going on, and Will didn't know just what to do; but he fetched him back to the village and left him on the steps of the store. It was a warm night, along early in July, and True waked up sometime towards morning and hit for home. But Jasper wouldn't let him in."

So True departed from Fraternity. He went to East Harbor and made the best for a while of an evil business. He found a job there and worked when he must.

"But he made quite a noise around town too," Chet assured me; and he added, grinning: "True didn't have many ideas of his own about deviltry, but he made the most of what he knew. He done everything Freeme used to do. He'd get hold of rum somehow, and get drunk, and start a fight with somebody. He always managed to get the worst of it, at that, big as he was. Dolph Bullen cracked his head with a broom handle when True tackled him, and Sam Gallop mauled him some, and two or three others; and he got himself locked up pretty regular for a spell. Spent more'n one night in jail.

"True got to be a regular public nuisance that summer; and Sheriff Sohier come out to see old Jasper once, to see if there wan't something could be done about it. But Jasper said he was shet and done with True."

Chet paused, considering, reflecting. "It was comical," he confessed. "But it was kind of too bad too. First I thought True was doing it a-purpose, but he kept it up till I thought maybe he couldn't help it. I said to Jim Saladine one day that it was kind of a shame. But Jim didn't think so."

"What did Saladine think?" I asked, and Chet chuckled.

"Jim's clever," he reminded me. "He said True'd be coming home before long and settling down again. I couldn't see it. Jim and me had quite an argument about it."

"But Saladine was right?" I asked, and Chet nodded.

"Yes," he agreed. "Yes, he was right, same as he usually is. Yes, True come home by and by."

Others besides Saladine, it appeared, had come to anticipate this home-coming. True stayed in East Harbor all summer and into the early fall, but there were indications that he had begun to weary of evildoing. His misdemeanors lost some of their violence. Gay Hunt was among the first of those openly to predict a change of heart in True.

"It ain't natural to him," he declared. "Liquor don't set well with him, and every time he has a fight he takes a licking. He'll come slinking home, you'll see."

There was some argument on the point; but Saladine, when his opinion was solicited, agreed with Gay, and the event confirmed them. For early in September Will Belter reported one night, in swift excitement, that True was back.

"He's made up with old Jasper," he said. "And he says he's going to stay home hereafter and behave. Says he don't know what got into him. Says he fell into evil ways."

Will's report provoked a new conjecture and discussion. There were more than the usual number of men gathered in the store that evening, and on that account more views to be expressed. Doctor Crapo was there, for one; and Will Belter, when his first report met incredulity, appealed to the old physician for confirmation.

"You was over there today," he said. "You tell 'em. Wan't True there?"

Doctor Crapo nodded. "Yes," he agreed. "Yes, True was there."

"See?" Will cried triumphantly, and swept on to new reiterations. But by and by, when the question why True had come home had been tormented to and fro for a long half hour, their curiosity took another turn.

"It struck me," Chet explained, "to wonder about Doc Crapo's being over there, so I asked him if there was anyone sick, and he said old Jasper'd had a kind of a spell."

And this news, he said, provoked fresh questionings. Will Belter asked swiftly, "When was he took sick? Before True come home? Reckon True had heard about it?"

Doctor Crapo shook his head. "No," he said. "No, it was after True came home."

"Pretty sick, is he?" Saladine asked quietly.

"He's not well," the doctor said, and met Saladine's understanding eye.

Gay Hunt slapped his knee. "You might know it!" he cried. "True'd smell that coming. He's got buzzard blood, that man."

Within a fortnight thereafter it became plain to everyone that old Jasper was near his passing. He no longer came in the evening to the store. Sometimes True came, and sometimes Freeme, and sometimes both of them; but after a while Freeme most often came alone.

"True's setting with pa," he used to explain; and the young man, ordinarily full

(Continued on Page 134)

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UP from the edge of town, borne on the early morning wind, comes the trumpeting of an elephant. And a few minutes later a mysterious caravan moves up out of the darkness with the trampling of thousands of hoofs and a flash of red and gold.

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And today when we think of color, the radiant reds and yellows of the circus, or cool greens and blues, we think of the product which has made possible lasting color and has given to the world an infinite variety of shades. We think of Duco, created in the laboratories of du Pont.

As never before we are living in an age of color. Moving ribbons of color on the highways of the nation. Radiant, charming color in homes and shops; lasting, enduring color in hundreds of fields of industry—Duco has made possible this age of color.

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DUPONT DUCO

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THE WEATHER IN ARGENTINE

(Continued from Page 9)

than—well, say a boiled potato. It was open and shut. There were no two ways to it. In other words, all you had to do was to sit there with your feet cocked up on a desk and take in what the wire and the mail brought in—that was all. There was nothing else. You just sat there waiting. Then when the right stuff came in and you got the flash that told you, you went to it and wiped up the map!

Easy? Why, it was like murder! No wonder Joe Beals was sore. No wonder, either, a lot of others were hollering—the farmers among them especially. In fact, with all the talk around, and with the farmers' friends, the political leaders, talking loudest, it's a wonder the doings of men like Milo Gundy hadn't made them close up the Board of Trade. In fact, the last time Joe had taken a couple of days off to go back home with Mary, he'd heard a bunch of big men from the district get up at a barbecue picnic and roast the cover off the board. One of the men was Nils Sonderson, the local leader, and another was Shinworth, the senator. Then, too, there was Vinton, the banker; and what they all said was a caution. Hot stuff! Real live talk, it was. So when Joe got back to Chicago, and the boss asked how much corn the growers had and how much they were aiming to walk off the farm in hogs and cattle, Joe slyly mentioned to Old Gundy what he'd heard. The old gorilla, though, only grinned.

"Goin' to close the board, eh?" he inquired. As he spoke he gave a snicker, half amused, half contemptuous. "Yeh, that's what they'd say, jakes like them. Gets votes, I guess; and comes cheaper, too, than payin' cash. Well," he drawled, puffing luxuriously at his noxious ten-center, "nex' time you see friend Sonderson—him and that other vote-gettin' sidewinder—you ask 'em, when they've got the board shut up, where all those jayhawks up in Hooppole County that lissen to 'em are a-going to sell their corn. Yeah, ask 'em that," said Old Gundy.

And that wasn't all, either, he said. The ragged stub of his ten-cent I-am-for-men blazing and fuming like a foundry stack, he bent his eye on his stenographer.

"Shinworth, eh? That's the feller, I wouldn't wonder, that was telling the farmers back in 1920 not to sell their corn 'n' wheat. Wheat was goin' to three dollars, corn to I dunno what—yeah. Only what he didn't tell 'em was that he was in on the market and playin' corn—long of it a hun'erd October."

A hun'erd October was a hundred thousand bushels. Long of it, too, at the time, the holder of the option would have been stung—stung a plenty. Furthermore, even had he jollied his farm friends into hanging on to their crop, not selling, it would have helped him little.

"Hey, Mac!" Old Gundy shouted. "Come in here if you want t' hear a good one!"

"Mac" was McBurney, one of his office partners. A younger man, he once had held the same job Joe Beals now held; and as he stuck his head in at the door Old Man Gundy gave another snicker.

"Say, what do you think?" he tittered. "I just hear friend Shinworth, the senator—him and his side kick, Sonderson—is gettin' ready to close up the Board o' Trade."

"That so?" inquired McBurney. As he spoke he lit himself a cigarette. "Well, how about shooting nine holes of golf this afternoon?" he inquired.

"Me? You get out o' here!" ordered Old Gundy. "I got work to do."

He had too. Joe Beals could testify to that. Out of the dope, at any rate, once again the old sandbagger had caught another of those flashes, the fact or figure that roused him into action; and morosely Joe Beals went back to his desk. As he knew, most of the work would fall on him.

That was a week ago. The facts, though—that revelation—were nothing. Shocks, in fact, meant little; and if Shinworth—Sonderson, either—chose to play the pit, what of it? It was as the Quaker said about being queer: "All the world's queer but me and thee, friend—and thee's a little queer." You got nothing by going straight, did you? You didn't get rich, either, by punching a time clock or tucking away in your sock what you got in a Saturday envelope—nix! The way it was done was the way Milo Gundy did it—the way, too, that Shinworth had tried it, even though he had, in fact, missed out. And all at once, his eyes hard and his mouth set as in some sudden decision, Joe Beals kicked back his chair and rose. As he did so, the clocks in La Salle Street struck four.

Four! Prompt to the minute, the door of the inside office opened. Promptly Old Man Gundy stuck out his head.

"Say!" he said -but that was all he said. The office was empty, the door of the outer room just closing; and the butt of his ragged ten-center dangling loosely from his lips, Milo gazed about him in baffled wonder. The fact is, for the first time in seven years that prized hired man, his stenographer, had failed him.

Down the stairs was a public telephone booth. It stood next to the cigar stand in the building's main entry; and inside the booth, the door shut, Joe Beals had just given a call to the operator. The call, it seems, was a long-distance call.

"Yes'm," said Joe—"Ioway." He got the call a minute or two later. Eagerly, his voice hurried, Joe spoke into the transmitter: "That the bank? That you, Mr. Vinton? This is Beals—Joe Beals—get it?" He wet his lips then. "About that loan, Mr. Vinton—I —— What say? . . . The loan, I said—the one I was talking about—four thousand. You said you'd lend that amount on the farm, and —— What? What say?" He listened for a moment. "Oh, that, you ask?"

Again he wet his lips. Again, for an instant, he glanced about him covertly. No one, though, was in earshot, and he spoke again: "You asked that before, Mr. Vinton—only I didn't say. It was you that guessed what I wanted the money for, you remember. You wanted to know if the boss was buying too. . . . What? What's that?" He scowled, a look of quick suspicion in his eyes. "The dope? . . . I? . . . Is that what you said? Why, yes, I see it. I see all of it. But what's that got to do with it?"

The receiver clacked and buzzed. Again over the wire came the distant voice. As before, it once again was freighted with a question: and Joe Beals, his eyes gritty now, spoke into the transmitter. What's more, what he said was as gritty.

"I didn't say!" said Joe.

Upstairs, not more than a minute or two later, the door of the inside office opened. Again Milo Gundy put out his head. His hired man had just seated himself at his desk, and, his look savage, the boss rolled the cigar stub over in his jaws.

"Say!" he began—then he stopped. About the hired man's air was something the boss never had seen in it before; and all at once, his own look queer, Milo Gundy shot a look at his underling. "Where you been?" he asked abruptly.

"Out," answered Joe.

He made it snappy, too; and with a start, the cigar butt cocked up at a fierce, belligerent angle in his mouth, his employer gave him another sidewise, searching glance. The glance, however, was all.

"Enjoy the scenery?" inquired Gundy.

Joe Beals, though, didn't reply. His back turned, his face averted, he was fumbling clumsily with the papers on his desk.

III

THE weather in Argentine! It was by such means—or so he would have you believe—that Milo Gundy turned the trick. If so, however, that daily flash, the first thing off the wires in the morning, would seem to the next man only like so much gibberish. It read as if the world were upside down.

The weather in Argentine!

If it's summer here, it's winter in Argentine. Conversely, when it's winter north and the gale from the lake is swooping down Jackson Boulevard and piling snowdrifts high against the dowdy pediments of the Board of Trade, down in the Argentine the pampas are broiling in the dog days and the sweated peon sweats still more as he tills and harrows the rows of growing corn. Sweat, in fact, is what grows corn, though that was all one to Milo Gundy. He never had seen the Argentine. Mured in that two-by-four cubbyhole, his La Salle Street office, he never had seen any pampas, nor had ever so much as met and taken by the hand what is known as a peon. As he said, he had few leanings to what he himself termed foreign parts. La Salle Street was good enough for him.

Once, it's true, at a time when things were slack and nothing was doing over on the Board of Trade, he had been inveigled by his wife into taking a trip abroad; but after a brief interval he had hurried home, his response to the Continental tour negligible when not disdainful. Corn, in England, was known as maize, he reported; while in France, believe him or not, they hadn't even seemed to have heard of it. However, over in Aix-la-Chapelle or thereabouts, and when he still was trying to talk corn to chance acquaintances who persisted in thinking him either a chiropodist or addled, a cablegram had caught up with him. Cablegrams, of course, were nothing novel—not to Milo—but this cable, it seems, was different. Anyway the instant he tore it open he let out a whoop. The next instant, diving at his hand bag, he began hurling into it socks, shirts, his toothbrush, his nightie and a spare collar and a necktie.

"Anyone dead?" they say Mrs. Gundy asked, turning pale.

No, no one was dead. The contrary, her husband seemed suddenly to have come to life.

"Read that!" he vociferated, thrusting the cable into her hands, and Mrs. Gundy read it. Choctaw or Greek could not have been less intelligible:

TEMP IS SNOWING

"Temp," it appears, meant temperature. As for the snow mentioned, in Aix at the moment the asphalt pavement was bubbling in the heat of a sizzling September afternoon. However, that was nothing; and Old Man Gundy having explained where the snow and temperature were, they say, too, that when he did, his wife, a pious woman, folded her hands on her breast and said piously, "Oh, Lord!"

The weather, in short, was in the Argentine. She had heard of it before.

Around the pit they still talk of the clean-up Old Man Gundy made that time. In other words, though in France birds were singing and in Chicago twenty thousand men sat in their shirt sleeves at the ball park while they drank sarsaparilla and yelled "Take him out!" down in the Argentine winter had just gone and the corn had only just begun to sprout. And that was enough for Milo Gundy! He knew what a temperature of 18 degrees does to corn just sprouting. In the States, too, that year the crop had been nothing to brag about. So, posthaste, the patient Mrs. Gundy sighing at his side, he hustled home to Chicago. The cable and the radio blistered with the messages he sent on ahead. Thus, when once the smoke of battle cleared, there he was again, the old buzz-fuzz, his grip fast once more on nearly all the visible supply of corn here in America, the rest of the world besides.

Easy! Simple as pie! It's funny, in fact, once you guess it, how ridiculously easy and simple is the way some men knock down money—millions. Yes; but besides the weather in Argentine, a few other things are to be remembered—that is, if you mean to turn the trick. One is the corn in sight; another is the corn that isn't—and that's just a beginning. After that, at any rate, there is the local trade, the cars on track—these and the mill supply—the mill supply, the export trade, the cash trade, the corn in the farm cribs and the corn that isn't, the corn at Buffalo, the corn at New Orleans, the corn at Kansas City and in Texas—corn and the price of corn—corn, here, there and everywhere. However, each and every minute of the day -dot-dash, dot-dot-dash—the wire is bringing in the dope—that is, it does if you're a Milo Gundy; and, of course, once you have the dope, it's nothing. No. Simple as pie! Easy as get-out! Anyone, in fact, can do it—anyone that has the dope. Yeah, of course.

"Corn, an eighth."

It was the quotation clerk who spoke. A young man attired in a gray alpaca coat and wearing spectacles, he moved up and down before the long quotation board, a piece of chalk in one hand and damp rag in the other. The place was the customers' room of Riggs, Stringer & Co., one of the big Chicago wire houses; and outside, La Salle Street roared by, its pavement again shimmering in the glare of another scorching August day. Hot as it was, though, few of those in the room had any thought of the weather. Over on the Board of Trade something was doing, it seemed; and mopping the moisture from his brow, the quotation clerk wiped out the figure he had just put up and then chalked down another.

"October, a quarter!"

"I say!" exclaimed Nils Sonderson.

Rows of chairs stood in front of the quotation board; and slouched down on one of them, ever since the opening an hour before, Nils had been sitting there. A big loose-limbed, gangling fellow with a mop of light blond hair, pale eyes and a flat moon of a face, he had come in that morning on a sleeper. "Farm talk," Jakes, the gentlemanly manager of the customers' room, had commented mentally as the new customer lurched in; but, as a fact, it was a long while since Nils had tooled a gang plow or a seeder through the black-root soil of the district he represented in politics. Long ago, indeed, Nils had learned there are other less arduous ways of earning a livelihood as, for that matter, so had the man with him. A small, lean person, half the bigness of the bulky Sonderson and wearing thick-lensed spectacles, he, too, was staring at the blackboard when Nils gave him a vigorous nudge.

"Say, didja hear that?" ejaculated Nils. "October's a quarter, Vinton!"

"Sh-h-h!" Vinton whispered sharply.

The banker—it was Joe Beals' man from back home—cast an uneasy glance about him. Perhaps, too, it was for a reason. Bankers, even though they are only small-town bankers, do not as a rule loll about the customers' rooms of La Salle Street commission houses. Somehow there seems to be a sentiment against it. Somehow, in the same way, there seems to be a feeling against any business man making customers' rooms their habitat. Gambling, some people call it; but if that be so, and there be any suspicion that Vinton, a banker, had come to La Salle Street to gamble—heaven forbid! Vinton, for one thing, didn't gamble. Not Vinton! Not if Vinton knew himself! Instead, what had happened was that up at the bank a couple of days ago, over the long-distance phone, he had tumbled on a bit of information—the sort, too, that comes to a man only once or so in a lifetime—and not to have used it he would have thought little short of criminal.

In brief, that was why he had come to Chicago. In brief, too, it was why he and Nils, once they got to Chicago, had gone

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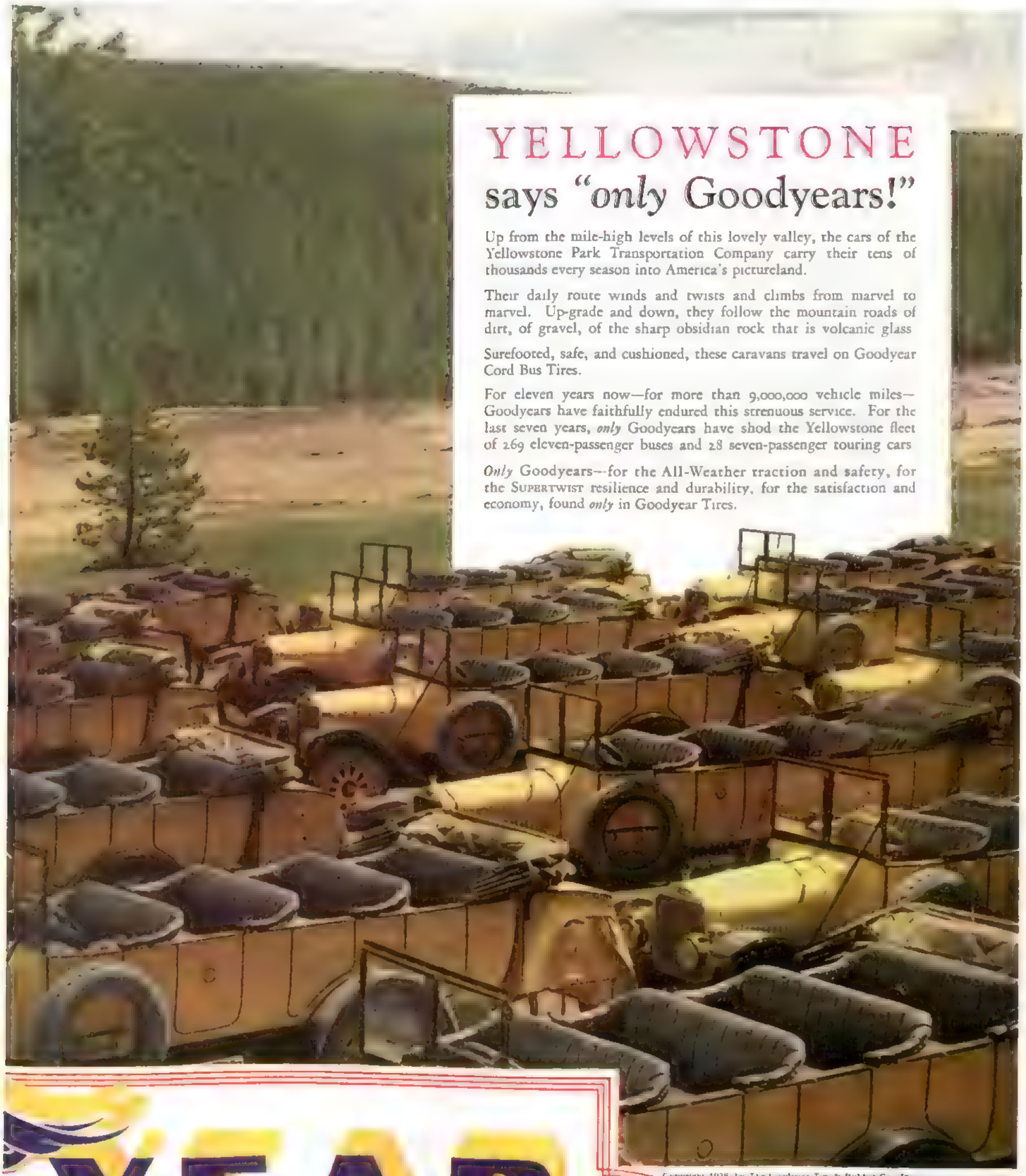
A portion of the nationally famous fleet of the Yellowstone Park Transportation Company, equipped exclusively with Goodyear Pneumatic Bus Tires

GOODYEAR

THE GREATEST



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Up from the mile-high levels of this lovely valley, the cars of the Yellowstone Park Transportation Company carry their tens of thousands every season into America's pictureland.

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YEAR

NAME IN RUBBER

Quick! Conquer Sunburn

Sunburn strikes quickly—be ready

HE'S treacherous, Mr. Summer Sun. He catches you when you're least on guard,—when the breeze 'cross the water is coolest, when the beach is brightest and friends are gayest together.

You know sunburn—the sting of hot crimson skin, nights and days of torture; precious hours, the best days of the year, lost forever.

Be always ready. Keep Unguentine in your outing kit. Apply it liberally at the first sign of redness. The smart is soothed at once, terrible blistering is prevented. Yet you tan brown as a berry.

Unguentine is the surgical dressing physicians use for all burns. It helps prevent the formation of the sunburn poisons that can cause severe sickness. Use it before exposure, too, to avoid even a touch of painful burns. At your druggist's, 50c. The Norwich Pharmacal Company, Norwich, N. Y. Canada—193 Spadina Ave., Toronto.

Unguentine

Apply Unguentine liberally at the first sign of burn

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long fifty thousand October corn. The deal, in fact, was no gamble. Far from that, it was what La Salle Street calls a pipe a cinch. In other words, it was a certainty—or so, at the first blush, Vinton figured. However, once a banker, always a banker; and as the quotation clerk once more wiped off the board, then called another quotation—"Corn, a quarter!"—all at once Vinton gave a start. Already corn was a full cent up from the opening; and leaning over, he spoke hurriedly to his companion.

"I say, Nils," he said, "listen!"

His air was thoughtful, his tone a little worried. His companion, though, for the moment didn't seem to hear him. Corn now was a quarter bid, five-eighths asked, and Nils let out a yelp.

"Yip! See her climb!" cried Nils; and disgustedly, Vinton gave him a nudge. "Listen, Nils! I've been thinkin'—I want to ask you something. You don't think anythin's phony, do you?"

"Phony?" Nils gaped for an instant.

"On the blink, Nils."

On the blink? Phony? It was Nils' turn to look startled. "Say, what's eatin' you?" he spluttered; and Vinton, his small eyes blinking, jerked a thumb at the quotation board.

"This," he said.

Corn still was climbing. The quotation clerk, working fast, was setting down still another quotation—five-eighths bid, three-quarters asked—and hitching up on his chair, Vinton wet his lips.

"It don't look good, Nils. It's too easy. It's what you call too good to be true. Yeah," nodded Vinton, his air of conviction ominous, "I've been thinkin', I have—and how do I and you know that feller was on the level? For all you and I know, Nils, the feller may be putting one over on us!"

Nils, his face blank, gaped again. "What feller? What're you talkin' about? What feller d'you mean?" demanded Nils.

Vinton told him. It was the one who'd phoned, of course. "You know, you never c'n tell about a feller like him," said Vinton sagely; and Nils gave a grunt.

"That boob!" said Nils.

Vinton, however, still was nervous. Perhaps he had reason to be. Perhaps, too, there was good cause for his suspicion. A banker, one of the small-town sort besides, he knew all about the Chicago Pit and the games the pit put over on people. And that, too, wasn't all of it. Even if that fellow, the one who'd let slip that info, was on the level, how did they know the boob knew what he was talking about?

"Yeah, we don't, do we?" inquired Vinton; and as he said it, Nils gave a grunt.

"Say, you make me sick!" said Nils.

It was like a banker. Bankers always were taking all the joy out of life. Hadn't corn gone up? Wasn't it still rising too? That was enough for anyone, wasn't it? And besides, didn't that boob see all the dope the inside stuff? And more than that, what could anyone ask?

Only one thing, it seemed. It seems, too, it was just what Vinton wished to ask. The feller, that boob, might see all the dope, every last scrap of it in fact—yeah, but did that mean he knew what it meant?

"Huh?" inquired Nils.

"Yeah, that's what I'm askin'," said Vinton. "He may see it, but that's not saying he can read it right."

It was at this instant that Joe Beals, his face moist, pushed open the door of the customers' room.

IV

"CORN, three-quarters!"

Already the news had gone out that something was doing in October corn, and from all four quarters of the town the usual mob of anxious dabblers had come pouring into the place. The chairs were filled, rows of other customers leaned up against the walls or stood elbow to elbow in the aisles; and Joe Beals halted, more than one in the crowded room staring at him curiously. Joe, in fact, was a sight. His face was grimy, dust covered him from head to foot, and his clothes looked as if he had slept in them. But never mind. This, it seems, was only the second time he ever had set foot in any of the La Salle Street customers' rooms; but though that was so, it was not all due to this or to his clothes that Joe halted uncertainly, his look furtive and uncomfortable as he glanced about him. The fact is he knew what might happen should he be seen and recognized. Milo Gundy, for one thing, might have something to say.

Funny, this. Funny that Old Man Gundy, a foremost figure in La Salle Street, should have objections. Just the same, Joe nourished no illusions. It's one thing, if you're a Milo Gundy, to take a flyer in corn or wheat; but if you happen to be Milo Gundy's hired man, that's quite another! However, here he was; and closing the door behind him, as unobtrusively as he could he edged through the crowd toward the office at the rear. Once in there, he could send out for Jakes, the room manager. It was Jakes he wished to see.

"Corn, three-quarters and seven-eighths!"

It was noon, the day before, when Joe had come first to Riggs, Stringer & Co.'s. The night before that he had sat up late, the lights turned on and his eyes buried in a sheaf of typewritten pages. The pages were sheets Joe had typed himself—in brief, one of those back-breaking reports he was constantly pounding out on the machine for Milo Gundy. Now, it seems, though, Joe was not intent on the work just for the work he'd done on it. The report was a condensed compilation of all the data, the dope that for a week or more had come pouring in off the wires; and in the forefront was that familiar term: "The weather in Argentine."

Again, it appears, they were having weather in Argentine!

It was weather, too, that again seemed to have a pregnant significance to Milo Gundy. Each day, as he scanned the daily flash, a grunt escaped him. "Temp 34 Rain." "Temp 38 Rain." "Temp 44 Fair." This last got an extra grunt out of him; but on top of that, the flash the next day was "Temp 53 Rain." Joe Beals' eyes gleamed as he saw it. So, too, did Milo Gundy's. That wasn't all of it, either. The next day, when the flash again came in "Temp 54 Heavy Rain," all at once Old Gundy yanked his feet off his desk and went cavorting into the outer office.

"Hi!" he roared, and after that the office became like a nightmare.

That was three days ago. It was the morning, in fact, of the same day when Joe had slipped downstairs and put in the long-distance call to the bank at home. No need to tell him what was up! No need even to give him so much as a nudge! Rain, spring rain, meant one thing—one thing only. Corn just planted needs rain—spring rain; and down in the Argentine they were just planting corn. That was it in fact. With the rain—that and all the corn they'd planted—the crop would be a wow—a buster! And that, too, was only a part of it. With corn up here in the States just booming along in all the hot August weather the corn was having, there'd be so much corn in the shocks, the cribs and the elevators that no one would know what to do with it—a fact, they wouldn't. It was a pipe, a cinch, in fact! Why —— But never mind.

The next morning, when the mail brought in the check from the bank back home, Joe could hardly contain himself till the clock in the office struck noon.

Indeed, it was not more than four or five minutes after that when Jakes, the gentlemanly manager at Riggs, Stringer & Co.'s, looked up to find a slim, youngish fellow in neat blue tweed stuttering, "Say, I want to sell twenty-five October—sell, you understand!"

"Yeah? And what is the name?" inquired Jakes, the new customer replying, "Beals—Joseph Beals."

To the room manager the name meant nothing, but the check the customer gave him did. It was, as Jakes would have described it, a check for four thousand berries; and to get it, Joe had socked a mortgage on that piece of corn land, the farm where he'd been born. Mary, in fact, had exclaimed.

"Joe!" she cried, as he brought her the papers to sign. "Joe!"

Grimly Joe had dipped a pen into the ink and handed it to her. "Sign on the dotted line," said Joe.

"Twenty-five October" is twenty-five thousand bushels. On the other hand, though, had he wished, the four thousand would have enabled him to margin double that amount—maybe more. Joe, however, figured he knew what he was doing. It was only the suckers that jumped in up to the neck the first shot out of the box—and that, too, was not the only reason he had to pat himself on the back. As La Salle Street tritely puts it, "The sucker always buys"; and Joe, it seems, had sold—gone short. In fact one may judge of Joe's astonishment that afternoon when the close came in. Corn was 83 bid, a quarter asked. Moving abruptly, in a brief interval it already had gone up three-quarters of a cent.

He scowled. He still was scowling as he went back to his desk. Of course nothing was wrong—nothing, in fact, could be. He'd seen the dope, hadn't he? He could tell, too, from the dope what was what, couldn't he? Yes, to be sure he could—though, after that, one thing after another seemed to rise up and nag and worry him—his work especially. His fingers, for one thing, seemed to lose their touch. For another thing, he caught himself making mistake after mistake in the words and figures he was pounding out. Then, along toward half-past two, Old Man Gundy abruptly pushed open his door. He had his hat on and in his hand was a sheaf of papers Joe had handed in to him.

"Say," he said, "what d'you call this junk? Half the figures are wrong and the rest's all cluttered up!" Grumbling and irate, he cut short Joe's attempted comeback. "Cut it out! I don't want any alibis. Get on your hat and coat and come along with me," he ordered. "We're going on a trip."

A trip? Joe quailed as he heard the order. A trip was a tour in Milo Gundy's motor upstate or over into Iowa, where the boss and a couple of pals, maybe, went every week or so to look at the growing corn. They might be gone a day, or they might be gone two or three days—you never could tell. And there were those twenty-five thousand bushels of October Joe had sold! Already he had a loss in it. Already, when he had gone short, October had scooted up. And now what if it went on climbing and he was away out there in the corn lands, far from a telephone or from any other means of knowing what was going on? The old guzooka, though, gave Joe no chance to squirm out of it.

"Get a jump on, you!" he growled.

They went out of Chicago flying. Joe, hanging on to his hat and cursing inwardly, sat on the front seat with the chauffeur; and on the back seat sat Gundy and that flossy side kick of his, McBurney. Out toward the Iowa line was the first big field of corn they came to; and as they neared it the old gorilla stood up, swaying and tottering in the lurching car and his eyes snapping, his arms waving like fins. It was a wonder he didn't tumble out on his head.

"Yeah, wha' did I tell ye? Look at it! Look at 'at 'ere corn!" he yelled.

McBurney caught him by the coat tails. "Sit down," he said; and the old boy, his feet going out from under him in his excitement, sat down. He still went on yelling, though:

"Look at it! Didn't I tell ye? Look at 'at! And 'at! And 'at!"

"Huh!" Joe Beals grunted to himself. What was there to look at? The corn was the same as it was last week, wasn't it? It was, perhaps, just a little less green and lush than it had been seven or eight days ago; but with all the hot weather they'd

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Picture of a man *and* his wife

figuring out what *their* 1929 car should be like

The man and his wife in the picture accepted an invitation we gave them.

We invited them to figure out what they thought a car of 1929 should do.

So they've jotted down miles per hour, and they've thought of acceleration. They have a rough piece of road in mind that they always disliked to travel over, and a tough hill where they've had to shift to second.

There's a wet place in a dirt road where they have thought of a peach of a test for the brakes.

She has a number of ideas about style and luxury.

But they didn't think they'd get all these things at the Flying Cloud price—they hardly expected all of them at any price—and they'd be willing to buy a 1929 car that can only do some of the stunts they've thought of.

Today, they're coming down to make a new Reo Flying Cloud pass the tests they think a car of 1929 should pass.

Tonight, they'll revise their tests. They'll make them a great deal harder. Because the Flying Cloud will have shown them what a car of 1929 can do.

You can be the man in the picture

Consider what the best of 1928 can do. Think up what you'd like to have your car of 1929 do. Then set your standards far higher. Bring your wife down with you and take the place of the people in the picture.

There's a Reo Flying Cloud of 1929 waiting. You can step right into it, and step on the gas.

When you come back, we'll leave it to you whether you want the pleasure of 1929 performance during 1928—or will put up with an ordinary car for another year.

REO MOTOR CAR COMPANY, *Lansing, Michigan*

1929 REO FLYING CLOUDS

GONE! - *those Embarrassing Summer*

Squawks and Squeaks

from your car

This makes New-running Cars of Middle-aged Cars; avoids 80% of all repair bills—and does what ordinary "greasing" will NOT DO.

THOSE squeaks and squawks in your car; how annoying they are when you are alone; how embarrassing when you have someone with you!

Even worse, though, they foretell big repair bills on the way. For they mean lack of proper lubrication. And lack of proper lubrication and poor greases are the cause of 80% of all repair bills.

With the Alemite High Pressure Lubricating System on most cars today, proper lubrication and squeakless, squawkless driving are made easy. This system forces clean lubricant into every vital chassis bearing on your car. It makes old cars run like new. It cuts repair bills enormously.

BUT—don't use ordinary greases in the Alemite System. Use only genuine Alemite Lubricants. Don't drive your car up to an ordinary "Greasing Station." Go ONLY to an official Alemite-ing Station. (Note identification sign above.)

If you go to most ordinary "greasing" places you run the risk of having cheap grease forced into your car. The market is full of greases that break down under pressure. Greases that literally melt away. Dangerously inefficient greases that are heavy with "fillers," soap and fatty acids. Watch out and take care.

The above cut shows the modern dust-proof Alemite fitting which is installed on the chassis bearings of your car

Alemite-ing Stations to Protect You

To protect you and ourselves, too, we have appointed official Alemite-ing Stations in every community. The yellow sign shown on this page identifies those stations. They use genuine Alemite Lubricants—lubricants made especially for high-pressure lubrication. Only stations showing this sign can properly Alemite your car. Go to any one and ask to have your car Alemited.

You Get This

100% Alemite-ing consists of the following service:

1. BEARINGS: Genuine Alemite Chassis Lubricant is forced into the heart of every chassis bearing on your car. This service eliminates burnt-out bearings and rattles that come from worn, corroded bearings.

2. GEARS: By means of the Alemite Gear Flusher, the operator thoroughly cleans out your differential and transmission, removing all grit, dirt and any chips of steel. He then forces in new Alemite Gear Lubricant. Most of the grinding noise and rumbling you hear in a motor car comes from the use of cheap grease in transmission and differential. Such grease thins out in summer, allowing gear teeth to run dry, and the grinding gears act like a dragging brake on your motor.

The use of special Alemite Gear Lubricant usually adds 1 to 1½ more miles per gallon of gasoline, due to freer running. For Alemite Gear Lubricant clings tenaciously to the tightest fitting gears, leaving a cushion of lubricant between them.

3. SPRINGS: Having your springs sprayed with Alemite Graphite Penetrating Oil. It penetrates thoroughly, spreading a thin layer of graphite between the leaves of your springs. Makes your car ride easier and eliminates spring squeaks.

Try this service. Look for the sign. You will notice an immediate difference in the way your car runs. Use this service regularly and you will eliminate, once and for all, the biggest single item in the operating cost of an automobile.

The Bassick Manufacturing Company, Division of Stewart-Warner, 2676 N. Crawford Avenue, Chicago, Ill. Canadian address: The Alemite Products Company of Canada, Ltd., Belleville, Ontario.

Alemite and Alemite-Zerk equally adapted for Industrial Lubrication

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been having since, what did you expect? The weather was corn weather, wasn't it? The corn was just ripening, that was all.

Morosely, his head hunched down between his shoulders, Joe had gone on thinking. What would happen if anything was wrong? What, for example, if there had been some error in the dope? What, in fact, if corn went on going up?

They rushed up one road, then roared on down another. On each side, field after field of standing corn gleamed like metal in the stagnant sunshine.

"Look at it! What'd I tell you?" Old Man Gundy kept on bellowing.

Then, miles beyond, the sun dropped; and later on, somewhere in the dark and just as the edge of a red August moon came peeping up over the rim of the whispering prairie, they drew up at a house, a farm.

"Hi!" roared Milo Gundy, and a man with a lantern lolled out of a near-by barn.

The barn was as big, it looked, as the La Salle Street station.

Inside, it was lit with electricity, and up and down the length of it ran four double gangways, each with a set of pipe-work racks on either side.

In each rack stood a cow—a big, fat-barreled, sleek, contented animal placidly chewing—dozens and dozens of cows—a hundred or so, maybe; and closing the barn door, the man with the lantern came toward them.

"Wal?" he remarked.

"Wal yer own self!" rumbled Milo Gundy. Wheezing and grunting, he lowered himself to the ground. "Kinda warm, ain't it?" he mumbled.

Warm it was. Though the sun had dropped, the air still was as fiery and stagnant as a baked hearth brick; and the man with the lantern, the farm owner, hunched his shoulders in a shrug.

"Guess you was right," he nodded.

"Right, eh?" Old Man Gundy fetched another grunt. "You c'n betcha I was right!" he said.

They ate. Throughout the meal the old boy went at it hammer and tongs, his tongue wagging in time to his knife and fork. A quiet, pleasant-faced woman sat behind the coffeepot at the head of the table, and to her Old Man Gundy addressed himself with deferent old-fashioned courtesy:

"Right fine chicken, ma'am. Best I've et in a long whiles. . . . Great biscuits you bake, ma'am. Wish you'd write Mrs. G. how you just do it. . . . Pickled melon rind? Well, well, ain't this just wonderful! 'Minds me when I was a boy, it do, and mother used to cook f'r all hands. . . . Yep, I was born 'nd reared on a farm, like I told you."

So he had been. So, too, in train with that, his speech had swung back as if intuitively into the vernacular of his boyhood. Joe Beals, though, hardly listened. True, he knew he could have made no error. True, too, he was now almost certain there could have been no mistake in the dope. Then, too, what he had seen that afternoon was on every hand another confirmation—that and Milo Gundy's excitement. All at once, though, as he went on mumbling it over in his mind, he heard his name spoken.

"You're not eating anything, Mr. Beals," the farmer's wife said pleasantly. "Have some more of the chicken, won't you?"

"Thanks, ma'am, I've a-plenty," mumbled Joe.

A loud laugh came from the other side of the table. The laugh was Old Man Gundy's. "Joe's in love, ma'am—that's what's ailin' him. Can't eat—work, either. Never see such a mess. Just got married, y' know."

"A bridegroom?" murmured the farmer's wife. Her face lit as she turned expectantly to Joe. Joe, for his part, could have slain his employer.

"Yes'm," Old Man Gundy was roaring. "Ben married only just a couple o' years—haw-haw!—and can't spell, can't get figgers right or anythin'! Used to be the bes' li'l' ole stenog on La Salle Street, too—on'y today I come near firin' him—haw-haw!"

Joe not only could have slain him; he could have drawn and quartered him too. A moment later, though, he sat up with a jolt. Old Gundy again was speaking, his voice serious now, and Joe listened, his breath held. It was corn that Milo Gundy now spoke of—that was why he was serious:

"Nus-sir, I wouldn't say—leastways, not yet—not for another week—ten days. You can't tell about corn. Maybe she is, then again, maybe she isn't. Another few days, though—a few more of these sizzlers and the nights that go with 'em, and—zowie!"

Zowie? Joe's face was suddenly moist. What did he mean by that? Weren't days and nights like this corn weather—weather to make corn grow? And the more corn that was grown, the more the price would drop, wouldn't it? Of course. No two ways to that. He no sooner had thought of this, though, than Old Man Gundy spoke again, and as he did so, once more Joe Beals caught at his breath.

"It's thisaway, friend," said Gundy: "Your crop's all right and you don't need worry—not for a while, anyways. You got good bottom land—it's moist under it and all; only for t'other fellow it ain't so good. Nus-sir. Not so as I see it, leastways. The crop a'ready is a good quarter or a third burnt up—and that ain't all of it either. Anyways, it ain't as I'm a-figurin'. There's what's happening down in th' Argentine besides."

The Argentine! Again Joe felt the sweat start on his spine.

"Th' rain, y' know. Yes, sir," Old Gundy rambled on, "down there for days she's been a-rainin' cats and dogs; and you know how it is your own self, I guess—rain just when you want to plow and seed. Anyways, from the rains they've had the ground's just gumbo, a regular soup; and even if in two-three weeks they make out to plow 'nd plant, you can figure what a late crop like that'll come to. 'S right! Why ——"

Joe, however, waited to hear no more. Outside, in the light of a round red moon glaring like a burnished gong, he wiped the sweat from his face. Mary had told him not to hock those eighty acres—the farm. She had warned him, in fact, that in spite of his cocksureness he might get his fingers burned. The dope, for one thing, might be wrong. It might be, too, she'd said, that even if it were straight, he might not be able to read it as easily as he thought it could be read. A moment's thought, though, told him this was nonsense. What had happened was merely that he hadn't read and heard all of it there was to read and hear. Now that he had, however, tomorrow, the first thing in the morning, it would be easy to set things right—easy and simple. All he'd have to do, in fact, would be to switch his trade—go long. True, there was the money he'd already lost, but what of it? Why worry over that? So far, anyway, all he'd dropped was a couple of hundred—say, three at the most—and tomorrow when he got back to La Salle Street—tomorrow, the first thing in the morning, why ——

Tomorrow, eh? Tomorrow morning was gone, the Chicago clocks already striking noon, before Milo Gundy's hired man so much as set eyes on La Salle Street!

They set out at dawn. Again they went racing up one road, then down another. Corn! There was mile after mile of it, and at every new field Milo Gundy would bellow "Look at 'at! And 'at! And 'at!" Joe, though, long had ceased to listen. Hunched down on the front seat, he sat silent. One may judge of his sensations, in fact, by the time the car finally drew to the curb in La Salle Street.

"Hi! Where you goin'?" yelled Milo Gundy.

His hired man didn't reply, however. Already he was halfway up the block, heading at a run for the customers' room at Riggs, Stringer & Co.'s. Once he was there, with a gasp he halted at the door. It was for an instant only, though. October corn was up two cents from the price at which he had sold; and no longer caring whether he was seen and known or what might happen if Milo Gundy heard of it, he plunged into the crowded room, his elbows going as he wormed his way through the throng.

"Corn, seven-eighths!" called the quotation clerk; and at that instant Jakes, the room manager, felt a hand clutch him by the elbow.

"Say!" cried Joe. His voice broke as he said it. He seemed for the moment to have some difficulty in speaking.

Then, as he stood there, the quotation clerk cried another quotation: "Corn, three-quarters!"

The hand on Jakes' arm tightened its grip. "Yeah?" inquired Jakes.

As he spoke, the quotation clerk called out again, "Corn, five-eighths!" And at that instant Joe Beals found his voice.

"Switch!" he stuttered. "Switch! Cover that twenty-five I'm short, then buy—buy me another twenty-five! You get it, don't you? Buy! I want to buy, go long—buy twenty-five. I want to buy, you understand?"

Jakes nodded. Inwardly he suppressed a grin. "Yeah, you wanta buy, don't you?"

The look Joe gave him might have slain. "Buy—and at the market!" he snapped.

"At-a-boy!" said Jakes.

Approval now was in his tone. Jakes in fact always approved of those who bought at the market. It saved time; it saved trouble too. It also assured the house its commissions. Busily he was turning away, when again the hand clutched him by the arm.

"Wait!" said Joe, and as he said it, once more his voice broke sharply. "Wait! At each quarter point buy me another five!"

Jakes looked at him briefly. "Up or down?" inquired Jakes.

Joe laughed, the laugh discordant. "Up—up, of course!"

"And if she drops?"

Again Joe laughed. Again the laugh was harsh, metallic. As if it would drop! And sure now—sure of himself, sure, too, of corn, he threw discretion to the winds. Why, anyway, be a piker?

Said Joe, "Either way—either up or down—buy me five at every quarter!"

"At-a-boy!" again said Jakes.

Hurrying off, he headed for a telephone at the back; and Joe, for the first time in twenty-four hours, heaved a sigh of relief. Its fervor, too, was unimpaired as he heard the clerk again call a quotation. Corn, for some reason, seemed momentarily soft.

"October, a half bid!" droned the clerk, but Joe only shrugged. He knew the facts now, didn't he? Corn was a wow, a knockout! In a few days, anyway—say, a week at the most—the price of corn, October, would not only hit the ceiling; it would hit the roof! However, though that was so and Joe himself was so sure of it, he lingered only an instant longer.

"Corn, three-eighths!" piped the clerk; and as he said it, above the clank and clatter of the stock tickers and the telegraph sounders pounding out the prices, rose the sound of a sudden sharp commotion, its source the front row of chairs facing the long quotation board.

Two men stood there, and the two were Vinton and Nils Sonderson. They had just scrambled to their feet. Vinton had Nils by the arm and Nils was saying heatedly, "Leggo! Leggo, you hear!"

But Vinton didn't let go. "Sit down! Don't be a fool!" he ordered; and casting an uneasy look across the room, he added sharply, "If that boob sees you he'll blow it all over the place back home!"

There was no question what boob he meant. There was no question, either, that Vinton had cause for his concern. Back home, if their farm friends heard that he and Nils had been gambling in the Chicago Pit, it would require explanations that he and Nils might find hard to make. But Nils didn't seem to think of that. In a few brief minutes Nils had seen most of his boasted

(Continued on Page 49)

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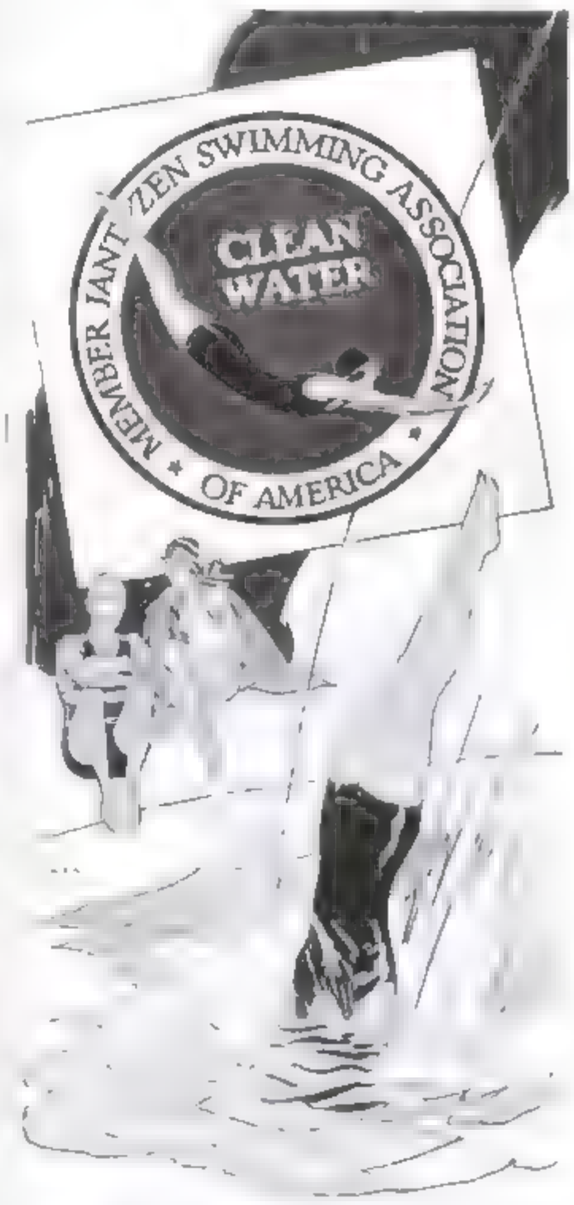

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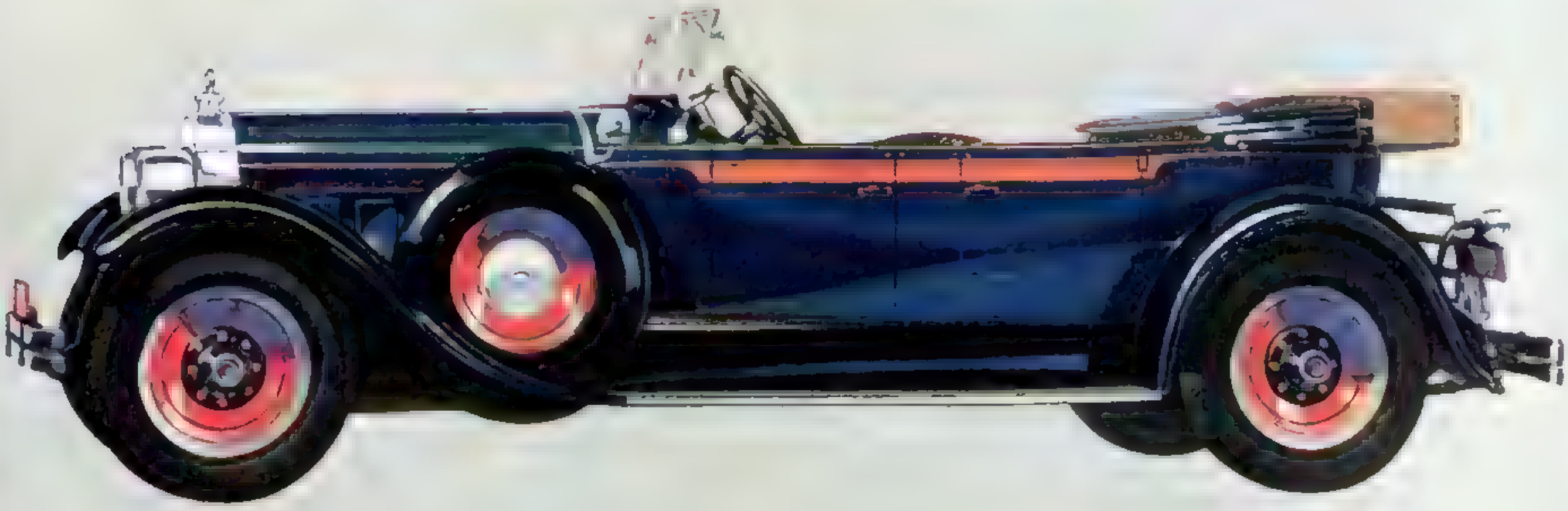

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ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

(Continued from Page 47)

paper profits knocked out by the drop in corn; and if the boob knew anything, and if what he knew was worth knowing, Nils meant to know it too! Vinton, however, only tightened his grip. He knew, in fact, it would do no good to try to pump the dub. He himself had tried it over the phone; and, besides, even if the sucker did leak, they knew already what he'd tell them, didn't they? He was buying, of course—going long.

"Yeah—and is that so?" sneered Nils.

"Sure!" said Vinton; and he added sagely, "The suckers always buy!"

Maybe. Joe Beals, as a fact, had bought. It happens, though, if this be the rule, that those who deal in the Chicago Pit cannot all be suckers. Some must sell when the suckers buy; and ten minutes later, as if in confirmation of the convincing fact, a flash came in over the wire and was posted in the customers' room:

"Big short interest in October. Milo Gundy reported selling."

Milo Gundy, eh? Funny. That afternoon at the close, however, corn was one-half to three-quarters under the opening.

The next day it was a cent and a quarter under that—still dropping too. The drop, incidentally, was the cause of still another brief commotion in the customers' room at Riggs, Stringer & Co.'s, its source, as before, that same gangling, hicklike figure seated on one of the front-row chairs. Corn, it seems, had just dropped a quarter to three-eighths in less than half a dozen transactions; and lurching to his feet, Nils announced loudly, not to say vociferously, he was done with being any sucker. All the suckers might buy, said Nils; but he wouldn't let himself be hey-rubed any longer; and scrambling across the room, he grabbed Jakes by the arm.

"Hey, switch! Sell fifty short!" said Nils. "Sell, you understand!"

Jakes understood. "How 'bout just a li'l' more margins?" suggested Jakes.

Cursing, Nils wrote out a check. As he did so he also cut short his companion's feverish protests.

"You shut your face, Vinton! I'm a-runnin' this now!" said Nils; and elbowing Vinton out of the way, he handed the check to the urbane Jakes. However, Jakes had hardly taken the check when the quotation clerk called another quotation:

"Corn, a half! A half again for corn! Corn, three-quarters!"

In short, now turning abruptly in its tracks, corn had begun to soar.

A half hour later it was a full cent higher. In another half hour it was almost still another full cent up. At the close, corn was close to two and a half cents above the opening; and with that, over the wire came another flash. Like the other, it was brief and to the point:

"October in heavy demand. Milo Gundy buying."

Buying, eh? Short one day, then long the next! It was to make one's head ring. Even Jakes was puzzled, so that for the moment he lost his usual urbanity.

"What's that you say?" he snapped sharply to the customer to whom he was talking. "What's that?"

The customer was Nils. "Just what I say," said Nils, his face ugly. "The feller I'm telling about, he played the boob to us; but all the time, take it from me, it was just a trick they was puttin' over. That feller, anyways, he's the old robber's hired man—Gundy's private stenographer'"

"You're sure?"

"Don't I know?" retorted Nils.

"Phew!" Jakes whistled.

It did look like a trick. First that fellow, the stenographer, had gone short, then he'd switched and gone long. After that, without rime or reason, he'd switched again and sold; and each time, too, that he had done it, he had gone straight against the market. Jakes, in fact, had seen it done before. It was a game some manipulators used to get people in on the market and then sting them. Trick or not, though, one thing was to be remembered: Gundy's hired man still was short, the market still was going against him; and of the margins he'd put up, the check for four thousand berries, all that was left was a rag. More than that, the account already might be in the red ink, Jakes figured; and leaving Nils hung up in the middle of a sentence, the room manager made a dash to the nearest telephone. A moment later he got Milo Gundy's offices.

"Say," said Jakes, "this Mr. Beals—Mr. Joseph Beals?" It was, it seems; and Jakes, his voice dulcet, spoke again. "Say, how 'bout a li'l' more margins, Mr. Beals?" said Jakes

And over the wire came the reply. It was brief, succinct. Jakes, indeed, rarely had been answered more directly by a customer.

"You go to hell!" the customer replied.

The fact is, wiped out, cleaned flat, the customer knew when he'd had enough.

V

FOUR o'clock. As the La Salle Street clocks struck the hour, the door of the private office opened and Old Man Gundy stuck out his head. As usual, clutched in his jaws was the frayed, ragged butt of the favorite ten-center he smoked and chewed at his daily toil; and, as was usual, too, it was cocked up at the belligerent angle it invariably adopted on these occasions. Apart from that, though, and in spite of the fact that he was rolling the cigar butt over in his jaws in the usual savage manner, in Milo Gundy's air at the moment was something not at all in keeping with his daily habit. In other words, instead of barking out at his hired man the familiar time-worn question, that usual snort, "Say, you done yet?" for a long moment he gazed silently at the hired man, his face lit with a benign, indulgent smile, broadening presently into a grin.

It had been quite a day for the old boy several days, to be exact. In short, having tumbled to the fact that the Argentine corn lands, so far from getting the warm spring rains they'd needed, were in reality drowned in mud; and having further seen that the American crop, presumed to be a buster, was already a quarter or a third burned up by a blazing August sun, he had done forthwith what he called taking a wallop at the market.

"Yeh!" he chuckled gleefully. "All those Smart Alecks a-yellin' to th' farmer to get a hustle on 'nd sell will kinda sit up 'nd take notice, I guess—yeh!"

At all events, having first dumped half a million bushels or so into the pit to give the market a kick, as he expressed it, he had then turned sharply to the right-about, buying at practically his own figures all the corn the others were trying to get rid of in a hurry. Briefly, he had reason to grin. It was a knock-out, another killing; though at the moment, it's to be said, that was not just the cause for the old paluka's subdued merriment. You would have seen, had you been there, that the merriment Milo Gundy displayed had somehow to do with Milo Gundy's hired man. By now the old hee-haw was grinning like an ape.

Joe Beals still was unaware of it. His back was turned and he was bending over his desk, the drawers of which were open. Still further, he had taken from the drawers a number of small articles, these varying from a comb and a brush, a towel and a cake of soap, to a framed photograph, that of his wife, a packet of letters bound with string, a pair of overshoes, a box of cough lozenges—so forth and so on; and busily engaged, he may not have heard the door of the private office open. At any rate, he still was employed in wrapping the articles together in a neat paper bundle, when all at once, with a dexterous wag of his jaws, Old Man Gundy emitted the cigar butt from his mouth like a missile, at the same time bursting into a giggle.

"Tee-hee!" he tittered; and at the sound, Joe Beals gave a start—it was almost a jump, and swung around on his chair. His face haggard, he gazed darkly at his employer.

Old Gundy was standing in the doorway, his portly figure quivering. The joke, whatever it was, seemed to fill him with unbounded amusement. Joe Beals glared. He had no idea, for his part, what the joke was all about. On the contrary, life at the moment was anything but a joke to him. Life was a dud, a washout; and the least of it was by no means the fact that he had been cleaned out, wiped flat, in that fool effort of his, the attempt to get out of Old Man Gundy's clutches by beating the old hijacker's own game. Besides that was something else—how could he go home with what he had to tell? And his heart filled with misery and sullen rage, he was about to let fly a blast of it at the grinning figure in the doorway, when the figure, still tittering, abruptly jabbed a finger toward the paper parcel on the desk.

"Say," said Milo Gundy, breaking into another tee-hee as he said it—"say, what's all that?"

A growl came from Joe Beals. "What's what?" he rasped.

The finger made another jab. Again Milo Gundy tittered. "The comb and brush—those cough drops—the photo—all those things," he said.

"Those?" repeated Joe. He gave his shoulders a shrug. "They're mine. I'm quitting," said Joe.

The titters died abruptly. Milo Gundy perked his head at his hired man. "You're going to what?" he inquired.

"Quit," repeated Joe, and a pause followed.

The pause was prolonged. Old Man Gundy gazed fixedly at his hired man. The hired man gazed fixedly at Milo Gundy. Then Milo Gundy spoke, his voice slow, deliberate.

"Like hell you are!" he said.

"What?" gasped Joe.

"I said like hell," the old boy repeated; and taking a cigar from his pocket, Milo Gundy savagely bit the end from it, stuck it in his jaws and struck a match. Then, when he had lit the cigar and cocked it up at an angle in his mouth, "Now, you young fool, you listen," said Milo Gundy.

Joe listened. There was nothing else to do. Slumped down on his chair, his head sunk between his shoulders and his face abashed, he sat there while the old gorilla said what he had to say.

"Yeah, that's what!" said Milo Gundy. "Young fool, like I'm a-sayin'! You're all alike, you young fellers—most of you, anyways—and I was like you, too, when I was young, a hired man like yourself. Rich, bloated with boodle—that's what you think you ought to be—rich overnight, what's more; only you never stop to think mebbe you gotta work some 'nd learn a little before you c'n lay hands on all that money—the millions, you think you're worth. You think—I did, anyhow—that all there's to it is a-sitting at a desk with your feet on it 'nd just a-reachin' out when you feel like it to grab a million or so red-hot 'nd sizzlin' off the stove. 'At's what I used to think, so I did—only never mind! I was on to you, young feller. I've been on to you a long while, I have; and it was like you had the mumps or the measles or was teethin'. All the signs were there—you had 'em all. You were like any kid that goes through those there diseases that any and every kid goes through. Yeah—easy! Easy as pie, you figured! You had it all mapped out that if that puddin'-headed old bozo the boss could do it, you c'd do it too. Any old fritz like him, yeah! Any half-baked, doddering, scramble-headed, talky old whoozis—what? You couldn't see facts, you couldn't, and I'm a-tellin' you! 'Stead of seein' yourself for what you are, the best li'l' ole stenographer in La Salle Street, you got sore! You got to thinkin' the world—the whole world—was agin you. Don't I know? Wasn't I the same when I was a hired man? Didn't I think, too, I was a regular whiz, a boy Napoleon all the world was a-sittin' on jus' to keep me f'm gettin' a chance? Well, I did, I did—and yeah, that's why now I'm a-sayin' to you what I'm

(Continued on Page 52)

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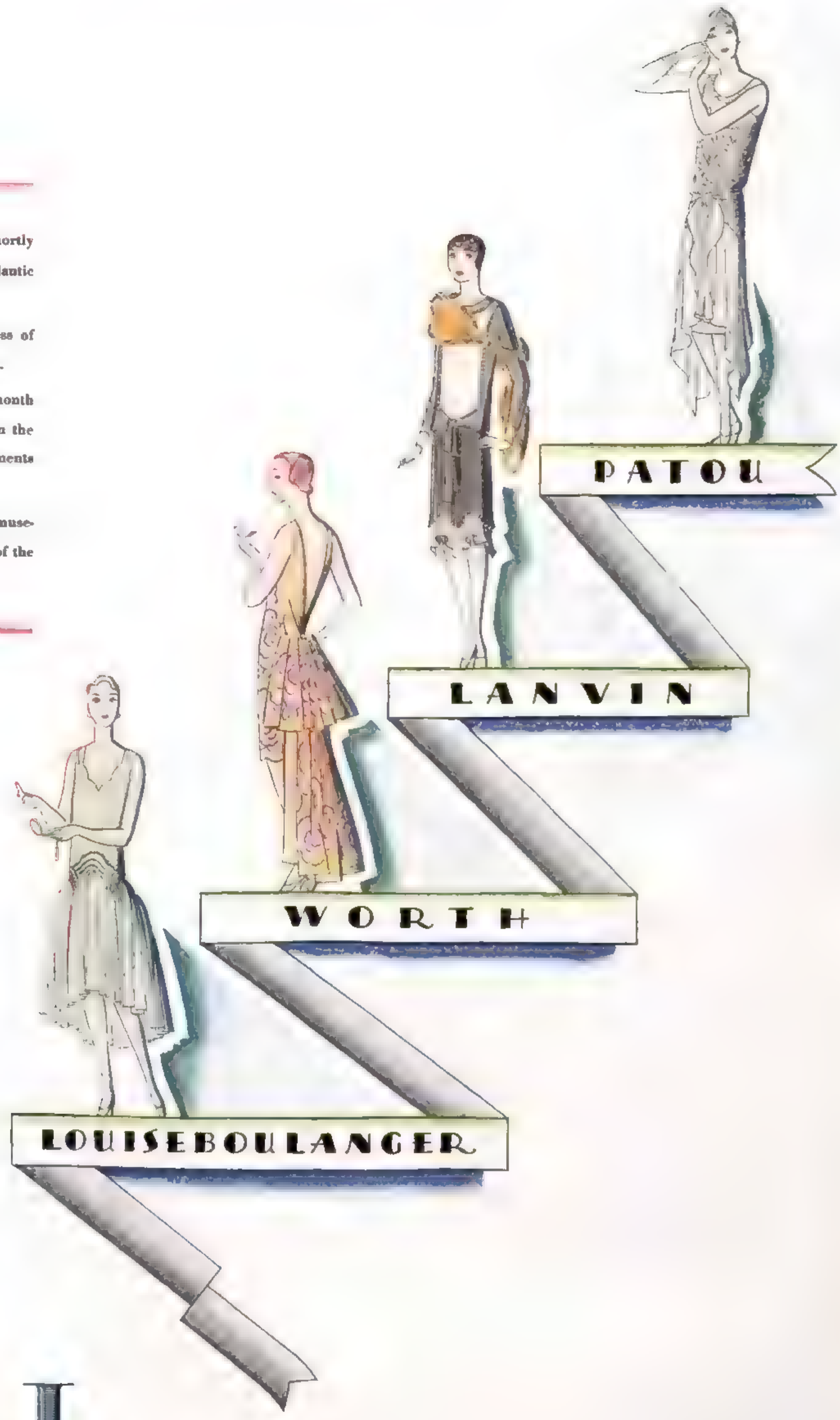

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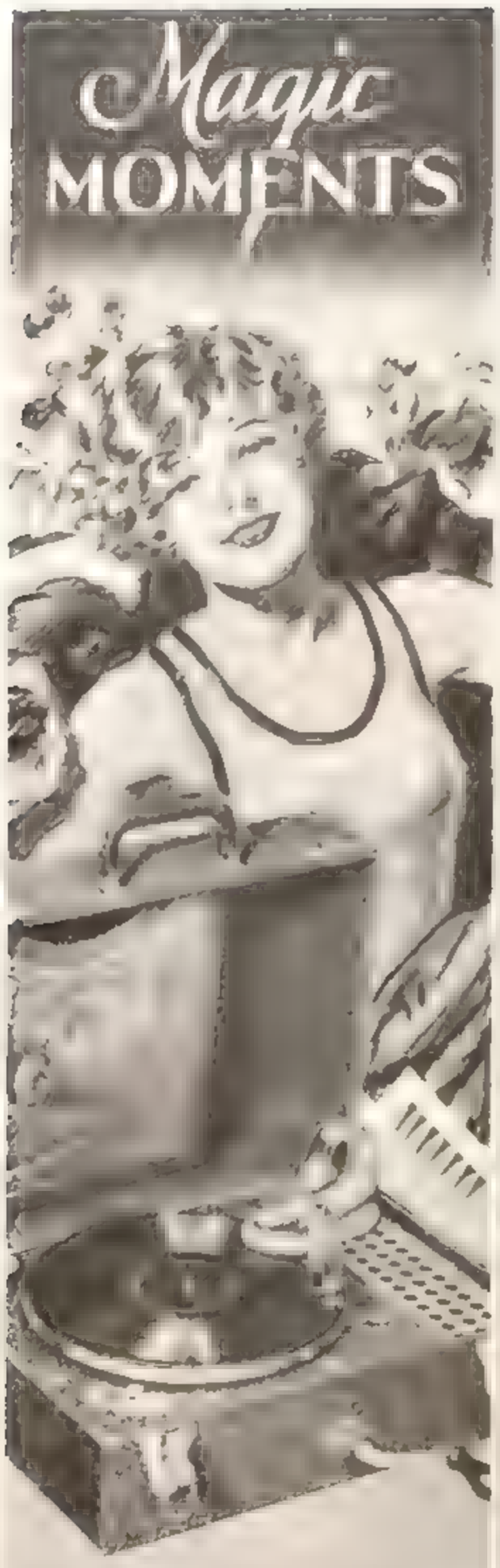

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Continued from Page 49

sayin', stead of givin' you the boot. It's becuz you're what I was when I was what you are—a young fool. And you were a-goin' to quit, were you? You were goin' to quit just becuz you'd got a lickin'—quit! Well, like hell you are!" Milo Gundy said again. "What you're a-goin' to do is to punch that there time clock tomorrow morning at nine sharp and keep on a-punchin' it, and —— Say," he blurted out abruptly, "how bad did you get let in, anyways?"

Bad? Joe looked up at him, his face blank.

"Huh?"

Old Man Gundy was staring at him sourly. "Yeah, you know. You got four thousand bucks from that bank back home, and how much of it did you drop? It was at that shop upstreet—Riggs, Stringer & Co.'s." Joe just gasped. How did Gundy know? How had he found that out? – found out, too, about the four thousand? The old man gave a grunt. "I know—never mind. I know a lot of things—more'n you think, mebbe. A man in my job has to. And there's that couple o' political sidewinders, the farmers' friends—Vinton and that big mush Sonderson. The farmers' friends—them! And a-goin' to close up the board—huh! Well, they'll more'n ever want to shut it up now, they will—only to H with them. You tell me how much you got stung, you hear!"

Joe's voice, when he spoke, was a murmur. Embarrassment, not to say shame, was in its tone.

"Four," said Joe.

"Four?" It came from Gundy like an explosion. "Four? You mean all—the whole works?" It was so; and there was another explosion, this time a guffaw. "Say, lost the whole bundle, every cent, did you? And you were the jake, too, that was goin' to clean up La Salle Street! Well, thanks for the laugh you give me—it's worth the price, so I'll tell you what. You go to the cashier tomorrow and get a check. Then you get your mortgage off that friend of yours, friend Vinton, the farmers' friend, and turn it over to me. After that, you can pay it off as you go along say, in two-three years or so. What's more, I'll tend to it so you do, get that?"

Joe got it.

"Thanks," he said meekly, and Milo Gundy gave a grunt.

"Don't thank me—thank the cat," he mumbled; and growling and grumbling, he was turning back to his private office, when abruptly he spoke again. "Say!" he said.

"Yes, sir," said Joe.

"You listen, young feller! Next time you get to readin' the dope and thinkin' you c'n hit La Salle Street a sock in the eye don't! You come to papa, you hear?"

"Yes, sir," answered Joe.

"Yeah," said Old Man Gundy; "I may not know much, but I know one thing—corn. Like I say, you come to papa, young feller!"

BEGINNERS, PLEASE!

Continued from Page 11

a child and ought to be able to tell me what she said about how to put a foot on the ladder. But I found her in a dilemma too.

"You see," she said, "if you are a dancer, there are certain things you must learn at a school; but what to do with your equipment after you have learned it, how to make it unique and something that is you, must come from yourself. I can't tell them how to do that. In a way it is easier for a dancer than anyone else to get on the stage, for there are such wonderful schools here in New York now and the managers and dance producers are always going up to those schools to look for new talent. And when a dancer shows the producer a routine he can actually see what that will look like on the stage. But when it comes to applying that ability to a rôle where there may be singing and lines to say, of course, he can't tell. So I can advise them to go to a dancing school, but that doesn't necessarily mean that that is the way to get on the stage. I can't tell them that."

"How did you do it?" I asked.

"We lived in Washington—my mother, my sisters, my brother and I—and we were as poor as poor could be. My mother did everything for us, of course. And one day she went into Poli's Theater there, where a resident stock company was playing, and asked at the stage door if they ever had any need for children to play children's parts, for she had some she thought were very cute. They didn't have anything just then, but they took her name and address, and the first thing we knew there was a call for one of us. Well, we got to be a fixture there; whenever there was anything for children to do, they always said, 'Send for one of the Eatons; one of 'em is sure to be right.' This went on for a long time, until finally one day mother said 'Let's go to New York,' and we went. We've been here ever since and we are all working in the theater."

Pigeon-Toed to Fame

You see, it's as simple as that. Only you have to have a mother who will go to the stage door of a resident stock company and who will one day say "Let's go to New York."

Then I tackled Helen Hayes.

"I tell them to go and do stock until they get experience," she said.

"But," I answered, "do you get the stock job for them?"

"Oh, no, I can't do that. I can only tell them where they are to be had." There it was again—you could really only tell them where the jobs were; it was always and forever up to them to land one themselves.

"But," I again objected, "I always feel they want you to get the job for them. That advice is not what they want at all; it is only a nice way of saying, 'Can't you give my daughter a position in your company? You are the star; you can have anything you want.'"

"You can't do that if you don't know anything about them, can you?" smiled Miss Hayes. "It would be dreadful to send a letter to your manager telling him to give this girl a part; she has wonderful talent, so they say; and have him take her on your say-so, only to have her turn out to be a complete washout, thinking of the stage in terms of the diamond bracelets that are supposed to come wadded up in the center of every bunch of violets. Then when you sent him someone who is really bound for the top rung, he might say, 'Listen, sweetheart; I've had one scald with these protégées of yours. No more.'"

"And yet, if you send them to a stock company and they get the job, how do you know that might not be the worst influence in the world for them?" I asked, realizing that there are precious few where you can get really good direction. The whole aim and purpose of many of them seems merely to get through the Monday performance, make 'em laugh if you have to fall down to do it, and try to give the cues once in a while.

"If they have the stuff they'll come through," she answered.

"Ah," I exclaimed, smelling a mouse, "that's what you did!"

"Not really, I didn't," laughed the tiny star of Coquette, that tragedy of a Southern small-town flirt which is keeping the Maxine Elliott Theater awash this season with the tears of the audiences. "You see, it all happened because I was pigeon-toed."

Visions of Mr. Jed Harris looking all over America for a pigeon-toed actress who would give just the touch he needed for this play, and finally exclaiming "Ah! Helen Hayes!" arose before my startled eyes. I had heard of people going on the stage because they were double-jointed, but I had never heard of pigeon-toedness being the determining factor of histrionic ambition.

"To correct this my mother sent me, at the age of six, to a dancing school," Helen went on. "That didn't seem to help an awful lot; in fact, the defect has never been quite cured; but somehow or other, when it came around to the end of the term and time for what the dancing teacher was pleased to call the May Ball, I was chosen, among the others, to appear as something in it. As a matter of fact, bad as I was, I couldn't have helped being in the thing, because every pupil had to be in it to show what a large dancing class it was. My mother had been to see a Follies shortly before the May Ball was announced and when she realized that her child was to act out in a real theater—for we were to have a real stage, with scenery and everything—she determined that little Helen should be and do something different from the rest. Annabelle Whitford, as the Gibson Bathing Girl, in this particular Follies, had made a great hit with my mother and she decided that it wouldn't be a bad idea to teach me the song, dress me up as the Gibson Girl and send me out to do a single, as they say in vaudeville.

"This she did; made the dress herself and rehearsed me until I couldn't possibly make a mistake. The afternoon of the May Ball came around at last and I appeared."

Another Mother Gives the Right Cue

"Now the lady who had the class had borrowed some scenery from Lew Fields, who happened to be playing there that week. How she came to know him or have the courage to ask him for it, I don't know—perhaps we performed at the theater where he was appearing. At any rate, she did get it, and for some occult reason he chose to enter the theater from the lobby just at the moment I tripped on to chirp my little piece. Goodness knows, you'd think a May Ball would be the last thing in the world Lew Fields would ever want to see if he didn't have to, but there he was. When I had finished he went out to the box-office man and said, 'You tell that little girl who just sang if she ever wants to go on the stage to come and see me.' This was duly repeated and put away in our memory box.

"A little later a friend of mother's bought a stock company down there and said to mother one day: 'Helen is sort of used to appearing before people now and we've got a little part in the next week's show; won't you let her do it?' Mother did, and from then on I did all the children's bits. I got to liking it and did more and more parts, until one day mother said 'We are going to New York.'

"Remembering suddenly Mr. Fields' remark of four years before, she dug up a picture of me in the Gibson Bathing Girl rig and called on the gentleman with me in tow.

"'Do you remember this little girl?' she asked.

"'Perfectly,' he replied. 'And I recall what I said at the time.'

"'Well,' said mother, 'we're here.'

"'And I've got a job for her,' he said.

"So you see, it really all happened because I was pigeon-toed."

And had a mother who also said, "Let's go to New York."

The extraordinary thing about these two Washington children is that though Mary Eaton started as a dramatic actress in Poli's, she has become one of America's foremost dancers, and Helen Hayes, who began her career singing and dancing, has developed into one of America's foremost dramatic stars, with as uncanny a gift for what

(Continued on Page 54)

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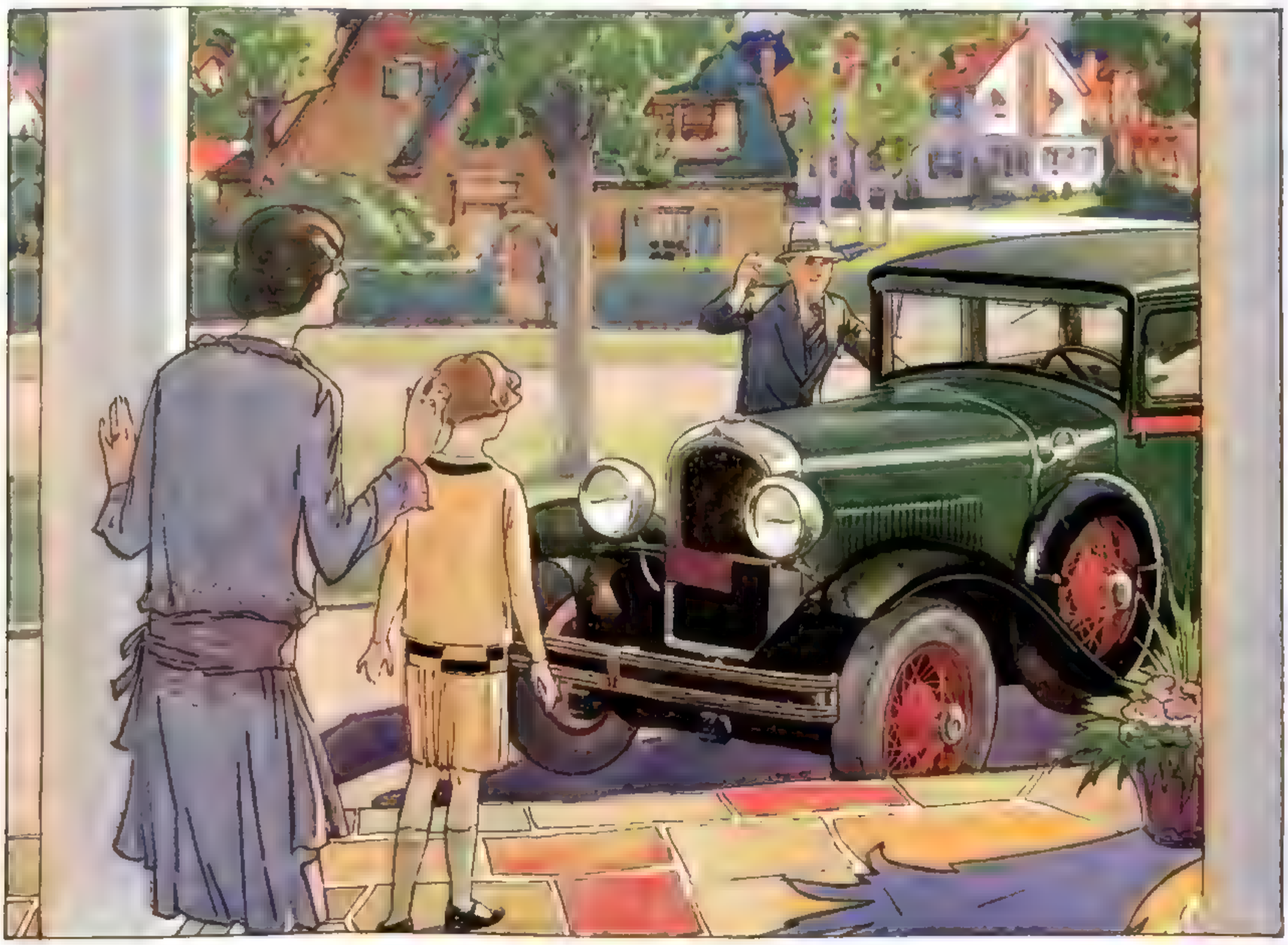
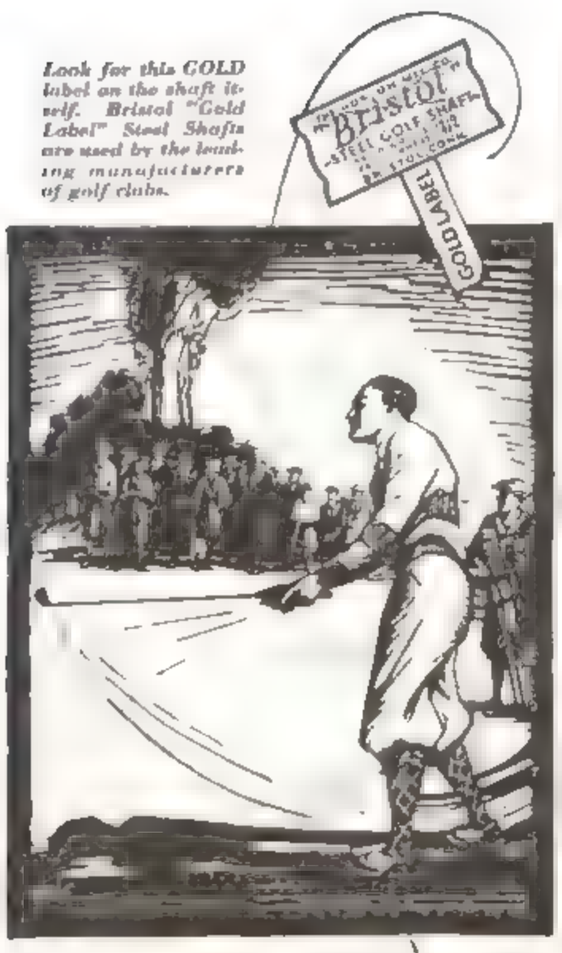


Everyone has heard so much about straight-eights. Up till now, however, few have been able to afford this more luxurious type of transportation. Now 'most everyone can afford it—thanks to Marmon, who have produced a remarkable eight at a six price. Marmon-built throughout. Plenty of room. 65 to 70 miles per hour.

The new "68", $1395; and the new "78", $1895. Prices f. o. b. factory. De luxe equipment at moderate extra cost.



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You can be sure you are getting the utmost in snap and strength with the Bristol "Gold Label" Shaft, because it is made of "spring steel." In fact, it is the only shaft that is made of this finest of steels.

When you choose your next club, examine carefully the shaft, for it is all important. On all Bristol "Gold Label" Steel Shafts, you will find a label in GOLD. It will be your guarantee that you are getting the very best in material and workmanship.

"made of Spring Steel"

"Bristol" Steel Golf Shaft

Write for booklet

Upon request we will send you an interesting little booklet on golf.

THE HORTON MANUFACTURING CO.
2062 HORTON STREET, BRISTOL, CONN.

(Continued from Page 52)

is true and right and thrilling in emotional acting as there is anywhere in the world.

So how can you tell? Even mothers, who ought to know best of all, cannot predict or plan.

And then there are those who start out so badly that any one of us with any experience would be glad to go to them quietly and say, "I realize you want to be an actor and all that, but truly, it would be better for all concerned if you gave it up. You'll never do, and the heartaches of failure and disappointment are so hard." But who knows whether or not we aren't like the Irish hotel maid who said to Ysaye when he was practicing a difficult passage over and over and over before a concert in Wheeling, West Virginia: "Give it up, man dear; ye'll never learn to play the fiddle."

Henry Miller used to tell a story on himself about his first experience on the stage. He had heard that a great Shaksperean star was to play in Toronto—which was Miller's home town—and knowing that there are always mobs in Shaksperean productions, he went down to the theater on Monday and braced the manager for permission to appear. He was lucky, for not only was he accepted but he was given a line to say. This he rehearsed and rehearsed, trying all the inflections possible in the English language and proudly "gave all" at every performance that week. A few years later, by a great coincidence, he was engaged as leading man with this very same male star.

Home From the Wars

"And not letting well enough alone," Mr. Miller used to say, "I could not resist identifying myself to him. So I asked him if he had played Toronto often. Oh, yes, he had, many times. Did he remember playing there such-and-such a winter? He thought he did. Did he remember playing the Merchant of Venice there that week? Very likely. Did he remember a nineteen-year-old boy of Toronto who played a bit—Stephano? At this point he suddenly peered at me long and earnestly; then got up and went to his wife's dressing-room door. 'Emma,' he said, 'he's here!'

"I had become a household word," Miller used to chortle. "I must have been awful!'"

But he became one of the best actor managers. If one like him had come to me for advice, what should I have said? I don't know. He had an impediment in his speech; that alone, you would think, would have been enough to hinder him on his road to fame. But it didn't. Good health and no deformities, you would say offhand, certainly are essentials in an actor's equipment, and yet one famous actress was sick all the time and used to have to leave the stage to take her medicine. This was Clara Morris. John Drew had a bad cast in one eye and always played his scenes profile to the audience, if possible. He never had a photograph full-face until very late in life, when his eyes had been operated on and he was forced to wear very thick spectacles. There is an actor playing in New York now who has a withered hand, yet I defy you to tell me who it is or notice it while he is playing. And a young English actor who was over here two seasons ago has a wooden leg, his own flesh-and-blood one having been shot off in the war, and yet he conceals it so admirably that you cannot detect his loss.

The war may not have deterred that young gentleman from pursuing his ambition, but queerly enough it gave Leslie Howard his opportunity to go on the stage. That blond and handsome actor, who is so magnificent in Galsworthy's Escape, came back from the Front to find his old job at the bank given to somebody else, in that time-honored way of employers, and he couldn't seem to find another. One day he wandered into a theatrical agency, and because of his looks and general gentlemanly bearing he was swooped into a leading rôle in half an hour and has been playing them ever since, as well as writing articles about the theater and a most amusing play called Murray Hill. That the stage is his real calling is unmistakable. Was it luck that caused his bank job to be filled by someone else, or what? Can he advise those who come to him to go to a war, come out well and whole, find no work and wander into a theatrical agency in order to repeat his road to the stage entrance? I ask you. Or can he say, "Begin at the bottom, my boy, learn your business thoroughly, and some day you'll be a star," in the face of his own experience?

Then I bethought me of Dudley Digges, that delightful Irish actor who both acts and directs for the Theater Guild; he would be sure to have had tons of experience with the young idea and would, from the wisdom of years of being a stage manager and more years of being an actor, be able to tell me what to do.

He was fairly busy, what with playing in two Guild shows and rehearsing in another, but finally I caught him at a spaghetti supper one Sunday night.

"I suppose you have tons of youngsters coming to see you about getting on the stage, don't you?" I asked as an opening.

"No," replied Mr. Digges.

This rather floored me, but I went on: "I should think you'd be besieged by them."

"I am," he replied, "but they scare me to death, so I write to them and say the best thing I know to do is to go ask somebody for a job—a stock manager, an agent or a regular manager. The Guild is very anxious to find clever youngsters; they can go there and apply for a position in any capacity until they prove worthy of a real part. But I myself am no judge, nor can I advise a procedure. You see, I almost got into an awful jam once for trying to get some girls onto the stage. I was stage manager for Disraeli at the time, and in the last act we had to have a flock of extras for the big scene when Disraeli made Victoria Empress of India. On tour, of course, we picked them up where we could, and the ones we got weren't always the most beautiful women in the world.

"One day in Montreal Mr. Arliss came to me and said, 'Mrs. Arliss and I have been shopping here and in such-and-such a store we saw the most lovely girls. Why not go to them and see if they don't want to earn a little extra money?'"

A Man Named Callahan

"So I did go. I found the place and the girls, who were all Mr. Arliss had described. I enlarged upon the thrill of stage life to them, and they were all for taking it on. 'But,' said they, 'how much will you pay?' That, of course, was the rub. '$1.75 a performance,' I answered; whereupon they roared with laughter and told me they were models for the Paris gowns and made from eighty to ninety dollars a week. But they did want to act anyhow, and told me to see the manager of the store for permission, because they would not be allowed to work elsewhere without that.

"With some trepidation I went to his office, introduced myself and told him my story. He listened with growing anger until, no longer able to contain himself, he flung an accusing finger at me and cried: 'Get out of my office! I know what you are; you're nothing but a white slaver.'

"No, I have given up showing people how to get on the stage," said Mr. Digges.

"Could you tell them from your own experience what to do?" I asked.

Mr. Digges' eyes twinkled in true Dublin fashion.

"Well," he said, "hardly."

"But how did you manage it?" I persisted.

"I'll tell ye some day—some day when ye've all day to listen. I'll take ye for a ride in my motor car—this is to let ye know I have a motor car—and maybe I'll tell ye."

"Didn't you start with the Irish Players?" I went on, knowing the day when he'd be free would be never.

"In a way—in a way. Ye see, I'd no idea of the stage at all, at all. Economically it couldn't be done. But there was a party one night in Dublin ——"

"Yes," I prompted.

"Ye'll have it out of me the first thing I know! Well, it was all because of a man named Callahan. Ye see, there was a party at Callahan's house and a man recited."

"And ——" I prodded.

"And —— It isn't fair to drag it out of me before I ride ye in me motor car! Anyhow, the man recited and I took Callahan down in the cellar and said, 'That man was terrible!' and recited myself a piece about Christmas in the poorhouse. . . . I'll tell ye no more till ye see the motor car. But 'twas all because of a man named Callahan."

Needless to add, Mr. Digges has begun to act in another play for the Guild, and from the looks of things I shall never see the motor car.

Old Ladies of Eighteen

Despairing of finding any help or answer to my question, I decided to ask one more person and to go at last to Ina Claire. She would be sure to know what to say to the crowds of youngsters who come to her for the magic phrase which would open the enchanted door to them; for if there is anything about the theater Miss Claire does not know, it isn't worth knowing.

"What do I say to them?" repeated that blond and brilliant lady whose clothes are the next word from Paris. "Me, I run! I can't give them jobs, for I don't own the production. Anyway I wouldn't dare trust a part to them until I had seen some of their work, and asking a person to recite for you is a terrible ordeal for the reciter and cannot possibly give you an idea of his or her real qualifications. I do send occasional ones to someone who can teach people the essentials of stage deportment, but I suppose that is evasion on my part. You see, I started to have ambitions to go on the stage when I was no more than three or four years of age; so I am at a loss how to advise old ladies of eighteen. I used to imitate everybody who came near and dressed up in my mother's clothes until she never had a gown to her name that hadn't been pulled and yanked around by me as I acted before the mirror. She must have sensed I was a good mimic, for she encouraged my plans to be an actress and let me go to the Lafayette Theater in Washington"—there must be something about the climate in Washington—"when they needed a child actor for a show. It was a boy they wanted that first time, but I persuaded them I was swell in boy parts. I got the job all right and had a scene all to myself on the church steps with the organ playing. From then on I bedeviled every manager and everybody around until I got parts. I simply would not go to school. I was to be an actress, and the sooner I got at it, the better for all concerned. As a tiny child I got into vaudeville, doing imitations; then I went into the chorus of musical shows. I got an education somehow—my mother probably saw to that—but I was bent on being an actress, and heaven help whoever got in my way!

"What can I say, then, to those who come to me at nineteen and twenty, well educated, well fed and faintly burning with a desire to go on the stage? The only way I know is to begin when you are old enough to walk and talk."

So, you see, we who dwell in the glamorous radiance of a stage career—which, goodness knows, is so much less glamorous than that which is lit by the Klieg lights—simply don't know how to help those who want to come in too. We should like to be able to hold out our hands and say "This way," but we don't know how. We understand the thrill that rushes through you when you see backstage for the first time; although, as a little girl friend of mine said, like the boy in the fairy tale who told the truth about the king being naked: "Why, it looks just like an express office!" We

(Continued on Page 57)

You can't beat it, Men!

P. A. AND a pipe . . . what a combination in restraint of gloom *that* is! Why, Prince Albert starts broadcasting its happiness-program the instant you fling back the hinged lid on the tidy red tin. What an aroma! Fresh. Inviting. A fragrant hint of a glorious taste to come.

Then you put a load into the muzzle of your pipe and light up. Now you're getting it. Cool as a reminder of a mortgage. Sweet as a clear title. Mild and mellow and long-burning, right to the bottom of the bowl. Mild, yet with a rich, deeply satisfying body.

Beat it? Why, you can't even "tie" it. Prince Albert has led them all in sales for years and years. There's only one reason for that, so far as I can make out. P. A. is giving more pipe-joy to the cubic inch, and the smokers of America have found it out. Go get some P. A. and prove it.

Here you are, Men—TWO full ounces of grand smokings.

PRINCE ALBERT

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Says *Mrs. Edward R. Millen,*
38 Curtis Avenue,
West Somerville, Mass.:

"I do not know how I ever got along without a Premier Duplex. I remember how I dreaded cleaning, how I hated to sweep and dust, and how I despised the thought of beating the carpets because the hardest part of the day's work always left me tired. Not so now. No matter what I decide to clean, what attachments I use on my Premier Duplex, I know my work is done thoroughly and in about a quarter of the time it originally took. One is not tired after all the work because the Premier Duplex is so easy to handle. The Premier Duplex is certainly the solution of the housecleaning problem, for my carpets always look so clean—and are clean. I do not think of the Premier Duplex as a machine, but as a friend—one I could not do without."

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⅓ the size, ⅓ the price of Premier Duplex, but the same high quality, durability and efficiency. Weighs but 4 pounds. Ideal for cleaning automobile upholstery, clothing, mattresses and carpets.

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A Premier for every purse and purpose

(Continued from Page 54)

know how your heart can jump when the boy calls, "Half hour!" "Fifteen minutes!" "Overture!" and at last: "First Act! Beginners, please!" on that first night of your very first performance. But if the capacity to thrill is there and you want to go on the stage more than anything in the world, don't worry. You'll do it.

You may be like the girl who tried so hard to get Beerbohm Tree to give her a chance, but he was too busy to see her, so she went to the theater where Tree was rehearsing the production and sat in the stage-door entrance for six weeks seeing him come to rehearsal at 10:30 and leaving at four, until he got so used to her face he thought he knew her and spoke kindly every day. At last she told him why she was there and he was so amused by her persistence that he took her inside the theater and had his stage manager find her a position.

You may have to go the dreadful rounds of agencies for months, despairing and unhappy. But it will be up to you at the last to ask for the job yourself. We none of us can do that for you, nor do we know how to advise you to word it. We might even make a break such as Blanche Yurka, the star of The Squall, almost made once when she went after a part she heard of. She had been told by somebody that it was a woman-of-the-world rôle, so she put on her longest earrings, made up her eyes heavily, and carefully managed to be smoking a cigarette when the casting director came out of his office to look over the roomful of applicants. His eye swept past her without a flicker. Soon she discovered, by asking her neighbor, that the part was that of a sweet pure young thing, whereupon she flew out of that office, grabbed a taxi, dashed home and into a fluffy dress, tore off her earrings, jammed on a big floppy hat, rushed back to the office, greeting the director with a shy smile—and got the job!

Looking this all over, I have come to the conclusion at last that the only way to get on the stage is to be born in Washington, go to Drury Lane, have a friend from Milwaukee, be pigeon-toed, speak with a lisp, go to war, lose your job, be a mimic, have a mother who says "Let's go to New York," and know a man named Callahan!

Will you forgive us then if the shivers go down our backs as we murmur over the fat letters: "Beginners—puh-lease!"

Getting On in the World

Jobs for the Middle-Aged

A GROUP of metropolitan executives called me into a conference a few years ago to explain some new work of a semi-clerical character that was to be instituted in the company shortly.

"It will," one of them remarked, "be deadly monotonous." Then turning to me: "Do you suppose you could get us some middle-aged women to do it?"

"Nothing easier," I laughed; "but you have given me a commission I never expected to receive in this business house." The executives joined in my laugh. Every one of them had heretofore insisted, in asking me to find new workers, that, if women, they should be young and pliable. Pliability was the great desideratum, with no apparent recognition that pliability is largely a matter of temperament and by no means wholly a matter of age. But here, at all events, was a distinct, if not entirely flattering, demand for the middle-aged, and the employment department quickly found the requisite number of refined quiet women to whom the very monotony of the work was welcome, as several of them confessed to me later. They were tired of battling with life, glad to have an opportunity to dream, as they worked, the not unhappy dreams that come in the afternoon of life. For the rest of us in that hard-driven organization the new department became a source of real delight. With its serene faces, steady, placid movements, it was like an oasis in the midst of a furious world of speed and noise. Its members had, of course, been selected with considerable care, for there are—it needs always to be remembered—as many varieties of the middle-aged as there are varieties of flappers.

It was a little later, in the same company, after a good deal of dissatisfaction with the service afforded by its large filing department, that, in replacing one of the attractive but flighty young creatures of which the department was principally composed, it was decided to try an unpretentious though poised and pleasant woman of forty-five or fifty who had applied for office work, but whose previous experience had been entirely domestic. The question in regard to her was the usual one: Would she ever become speedy enough to make herself valuable? As a matter of fact, she never became a whirlwind, but her accuracy saved the time lost by the average young girl in the department in untangling, or having others untangle, her mistakes. She is still in the department referred to, and is, I believe, head of one of its subdivisions.

Though filing experts, both speedy and accurate, as well as imaginative and resourceful, are necessary on every filing force of any size, and I do not wish to underrate the importance of training for this work, now procurable at a reasonable expenditure of time and money—yet the fact remains that there is probably no office work which can be better undertaken by an intelligent middle-aged woman who has had a fairly good education but no previous business experience than filing. Here then is a class of jobs which might be largely set aside for desirable middle-aged applicants, leaving younger ones for jobs where the demands are such that they are forced out of the apathy and listlessness that too often consume young girls put at work of this character.

Far from being a poor risk, the middle-aged woman in the majority of cases is much more dependable in her attendance than her younger business sister. It is a fact often lost sight of, but of no small business importance, that a woman's years of greatest physical vigor are commonly after she is well advanced in middle life.

In addition, the presence in a group of young employes of even one middle-aged woman, provided she is sensible, sunny and understanding, has proved again and again a stabilizer of the whole force. She is the general confidante, and in case of difficulties within the department, her advice is sought and taken for the reason that she is more or less consciously recognized to have passed beyond the sort of personal squabbles and secret rivalries usually involved in departmental turmoil.

The last thing I should wish to suggest, however, is that middle-aged women who seek jobs must be delegated exclusively to those routine clerical ones, such as filing, that by universal consent, though essential to business, are by no means thrilling. But the woman of outstanding force who is thrown upon her own resources in middle life will make her own opportunities. I know one woman who found her first job at forty-six, without a pull of any sort, and who within two years was earning a salary of five thousand a year and within two more had doubled that figure. I know another more than fifty whose husband's estate proved insolvent and who has just been made hostess of a well-known hotel in one of our large cities. The comparatively new job of hotel hostess is one, incidentally, for which mature women are particularly well fitted. The women, however, who are being given such opportunities are not the sort who are writing to the papers complaining

His manners .. perfect— *but his skin?*— er .. well ..

"A GENTLEMAN—down to his fingertips" . . . so she thought until his face came close to her eyes. Then she saw the gray skin-tone that pore-dirt always gives.

HE knew that he'd washed and shaved. But he didn't know that pore-dirt can never be scrubbed or scraped away. It's UNDER the skin.

Tiny specks of soot—millions of them—are afloat in the cleanest air. There are countless thousands, the U. S. Weather Bureau says, to every inch. This swarm of dirt rains on you all day long. Slips into the pores. Gets jammed in . . . tight!

You can scrub your face. Still pore-dirt hides in your pores. But try Pompeian Massage Cream on your skin and see what happens to pore-dirt.

Roll out pore-dirt—
Make skin CLEAN

Scoop a fingerful of Pompeian from the jar. Notice the clean pink color as you start to massage. Rub it into the face, over the chin, around the nose, across the forehead. Rub until the cream rolls out in dried pellets. What's the color now? GRAY! Gray with dirt that dulled your skin, that robs you of that well-groomed look of utter cleanliness.

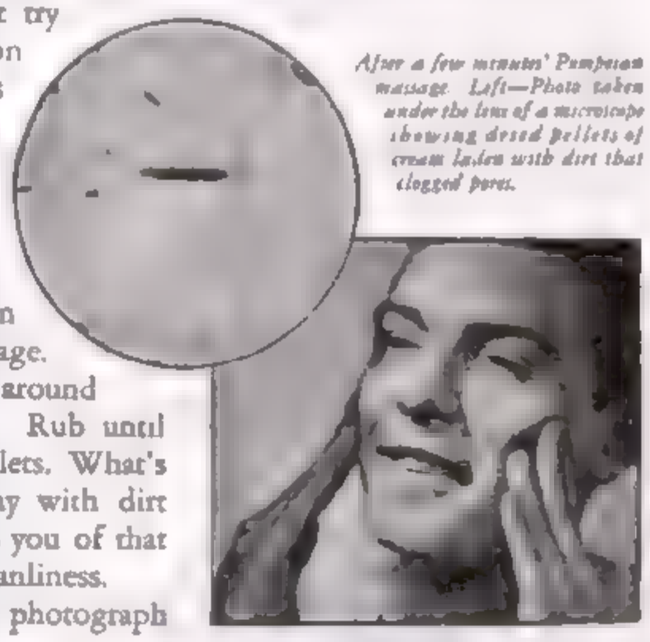
That's what the remarkable photograph below—taken under a powerful microscope—tells you. And that's the sensational demonstration you will see Pompeian work on your skin. Try it . . . and try it tonight! Keep that date with a face so clean and ruddy that when her eyes come close to your face, she'll say, "My, but you never looked better in all your life!"

The air is alive with millions of tiny particles of sooty gray

Even indoors, as you can see from a ray of sunlight, the air is dirt-laden.

This FREE test convinces thousands every day!

A generous jar of Pompeian is 60c at any drug store. You are welcome to test it free. Please take advantage of this coupon and mail it NOW



After a few minutes' Pompeian massage. Left—Photo taken under the lens of a microscope showing dried pellets of cream laden with dirt that clogged pores.

POMPEIAN MASSAGE CREAM

The Pompeian Company,
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In Canada: 72 St. Ambroise St., Montreal.
Gentlemen: Please send me a free trial tube of Pompeian Massage Cream . . . enough for two cleansing, invigorating facial massages.

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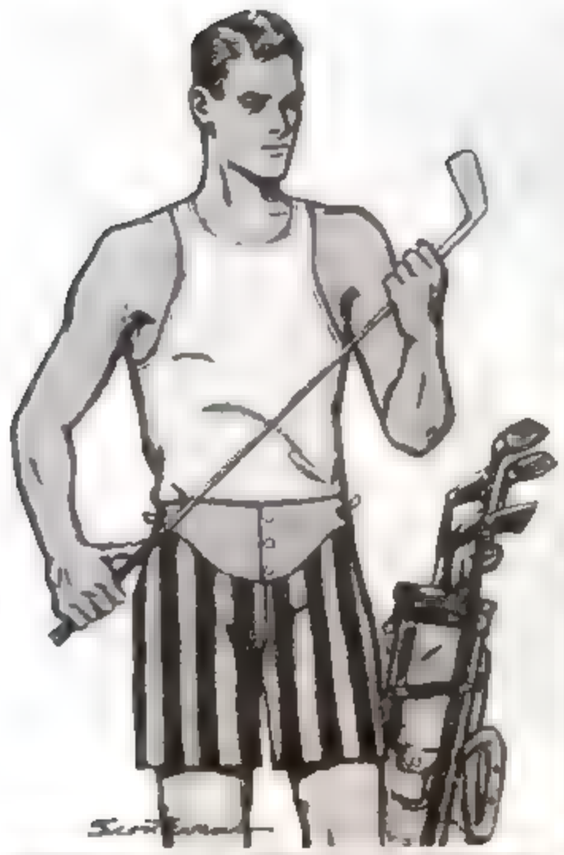

that pretty, young girls are keeping them from jobs that should be theirs. They have no quarrel with pretty, young girls. They appear to think that they have reached the best years of their lives. They know, at any rate, that, if not in the matter of youth and beauty, in a hundred other ways they have the advantage over the young girl, and they are fully occupied in seeking to capitalize such advantages.

But it is not with jobs for the dynamic, resolute middle-aged man or woman—those outstanding personalities equipped at almost any period of their lives to cope with almost any eventuality—that we are concerned. It is with the plain, average, middle-aged job seeker, of whom there are far more proportionately and who constitute the real problem.

If there are jobs especially suited to middle-aged women, there are quite as many especially suited to middle-aged men. There are, to be sure, many jobs in every business organization which are otherwise suitable, but which must be kept as training places to be occupied successively by younger men destined eventually to manage the business. But leaving out of account positions of this description, there remain many what I may call static jobs, at present filled by discontented young men who realize they are getting nowhere and to whom it is a real injustice to keep them where they are.

Pestering Mr. Perkins

I may cite the department of an executive I shall call Mr. Perkins. Up to a few years ago Mr. Perkins had filled the jobs in his department, as vacancies occurred, with young men.

If these young men proved capable and satisfactory, they began to pester him almost immediately to be transferred to some other department in the company where, they believed, there might be a better opportunity. If they failed to receive either the transfer or any encouragement along this line, they almost invariably left. Mr. Perkins is a man who treats—so far as he can see—all the employes under his supervision with consideration. He came, in time, to be considerably disturbed over the fact that he was unable to retain any of what he called good men longer than a few months, more often a few weeks.

One day when he dropped into the employment department with his usual inquiry whether we had any young men on our list of applicants of the kind he liked—clean-cut able young fellows—I ventured to remonstrate, "Yes, we have them, Mr. Perkins, but we're afraid to give them to you!"

"What do you mean?" he asked, a trifle nonplused.

A Snug Harbor in a Blind Alley

"Well, you realize, of course, that there are only two positions in your department that any ambitious young man would aspire to—your own and that of your first assistant. Now, any bright young man entering your department, Mr. Perkins, sees that you and Mr. Davis are in excellent health and in the natural course of events will not vacate your own berths for a good while to come. But what is vastly more important, he soon perceives that in your department he is learning nothing about the business as a whole or that may be useful to him later. In other words, he is wasting what, from the standpoint of preparation, is the most valuable period of his life on a blind-alley job. Naturally you desire very good men. But can you hope to hold very good men on jobs that are not very good, or at any rate, that have small value in the way of business development? Here," I said, handing him the application of a man I had interviewed a few days before, "is what I consider an ideal man for your department."

"But his age!" demurred Mr. Perkins, pointing to a date that indicated the applicant had just passed his forty-ninth birthday. "I've never considered for an instant taking a man of that age into my department!"

"Why not?" I pressed. "Ten to one you'd have him with you much longer than if he were twenty-nine, to say nothing of nineteen. This man will consider the job you can give him, not a blind alley but a snug harbor."

Mr. Perkins finally consented to take the man in question, though with the understanding that he was to be on trial.

"How's your new man working out, Mr. Perkins?" I asked, meeting him a week or so later

"So far, capitally!"

Nevertheless, when one of Mr. Perkins' young men left a short time afterward, he sent to the employment department his accustomed request for another man "not more than twenty-eight," and it took almost as much argument before he would consider an older man as it had to induce him to try the first one. Habit is strong, especially business habit.

"Why, this man is fifty-three!" he exclaimed, examining the application I was urging him to look over. "You'll soon," he laughed, but rather annoyed, "be asking me to take octogenarians."

Raising the Age Limit

"But in this case," I returned, "you know the man by sight, if not personally. Mr. Smith doesn't appear in the least decrepit, does he? The small business he has conducted for years has petered out, due to general conditions. He has saved some money, owns a little property, but doesn't consider it advisable to undertake another business venture of his own. What he wants is a steady job that will pay him enough so he won't have to touch his capital. He believes he has a good many working years ahead of him, and I hope you'll give him a chance."

Somewhat reluctantly Mr. Perkins decided to do so. Gradually he took on other

(Continued on Page 60)

This New UNDERWEAR

Scores the style hit of the season

Here's a new style summer underwear that a man can have some pride in! Reis Jimsuits are the hit of the season, the newest vogue among sportsmen, business men, outdoor men—men who want style, comfort and dashing good looks in their summer underwear.

These new garments are modeled after the track athlete's suit—cut for free action and perfect comfort. Reis Jimshirts are knit in the easy pull-over style. Reis Jimpants hang trimly from the wide, adjustable waist band, the short legs flaring smartly.

Step up to your favorite men's counter today and ask for Reis Jimshirts and Jimpants. Step into this new style underwear—it's made for active men. Boys' sizes, too.

Reis Jimshirts—75 cents to $3.50.
Reis Jimpants—75 cents to $6.00.
They're on the counters now. Ready! Get Set! Go!

ROBERT REIS & COMPANY
Two Park Avenue, New York City
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Change to REIS
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JIMSHIRTS
JIMPANTS

The Loving Cup

STYLE · POWER · SPEED · STRENGTH

FOR ONCE it is safe to follow your first impulse and buy a car because its beauty fascinates you. ¶ Thousands have done precisely that with the Six of the Century during recent months, to find that Hupmobile engineering has richly rewarded them with amazing new performance qualities. ¶ Not alone in the super-smoothness and increased power of Hupmobile high compression; not alone in marvelously quick get-away and pick-up. ¶ But also in braking that is smooth, soft and *sure;* in steering that spells the end of tiresome tugging at the wheel; in handling-control and in riding-ease that free you from all the old fatigue of motoring. ¶ You can see with your own eyes the new distinction and beauty which Hupmobile has created; and nothing pleases a Hupmobile dealer more than the opportunity to demonstrate the newness of performance which contributes so much toward making this car the Six of the Century. ¶ Twenty-four body and equipment combinations, standard and custom, $1345 to $1625 f. o. b. Detroit, plus revenue tax.

HUPMOBILE

The SIX *of the Century*

And she would have said "Yes"

HIS beautiful romance has been shot in the neck. Sweet Agnes-Mae is not going to hook up for the long term with a dub who doesn't know enough to have his brakes lined with RUSCO. Have your brakes relined with RUSCO today and always be able to stop quicker.

Holds in WET Weather as Well as in Dry

Rusco Brake Lining is treated with a special RUSCO secret compound, so that water has no effect on its efficiency.

Rusco repair men pay more for RUSCO than for ordinary lining, but they do not charge you any more. They use special mechanical equipment that insures expert adjustment and application of RUSCO. Have your brakes inspected, adjusted or relined today at the nearest Rusco Brake Service Station. Send for free booklet. The Russell Mfg. Co., Middletown, Conn.

Garagemen: Send today for famous Rusco proposition to the trade

RUSCO BRAKE LINING

Other RUSCO *Products*

Rusco-Ace Brake Lining
Durak Brakeshoe Liners
Bull Dog Brake Lining
Transmission Linings for Fords
Clutch Facings *for all cars*
Hood Lacing
Fan Belts *for all cars*
Tire Straps and Towing Lines
Belting for Power Transmission, Elevating and Conveying
Tractor Belts

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middle-aged men to fill other vacancies, a little younger or older than the first two. In the employment department, we had, of course, selected the men referred to Mr. Perkins for this purpose with even more care than we gave to the selection of younger applicants. None the less, it was gratifying when, in the course of the following year, Mr. Perkins voluntarily made the statement that he had never had more satisfactory men than those in question. They were rather slow, yes, but almost never made mistakes. They did not gossip about their personal affairs with fellow employes, never asked for days off or special privileges of any sort, were not forever disappearing into the washroom to smoke furtive cigarettes; above everything else, were always on time, or even ahead of time. His only objection, he confided, to employing men of this age exclusively was that other executives were beginning to twig him about running an old men's home.

Most executives, however, especially if they themselves have reached or passed middle life, have, at heart, a good deal of sympathy for older men and women who somehow or other—not always from lack of character or ability—have lost out in the game of life and are seeking salaried positions when they are past their prime. They are willing to stand a reasonable amount of joshing at their own expense, if they find they can use such men and women without business loss.

Solely on Their Merit

But while business, when it comes to jobs for the middle-aged, may profitably acquire a new slant on an old situation, there is something incumbent upon the middle-aged, if they desire jobs, more than merely being middle-aged. There never was a time in history when age, as age, was paid so little respect. The business world is not exempt from the general trend of the times. Once white hair was respected simply because it was white. Today older men and women in business, as everywhere else, must show specific reasons why they should be respected. It is up to the middle-aged to show business that they are worthy of jobs. No one wants a crabbed and fussy, or cynical and pessimistic man of any age round an office or store or plant, let alone an older man who has acquired a confirmed habit or outlook of this sort. No one wants a garrulous or stiff-necked or bossy or gloomy woman around, or one perpetually looking for slights, whatever her age may be. A business house often continues persons in this category in its employ because of their previous years of faithful service, but when it comes to taking on new employes who show signs of possessing any of the traits enumerated, it is very, very wary.

Making It Personal

I have interviewed for employment a multitude of no longer young, or distinctly middle-aged women, either with or without previous business experience, who complain on the one hand that they are being crowded out of business or, on the other, that they are not being given a chance, because of the preference of business for younger persons. And I have yet to talk with a single woman of this class who did not instantly reveal why she, individually, was not wanted. The very complaint itself is highly illuminating, and when, added to this, there is a sour or, worse still, set-as-a-bone look that has settled upon their faces—well, why should business want them?

Business has not, it must be admitted, given the matter of jobs for the middle-aged the consideration it deserves. But neither have the middle-aged always made fair claims upon business consideration. It is time that the two should canvass what respectively they have to offer each other—and get together.

—ANNE W. ARMSTRONG.

LINDBERGH, THE PILOT

(Continued from Page 17)

shook his fist at Lindbergh, as the latter slowed up to note the effect of his performance.

Apparently not satisfied, Lindbergh drew off to one side and delivered another propeller blast from a different angle, so that we were turned off our course and headed in the general direction of Mexico.

"I'll fix him," declared Phil, jumping back into the pilot's seat and heading after the Spirit of St. Louis—but in vain. Lindbergh banked steeply and slipped far down beneath us, to come up more than a hundred yards on the other side.

Flying like this might seem hazardous, but at no time was this the case. Realizing the difficulty of maneuvering the more heavily loaded advance plane, Lindbergh never took any chances, but always held to safety first.

Even without the unusual skill of Phil Love, the advance party would not have felt endangered at any time, for Lindbergh is an expert at close flying. Part of this comes as a result of barnstorming days and exhibitions and part from his hours of formation flights in the Army.

Automatic Control

Quickness on the controls, automatic action on rudder and throttle while his eyes are on the near-by ship—these are part of Lindbergh's ease in placing his plane where he wishes in relation both to moving and stationary objects. Without that perfect feel of his ship he would have to look frequently from his instruments to the other plane; in which fraction of time something might happen at those close quarters.

This ability of his came in well at Stone Mountain, on the morning of our leaving Atlanta. We had decided to fly by the side on which the Confederate Memorial is being carved. Reaching it a little ahead of Lindbergh, we glided down closely and parallel to the memorial side; only to be greeted with the fiercest air currents we had experienced anywhere on the tour. Inside of five seconds all three of us had been thrown out of our seats and half of the baggage was in our laps.

Phil jammed open his throttle and we forged off to one side through the very bumpy air caused by the wind striking the base of the mountain and being deflected vertically upward, to clash with cold currents sweeping over the smooth top and rolling down the side.

A Rough Day in the Air

Hardly had we climbed into calmer air when the Spirit of St. Louis approached, flying even lower than we had done. At the same moment we spied a string of power wires almost directly in Lindbergh's path at this low altitude. Phil headed back instantly, hoping to warn Lindbergh of his danger. In a minute we were again in the grip of the bumpy air. Maidment and I leaned out and gestured frantically between pitchings of our ship, but Lindbergh only waved back, not realizing the reason for our excitement.

Just then he struck the first of the air currents and his hand abruptly disappeared. He had been in a slow glide and the first bump dropped him several feet.

Even caught thus unexpectedly, Lindbergh was instantly in control, as he opened his throttle and began to fight through the region of turbulent air. We watched anxiously as he neared the wires, but he soon climbed above them.

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Light up....for happiness

GOOD light helps to make good company; it promotes good cheer. Anything that is worth looking at deserves plenty of light.

And what a nuisance and annoyance poor light can be. How embarrassing to have to borrow a lamp from one socket in order to fill another.

Avoid this. Buy Edison MAZDA Lamps in the carton of six. That's the thrifty way and the safe way, since the carton prevents breakage. Then you are safe from empty sockets; you always have spare lamps ready for use.

Edison MAZDA Lamps represent the latest achievements of MAZDA* Service, through which the benefits of world-wide research and experiment in the Laboratories of General Electric are given exclusively to lamp manufacturers entitled to use the name MAZDA.

*MAZDA—*the mark of a research service*

EDISON MAZDA LAMPS

GENERAL ELECTRIC

Summer is the Time *to Save on Winter Fuel* — as Mr. Weeks did!

—"Our Architects, Tinsley & McBroom, specified Monarch Weatherstrips. We eliminated them as a luxury. 18 tons of coal failed to keep us comfortable that winter. Then we installed Monarch. The 13 tons burned last winter, was a saving of $60. The house is cleaner, and the windows slide easier. Every three years we get back our investment, in fuel-saving alone. Monarch Weatherstrips are *not* a luxury. They are a necessity!"

—Leo Weeks, Des Moines, Iowa

Make Your Windows and Doors Leak-Proof!

Heat losses around doors and windows are the main cause of high fuel-bills. By stopping air-leakage *at the source*, Monarch Metal Weatherstrip forever stops the waste. You gain in cash and comfort.

The patented Monarch principle *permanently* seals the cracks. Shrinkage of sash or frame makes no difference. Unlike all others, this weatherstrip adjusts itself to the crevice.

MONARCH 5★ *feature* METAL WEATHERSTRIP

★*interlocking—self adjusting—two metal members—lubricated mechanism for guaranteed performance*

is guaranteed to reduce heat losses to a minimum for the life of the building. Thus it saves fuel, stops rattles, and shuts out dust and rain. It makes windows slide easier, reduces housework and means a cleaner, more comfortable home. Architects specify it for their best work. Your home can readily have its advantages through your local Monarch Factory Licensee.

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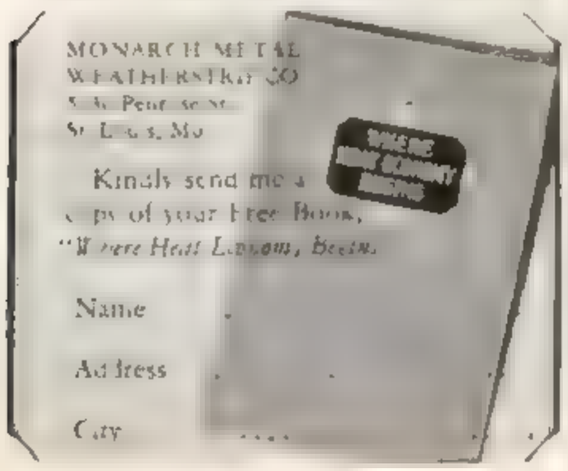

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We breathed a trio of relieved sighs, and just then the Spirit of St. Louis turned back. This time Lindbergh flew down by the side of the memorial exactly as he had said he would. The baffled winds hurled his ship up and down so that I could not even focus my camera on it, though our own plane was by now in fairly quiet air. His sight-seeing trip completed, Lindbergh zoomed up alongside of us and nodded, smiling.

Yet, with all his ability to handle a plane under any and all circumstances, Lindbergh never became foolhardy or careless. His deviations from routine flight were made with quick but accurate calculations, based on his experience. He never strained the ship he was flying. Sometimes during the tour newspapers mentioned his stunting the Spirit of St. Louis, but this was a mistake. On approaching each airport he would come in at a fast glide under power, fly across the field and then pull up into a steep climb, usually at a slightly crooked angle. Turning back, he would approach slowly and land. This was the maneuver which was several times quoted as "an amazing exhibition of stunting." Few realized that this was caused by Lindbergh's care for the crowds that waited at the airports.

"I can see the field better, dragging over it that way," he explained to us one night. "I can tell if there is enough of a barrier to keep people back from getting hurt. I climb up at the middle of the field to get altitude for going back and making a slow landing. Besides, it gives people a good chance to see the ship from all parts of the field. But it certainly isn't a stunt—the ship wasn't built for that purpose."

His extreme care for the inevitable crowds was the secret of the completion of the tour without injuring anyone, for there were many instances of heedlessness on the part of the spectators.

At one time he had leveled off and was almost on the ground when more than 300 school children ran onto the field, directly toward the Spirit of St. Louis. But Lindbergh's eyes were already on them. His engine roared wide open. The ship shot upward over the heads of the now frightened children. He did not land until one of the tour party signaled that the field was clear. At still another city he had already landed when a huge crowd dashed through the police lines. Swerving the Spirit of St. Louis around almost at a right angle, Lindbergh swiftly taxied it ahead of the hysterical crowd to a spot where he had time to shut off the engine before the human storm broke.

With Three Minutes to Spare

It is this remarkable faculty for keeping his head at all times that has made him the superflyer that he is. Without this characteristic, his great victory might have been turned to tragedy at the moment of his winning, when those first thousands of joy-crazed Parisians ran blindly toward the revolving propeller of the Spirit of St. Louis as he landed at Le Bourget Field.

Lindbergh's care for others was once exemplified in a different way. During our week-end stay at New Orleans he had flown a Navy pursuit ship to Pensacola, returning Monday morning accompanied by a Navy pilot in a second plane. After he had landed, it was noticed that the escort ship had disappeared. Someone vouchsafed the information that it had fallen into the thick growth of trees surrounding the airport.

Lindbergh immediately turned to Phil. "We'll have to find it and let the airport men know how to reach the pilot," he said quickly. "You fly the northern half of that stretch. I'll take the other."

He jumped into the Spirit of St. Louis, which was waiting to take him on the scheduled hop to Jacksonville. We followed closely, and for half an hour weaved back and forth searching the thick growth for some sign of wreckage. Lindbergh landed at the end of that time and we followed suit. I supposed he had decided that we must go on to Jacksonville, but I was wrong.

"Exactly where was the plane when you last saw it," he was asking the man who had seen it disappear—"in what direction and about how high?"

After getting a vague answer, he was turning away when I ran to the side of the plane.

"Shall I send Jacksonville a message?" I asked him. "They'll understand then, if you're late."

He shot a glance at his clock.

"No, we can hunt for half an hour more and still get there, running nearly wide open. We'll go that long and then see what happens."

Just before the half hour was up we were signaled to land at the field. We learned that the Navy pilot had managed to glide his plane across the Mississippi River and make a forced landing at the edge. He was unhurt.

"That's fine," said Lindbergh, his grave expression vanishing at this good news. "Tell him I'm sorry he had this trouble. And now we'll have to move."

And we moved at a fast pace straight from New Orleans to Jacksonville, except for circling a city which Lindbergh declined to omit even under this added handicap. We landed at Jacksonville with three minutes to spare.

To Vary the Monotony

Lindbergh's refusal to carry a parachute on any part of the tour caused frequent comments by those who were anxious for his safety and did not fully understand the situation.

"This is a commercial operation," he said in regard to questions. "'Chutes should not be used except in military work, mail service and experimental flying. I'm better off without one anyway. It would give me less room and less freedom in handling the ship. And the Spirit of St. Louis lands so slowly that I could stall it almost anywhere, even in mountainous country, without getting hurt. Dropping with a 'chute in the mountains might be worse than sticking to the ship."

There was another reason for his decision, as it applied to the rugged and uninhabited section covered by the Rockies. The equipment in his plane would not be separated from him, perhaps dashed to pieces, or dropped in a canyon or some other inaccessible spot, as it would if he jumped and let the plane go on. Nor is it likely that he would have deserted the Spirit of St. Louis under any circumstances.

Before we were anywhere near the mountain country Lindbergh had suggested that we buy emergency rations, knives and canteens.

"Let's get them now," he said. "Then we'll have them if we need them."

But he showed no fear of being forced down in some isolated region. Rather, I believe he would have enjoyed such an experience if it would not have interfered with keeping the tour schedule.

"It wouldn't be so hard to get back to civilization," he said one day, after we had flown over a particularly barren and rocky stretch. "We'd probably be a week reaching the nearest town, but it would be fun roughing it."

Our week-end at Sacramento was almost disrupted by this desire to be out in the open. At least a week before we reached this city, Lindbergh had been talking of a camping trip.

"We'll get up early Sunday morning about three o'clock," he said enthusiastically. "No one but a few guards will be at the airport and we can take off without any trouble. We'll carry along some food and we can camp between Sacramento and Reno."

"It's pretty bad country between here and Reno," I objected, with my vision of a comfortable hotel bed fast fading away and a picture of a cold night in the mountains taking its place.

"That will be all right," Lindbergh assured me. "I barnstormed out that way a few years ago and I remember passing over a place where we could land easily. I'm sure I could find it again. It isn't within miles of a road or a village and we'll have the whole place to ourselves."

But by the time we reached Sacramento, Doc Maidment had found an argument, for he and I sided against Lindbergh and Love.

"The people here expect the Spirit of St. Louis to be on display all Sunday," he told the colonel. "You can't take it away without disappointing them."

Lindbergh hesitated about a second. "All right; we'll take the advance plane and come back early Monday for the Spirit of St. Louis."

"How about the newspapers?" I said. "By tomorrow morning they'll have you lost on a mystery trip. And when you don't show up at night they'll be searching the whole Rocky Mountain Range."

Even this had little effect, and it was only after he found that some upkeep work on the two planes was advisable that he decided against the idea.

To Lindbergh most of the actual flying between cities was so routine that he was always on the lookout for something unusual. A picturesque spot, a twisting canyon, a beautiful lake—any of these were sufficient to lure him from a straight course. Except when pressed for time, or flying under the handicap of bad weather, he constantly made exploring trips over the country below. The more difficult the exploration, the more delighted he seemed.

In Glacier and Yellowstone parks he was in his element. One moment he would be diving into a narrow canyon or circling some tiny crystal lake. The next he would zoom up into the sunlight like an arrow, holding this height only long enough to spy out some new attraction in the ever-changing beauty of those rugged wildernesses.

But even such magnificent sight-seeing was not enough for him. He several times regretted that the tour did not call for any night flights. When it became necessary to make a partial night trip from Santa Fé, New Mexico, to Fort Worth, he did not hide his elation.

Into the Darkness

This deviation was caused by the accidental omission of an overnight visit in New Mexico. Kusterer, our advance man, who was forced to double back over the entire Southwest by rail on account of this, even accused Lindbergh of leaving out the stop on purpose, so that he could later do some night flying.

At least five days ahead, Lindbergh figured out our program for that night.

"We'll have to get up at 12:15 A.M.," he announced with open satisfaction. "We'll eat breakfast at 1:00 and reach the airport at 1:30. Then we'll take off at 2:15."

Though the newly constructed field at Santa Fé had no lights, this did not bother the colonel.

"All we need is an automobile at the lower end of the field," he told the airport committee as we prepared to take off. "The headlights will show where we have to be off the ground."

A few minutes later the Spirit of St. Louis dashed into the darkness, showed for a second above the car at the end of the field, and then was gone. We followed after giving Lindbergh a short time to get clear. Once or twice we saw his flash light, far off to one side as he gave a precautionary signal to warn us if we happened to be near.

Thus we began the longest day's flight of the tour. We landed at Abilene, Texas, for a brief ceremony, then went on to Fort Worth, arriving at two o'clock. The usual three-hour afternoon program followed, yet Lindbergh showed no sign of fatigue.

"I'm glad we have only a half-hour hop tomorrow," Doc Maidment declared that night after the banquet. "For once we can sleep all morning."

(Continued on Page 67)

A small section of the surface of an average car magnified 20 times. The left side is still covered with Traffic Film. The right side has been cleaned with No 7 Duco Polish

The lustre is not gone . . *it's only hidden by* TRAFFIC FILM

THE original beauty of the finish on your car—the color and lustre that it had when you first drove it away from the dealer's—the gleaming body and fenders—they're still there, hidden beneath a coating of Traffic Film.

With No. 7 Duco Polish you can remove that hard layer of Traffic Film easily and quickly. You can bring back the original beauty, renew the color, restore the lustre and make your car look like new again

Traffic Film: a Result of Modern Motoring Conditions

Traffic Film is not simply a new name for an old malady It is the direct result of modern traffic and highway conditions

Minute particles of oily, sticky dirt are constantly settling on your car, no matter where you leave it, in city streets, on country roads, even in your own garage These particles are baked together by the sun and the heat, forming a dull, hard film over the entire finish

This coating of Traffic Film covers up the beauty of your finish, hides it from sight. But the beauty is still there, still bright and gleaming, waiting only for a little polishing to reveal it in all its former glory

No - Duco Polish is made to remove Traffic Film

No. 7 Duco Polish is a neutral polish with no harmful abrasives. It quickly penetrates and softens Traffic Film, permitting you to wipe away the dirt particles easily With a little No. 7 Duco Polish and a soft cloth, you can accomplish in a few moments what hours of scrubbing with soap and water could not do

Buy a can of No. 7 Duco Polish and use a little every week or two. If you prefer to have your car polished by the garage man, ask him to use No. 7 Duco Polish to restore the beauty of the finish

No. 7 Duco Polish contains no acid—it is packed only in the can shown here. Leading automobile manufacturers recommend No. 7 Duco Polish and many of them put samples in all their new cars. Look for the sample can in your auto tool kit

Du Pont, the makers of Duco, have developed two other products to make your car more beautiful. No. 7 Auto Top Finish will waterproof the top and bring back its original lustre It is also an excellent dressing for spare tires and tire covers. No. 7 Nickel Polish cleans and brightens radiators and lamps. It is also an ideal polish for metal surfaces in the home

Send for this Sample Beauty Kit

Beautify your car at our expense. Send us this coupon (with 10 cents to help cover cost of mailing) and we'll send you the following

1 Sample can of No. 7 Duco Polish (enough to polish your car once)
1 Sample can of No. 7 Nickel Polish (enough to shine up the radiator and lamps)
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E. I. DU PONT DE NEMOURS & COMPANY, INC.
Desk S-4, General Motors Bldg , Detroit, Mich
Canadian Address: Fiint Paint & Varnish Limited, Toronto 9, Canada

Send me your Sample Beauty Kit for my auto. I am enclosing 10 cents (coin or stamps) to help pay mailing cost.

Name .....

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MADE BY DU PONT, THE MAKERS OF DUCO

By this easy test . . .

ABOVE is a Goodrich Silvertown "in action."

Beneath the plate glass is the tread just as it would look in that fleeting instant when it rushes against the road.

Compare the tread under pressure with the tread on the right hand page.

Note, above, how the grooves can close up—easily, smoothly, without harmful tread distortion.

Then glance at the edges of the tread—the shoulders—and see how those heavy safety blocks come against the road with full, firm contact.

Perhaps this does not seem so important. But remember, what you see here happens close to 300 times a minute when you drive 30 miles an hour.

That is why the balloon tread,

YOU CAN SEE WHY SILVERTOWNS ARE MAKING NEW MILEAGE RECORDS!

to be successful, must have a flexible center. It is the reason Goodrich Silvertowns have proved, by millions of miles of exceptional service, so remarkably free from uneven, choppy tread wear. . . . Goodrich dealers will gladly make this interesting test for you.

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Goodrich Silvertowns Deserve the Dependability of Goodrich Inner Tubes

The New Hotpoint SUPER-AUTOMATIC $8.80

You set the throttle for ANY heat you want

REDUCED PRICE on the famous Hotpoint Model "R." Was $5.00. Now only $3.95

Here, Madam *are Two Amazing Iron Values*

THE marvelous new Hotpoint SUPER-AUTOMATIC Iron gives you convenience, speed and economy you never dreamed possible. Women everywhere are talking about it.

You don't have to be constantly on guard while ironing, for fear *this* iron will get too hot and scorch. Just iron away smoothly in a regular, easy motion. It *keeps* at ANY heat you set.

While you iron away, *this* iron maintains any heat you want—but uses current only part of the time. You never need stop to pull the plug while ironing.

When doing damp, heavy pieces, you can keep right on ironing with a Hotpoint SUPER-AUTOMATIC, when, on the same pieces, another iron would get too cool—wasting your time while you waited for it to catch up.

If you are interrupted to attend to the children, or by the door bell or telephone, when you return the Hotpoint SUPER-AUTOMATIC will be at exactly the same heat as when you left it—ready to continue without wasting a minute. No waiting for it to heat up again—or to cool down because it got too hot. This iron never gets too hot or too cool for ironing ANY kind of goods for which you set it. An iron that never gets beyond ironing heat is *safe* and *worry-proof*.

Actual ironing tests prove that the Hotpoint SUPER-AUTOMATIC Iron reduces the amount of electricity used for an ironing: 27% less in ironing light pieces and 8% less in ironing heavy work.

Hotpoint is the Standard for Quality all over the world

For whatever price you want to pay there is a Hotpoint Quality Iron available; from the world's finest Hotpoint SUPER-AUTOMATIC at $8.80, and the SUPER-Iron with its exclusive, practically indestructible CALROD element at $6.00, to the famous Model "R" at $3.95. And remember *this!* If the iron you buy bears the name Hotpoint, *we stand back of it.* See the full line at your electric company or dealer's store.

The same tests prove that this iron saves 27% of the time required for ironing light pieces, and 16% for ironing heavy things; in each case removing the same amount of moisture from the clothes, as necessary for perfect ironing results.

Only the Hotpoint SUPER-AUTOMATIC Iron can give you the great advantage of the matchless CALROD heating element *inside a one-piece solid-iron casting* where it is forever sealed in and protected. No other iron in the world has this practically indestructible construction. It also has the large, comfortable Thumb Rest that rests your wrist, arm and shoulder; the Hinged Plug to treble cord life; the famous Hot Point and a host of other features.

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The quality of this famous, popular-priced iron remains at the same high Hotpoint standard and is covered by the same Hotpoint guarantee.

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(Continued from Page 62)

Lindbergh shook his head. "That's too short," he said. "It isn't worth taking off for such a little jump. I've already told two mayors we'd fly over their cities before going to Dallas. But it'll be only about two hours."

He went on unconcernedly working on his log books as Doc and I groaned simultaneously.

This is one thing which Lindbergh never neglects—keeping up his log books. With him this is almost a ritual and it is something that he never delegates to anyone else.

Every night, no matter how late it was or how tired he may have been, he carefully entered the day's flight in the same log books which carry the record of his famous flight to Paris.

Reading these logs in itself would be fascinating to anyone. He has a complete history of his aviation career, and many parts of it he knows by memory. Recently it has become almost a diary, since he has used a plane for every journey since stepping ashore from the Memphis. He has several times refused to ride in a train, and he only uses an automobile when his destination does not provide landing area for his plane.

Lindbergh increases his flying at a remarkable rate, so that he is already well on the way toward the three-thousand hour mark. He has never mentioned any particular intention, but he could hardly fly more steadily if he were striving to attain the world's flying-time record.

Lindbergh's practical experience covers more than his actual flying. When barnstorming he had to keep up his own ship entirely, and he still checks whatever one he is using before each flight. He can swing his own propeller and does not hesitate to do so if a mechanic has difficulty in starting his engine. His uncommon strength is frequently a source of surprise. A rather amusing example of this occurred at Memphis on the morning of our departure for Birmingham. When we reached the airport we found several local planes between the Spirit of St. Louis and the door of the hangar. One was a two-seater biplane of war-training-day type.

A Strong-Arm Demonstration

"Just a minute, colonel," said one of the guards, as Lindbergh sized up the situation with a glance. "I'll go get some of the boys and we'll move these ships out."

He started to go and then stopped, gaping. Lindbergh had stooped, picked up the tail of the two-seater, put it on his shoulder and was calmly walking out of the hangar trailing the plane after him.

One of the natural results of Lindbergh's fame and popularity was a constant stream of requests to fly with him during the tour, either in the Spirit of St. Louis or in some other plane. People who would not fly with anyone else agreed quickly to go with him, and several important converts to aviation were made in this way.

Only a few, however, were taken in the transatlantic ship. One of these was Lindbergh's mother, who has long been an ardent believer in flying. Her flight in the Spirit of St. Louis occurred at Grand Rapids, one of the stops on the tour.

The plane had been in the air several minutes when one of the bystanders pointed upward.

"There comes Lindbergh now," he remarked. "Notice he isn't pulling any stunts with his mother in there."

We watched the approaching monoplane as it glided in carefully for a landing. Suddenly Phil Love grinned.

"That's not Slim," he said. "Look over there."

I followed his glance. The Spirit of St. Louis was nosed up at a very steep angle and I could almost hear the colonel telling his mother: "Now watch this stall."

Then a series of figure eights and vertical banks came in rapid succession, ending as Lindbergh brought in the transatlantic ship for a quick forward-slip landing.

That night, after the evening ceremonies, Mrs. Lindbergh was flown back to Detroit in a trimotored cabin plane. Someone asked Colonel Lindbergh if he were worried about this night journey.

He stared at his questioner. "I don't see why I should be worried," he replied. "She is in a good ship, flying with an experienced pilot. She is as safe as she would be in a train or a motor car. And she will be home long before either of the others could get her there."

There is no question as to Lindbergh's sincere belief in the safety of flying when proper precautions are taken. He admits that pioneering has its hazards, but he is emphatic against any restriction of such flights.

"It would place a ban on scientific progress," he once declared when he was asked to help stop some of the transoceanic-flight attempts. "What if the Government had abandoned the air-mail service during the heavy casualty period of its first days? We should not have had our remarkable system of airways and the famous transcontinental route."

That night we were discussing the subject more fully in our rooms.

Finding the Blind Spot

"Even now people don't fully realize how far the airplane has advanced," Lindbergh said. "Ordinary flying was more dangerous, hour for hour, in the period just after the flights of the Wright brothers than transoceanic hops are now."

His opinion in regard to regulation did not extend to established commercial operations.

"Aviation can never become truly great until it has the confidence of the public," he stated at one time, when asked his opinion of governmental regulation. "It is hard for the average man to decide which planes are safe and which pilots are skilled. The Government should guarantee safety in air travel through proper regulation and guidance of training schools, operating personnel and aircraft construction. Frequently, lack of inspection and regulation has caused fatal accidents."

One night his attitude was conclusively demonstrated. We had just returned to our rooms when the roar of an airplane engine was heard. We opened a window in time to see a small commercial-type ship zoom over a near-by building with a margin of only a few yards. In a minute the unknown pilot returned, flying above the street at a low altitude, once even descending lower than our windows.

It happened that Inspector Wilson of the Department of Commerce was present.

"I'm going out to the airport," he decided hastily, after a glimpse of this performance. "Anybody that hasn't any more sense than that ——"

The rest was lost as he hurried through the doorway. Lindbergh watched the erratic maneuvers of the night flyer, below whom people were staring upward.

"A man like that ought to be stopped from flying," he said rather grimly at last. "It isn't what he will do to himself; it is what might happen if he had to land in the street."

He turned to Phil Love, who was writing an official description of the incident.

"I'd rather not push myself into this," he remarked quietly, "but if it will strengthen the case, I will write out a statement for the department."

Special tour regulations for Lindbergh's own safety, however, were quite different, as far as he was concerned. The matter of other planes being asked to stay on the ground when the Spirit of St. Louis arrived at each city was the subject of serious discussion at the very beginning of the tour. Mr. Harry F. Guggenheim, president of the foundation which sponsored the trip—The Daniel Guggenheim Fund for Promotion of Aeronautics—was in favor of this step.

"The Spirit of St. Louis is blind, and someone might get in front of you," he told the colonel. "I think we had better ask everyone to stay out of the air until you have landed."

Lindbergh shook his head quickly. "I don't want all the pilots to think we're trying to order them around," he objected. "I can keep clear of other ships."

"Probably you could," agreed Mr. Guggenheim, "but everyone who could fly would be in the air and there would be chances of the less skillful pilots bumping into one another. It wouldn't be like a regular formation, you know."

Lindbergh considered thoughtfully. "All right," he assented, after a few moments. "I'd rather not do it, but we can't have any accidents."

Once or twice this rule was not strictly obeyed. One instance occurred when two rival editors had ordered their press photographers to obtain pictures of the Spirit of St. Louis from the air.

Hearing of this just as Colonel Lindbergh was about to take off, I mentioned it to Phil Love, but before we could request the local pilots not to carry the photographers, Lindbergh interrupted.

"Let them go ahead," he said, looking with new interest at the two planes that stood with propellers already revolving. "Don't say a word to them. And keep clear of them after you take off."

His eyes twinkled as he climbed into the Spirit of St. Louis. As he took off, both the other planes hastily swung about and roared down the field after him, taking the dust of the transatlantic ship. As the first of the local planes left the ground, the photographer in the rear seat stood up and pointed his camera ahead.

Lindbergh must have been watching. The Spirit of St. Louis suddenly shot upward into a climbing turn that took it out of range before the photographer could move his camera.

By this time we had followed in the advance ship and were watching the performance with more than ordinary amusement and interest. The two photographic planes pivoted around in the effort to get in position for a good picture. But their controls had hardly moved when the Spirit of St. Louis went into a fast side slip. Lindbergh ended this maneuver as he came directly beneath the nearest of his would-be neighbors. The photographer in this plane leaned out first on one side and then on the other as he sought to locate his elusive quarry. But Lindbergh anticipated each movement of the pilot above and kept himself hidden.

A Story Without Pictures

In spite of their disobedience of the local committee's order, I began to pity the two newspaper men, for I had gone through this experience only too often when trying to get an unusual picture.

Lindbergh could not have stayed out of range more carefully if the cameras of the two now desperate press men had been machine guns. Nor would an enemy pilot, bent on his destruction, have had any more success. For almost fifteen minutes this peculiar air battle continued. Never still for an instant when a camera could be focused, Lindbergh gave every evidence of keenest delight as he easily outwitted the two pilots who by now had combined to force him into an exposed position. At last, with a lightninglike 180-degree turn, he whirled about and headed to the rear. The other two ships immediately began to bank, but by the time they had completed turning, Lindbergh had flashed around once more, shooting far down below them at such speed that he was more than a mile away before they had time to recover.

The next day I saw the colonel looking over a newspaper with more than ordinary interest. It had been published in the city we had just visited. He smiled as I caught his eye, but said nothing. Later I glanced at the paper. It did not contain any new aerial photographs of the Spirit of St. Louis.

Editor's Note—This is the third of a series of articles by Mr. Keyhoe. The next will appear in an early issue.

The C. I. T. plan made this sale

AFTER years of experience working for others, Mr. C—— launched into business for himself as a general contractor. Orders came and a year later the manufacturer's salesman found him a willing listener to the merits and profitable uses of a 12½ ton capacity, gas operated, crawler type crane. The price was $9,000. If terms were cash there would have been no sale. Selling under

The C. I. T. Plan

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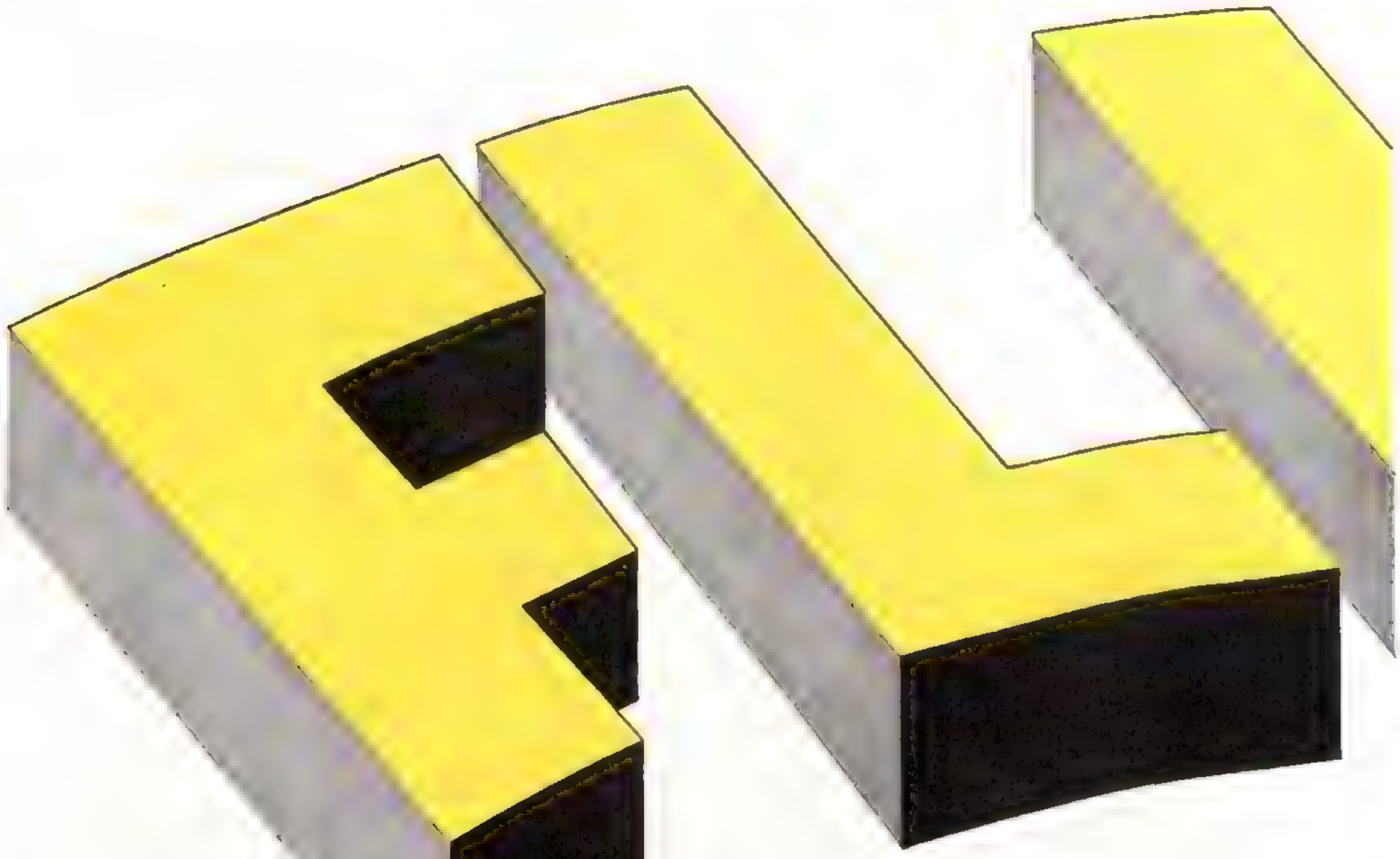

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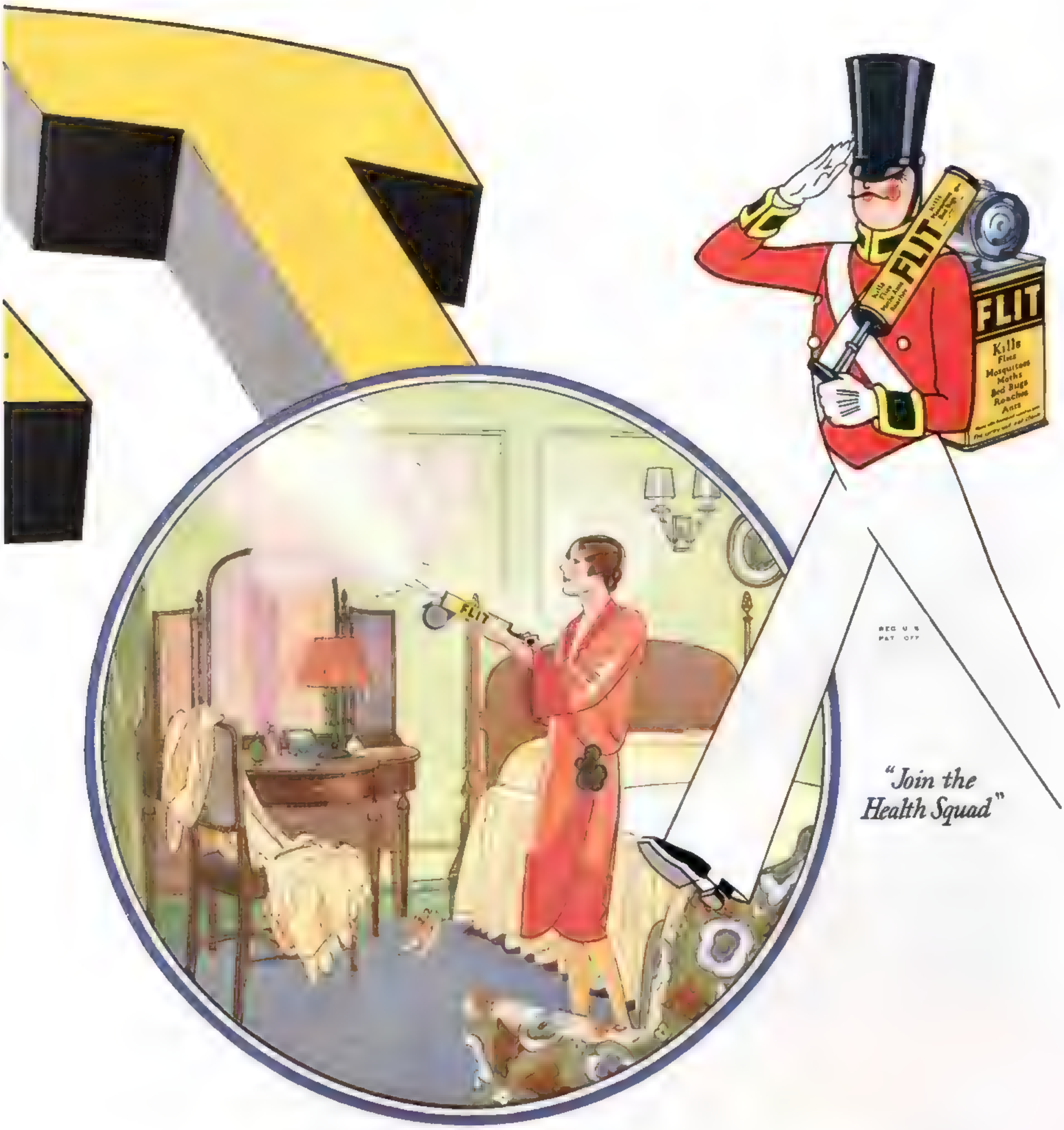

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Close all doors and windows. Spray Flit freely upwards in all directions, filling the room with vapor. Spray cracks and corners. All insects will die. After 10 minutes doors and windows may be opened.

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Spray Flit in all corners, cracks and crevices, under and behind ice-box, sink, laundry tubs and along water pipes. As insects appear, spray them direct. Roaches will run away and hide, but die later from effects.

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THE SANDALWOOD FAN

(Continued from Page 7)

long enough he won't want to leave it alone."

"You'd say that Garry was a dipsomaniac?"

"Perhaps worse. His mind was affected."

"He could attend to his affairs, couldn't he?"

"Oh, yes, and be very shrewd about them; but he had developed delusions. He had an accident in his car when the steering knuckle broke, and he told me in confidence that he believed the car had been tampered with. There you have the typical delusion of persecution, originating in a depression. Another time he borrowed from me a work on toxicology and I dug out of him the notion that his food was poisoned."

"These were delusions of Garry's, you say?"

"Absolutely," the doctor answered. "A hallucination of taste."

"Then the poor fellow's case was hopeless anyway?"

Doctor Wessel lifted his hands high in an exaggerated gesture.

"I don't know. We can't affect to speak with certainty about the individual. We can take any thousand men and can foretell percentages, but we can't tell which are the individuals who will bog down into chronic alcoholism and which are they who will still be drinking their daily quarts of whisky at the age of eighty-five. We can't know the personal idiosyncrasy."

"But you do know that Garry had this terrible craving?"

"If I said so, let me moderate it. I'm a psychiatrist; you'll pardon me, then, if I regard alcoholism as a mental disease, originating in a depression. You've heard of people getting drunk to forget their troubles; there's the idea. Garry had some secret trouble. He had this craving for alcohol, as the natural result of his heavy social drinking, but I think that I broke him of that craving more than once. Rather, I stilled it in him. It was there, submerged, and could be brought up again, but he could live without alcohol. He went back to drinking every time. Something was driving him, and it wasn't a physical craving for alcohol. It was mental."

"Business worries?"

Doctor Wessel flung his arm wide in a dismissing gesture. "He was a born gambler. He had a mystic faith in his ability to conjure up money whenever he needed it. It was something deep down. I've talked to him by the hour, by the day, trying to get him to open up, but he wouldn't do it. I could taper him off and dry him out, but I wanted to bring up into daylight the thing that was pushing him always toward alcohol—the hidden thing that bred his delusions."

Doctor Wessel lifted an invisible something from the floor and held it in cramped fingers before Dick's eyes.

"To cure him, you mean?"

"Well, we don't cure people. They cure themselves by our suggestion. We talk to them and draw them out and find the maladjustment. However, the point I make is that you want to efface from your mind—efface from your mind!—the notion, if you have it, that Garry did not make away with himself. He did. It was typical."

"Oh, I don't doubt it; though Nell says she heard someone running, and there was that man I saw on the porch who is unaccounted for."

"Nell's hearing is very acute—compensation, you know." Doctor Wessel leaned forward confidentially and beamed into Dick's face. "Isn't she interesting?"

"Why, I find her so."

"A most interesting case."

"A case?"

"Certainly, Mr. Phillipse. That girl's trouble is psychic. To give you the idea, I'll say that she can see as well as you can, and that she doesn't know it."

Dick eyed the psychiatrist composedly. He was losing faith in Doctor Wessel.

They were sitting on the side porch, facing the gardens.

"Mr. Phillipse," said a contralto voice behind them.

"Yes, Mrs. Duane," said Dick, rising and turning to the woman who had come from the house.

The stress of the week that had passed since her husband's death had marred Mrs. Florence Duane's natural comeliness. Her heavy and large-featured face was lined, and there were violet smears under her heavy eyes.

She was a robust woman of middle height; her looks, at best, were striking rather than appealing, and required color and expression to lend to them feminine charm. Her obvious strength and vitality daunted most men; those who were drawn to her found her irresistible. Garry Duane had married her two years before, almost on the spur of the moment; he had met her at a costume ball, where, in piled and powdered hair and expanses of brocade, she had been magnificent.

"The lawyer is coming from Patchogue with the will," she said. "Would you mind going up to the study and looking around for the combination of the safe? The lawyer asks for it. I'd do it, but I—simply can't."

Dick and Doctor Wessel went upstairs together.

"There's one thoroughly normal and competent person, doctor," said Dick.

"Mrs. Duane? Oh, no," said the psychiatrist promptly. "She's neurotic—egocentric—oh, very much. You heard her say that she wishes to come up here but can't? That's a typical lack of insight. The fact is that she can't come here because she doesn't want to. She can't do anything she doesn't want to. She is at the mercy of her impulses."

"Temperamental, eh?" Dick was making conversation as he looked through the drawers of the desk. It was indeed a mad world, to listen to the psychiatrist.

"A layman's word for 'hysterical.' The fact that so-called temperamental people act eccentrically, doing just as they please, shows they lack insight. They belong in a sanitarium. The chief difference between people in sanitariums and people outside is that the people outside have insight. They're in a state of unstable equilibrium, too, Mr. Phillipse, but they don't lose their balance—don't lose their heads, as you say. When we've succeeded in giving a patient insight, he's about ready to resume his place in society."

The rug had been removed, but the room had not been otherwise ordered. The flat-top desk of golden oak was still littered with the papers that had been before Garry Duane that night. Dick ran through them now, selecting unpaid or receipted bills, returning to place the letters and other writings of a purely personal nature. At the request of the women, he had stayed on after the funeral.

"Nothing here," he announced. "There may be a notebook somewhere, though I couldn't find it yesterday."

"He may have put down the combination in a cipher of his own, for safety," suggested Wessel, turning over the rejected papers. "It is odd but true that few people, even suicides, have the common sense to prepare for sudden death. Hello, what's this about?"

He was holding a sheet of foolscap upon which several lines had been printed by hand in very small characters. Dick scrutinized it again:

Let the wealthy and great roll in splendor and state;
I envy them not, I declare it. I eat my own lamb,
My own chicken and ham, I shear my own fleece and I wear it.
I have lawns, I have bowers, I have trees, I have flowers,
The lark is my morning alarmer. So, my jolly boys, now,
Here's God speed the plow. Success and long life to the farmer.

A serrated line, like the outline of a fan, was arched over the verse.

"I've seen it before," said Dick, dropping the sheet on the desk. "It's printed on several pieces of English pottery downstairs, so it is hardly original with Garry. Just an idle scribbling."

"See the characteristic irregularity in the spacing of the words," said Doctor Wessel; but Dick had lost his interest in the mystery of mentality. He had been inclined to like and trust Doctor Wessel, but the fellow had developed altogether too much insight.

They returned to the main floor and met Counselor Cadmus Suydam, of Patchogue, an unpretentious and reliable-looking chap, who, like Dick, was just on the sunny side of middle age. Suydam introduced Dick to a representative of the State Transfer Tax Bureau who had come with him. A man with a small black bag open beside him was kneeling before the large safe that was built into the wall beneath a bookcase.

"Shall we read the will?" asked Suydam, drawing a document from a brief case. He nodded smilingly at Dick, who was watching the doorway for the entrance of Nell Duane, and said: "We keep to the old ways in the country, Mr. Phillipse. I think you'll find us, however, reasonably competent. I drew this will, and it was executed only two weeks ago by Mr. Duane. 'In the Name of God, Amen.'" He stopped reading and looked over his spectacles at the man before the safe. "Are you making progress? The transfer-tax people are going to seal that box until another time, if we can't open it today."

"It's coming," murmured the safe opener.

"In the Name of God, Amen,"

resumed Suydam.

"I, Garret Kipp Duane, residing on the South Country Road in Blue Point, Suffolk County, State of New York, and being of sound and disposing mind and of sound body, but mindful of the uncertainty of this life, do make, publish and declare this for my last will and testament, hereby revoking and annulling any will heretofore made, in manner and substance as follows—to wit:

"I direct that my executors hereinafter named shall pay all my just debts and funeral expenses as soon after my decease as may be.

"To my friend Richard Phillipse, of West Eighty-fifth Street in the city of New York, hereinafter named as one of my executors, I give a certain sandalwood fan of Chinese make that is in a silver case in a drawer of the secretary in my living room in my Blue Point residence, and that I bought at a sale of the effects of one Jacob Koo. I give this to the said Richard Phillipse knowing of his peculiar interest in such objects, and knowing that he will cherish it as a memento of me and will acquaint himself fully, if he be not already acquainted, with its special history.

"To Mary Kenedy, a domestic in my employ for the last fifteen years, I give the sum of three thousand dollars.

"To Jane Freeman, a domestic in my employ for the last ten years, I give the sum of two thousand dollars.

"The two bequests last named shall be first charges on my residuary estate. I direct my executors to liquidate my estate, real and personal, as soon as in their opinion is advisable, to pay these charges over, and to pay the remainder in two equal parts to my sister Nell and my wife Florence. I make this division upon solemn consideration of my duty and putting aside prejudice and special favor.

"I appoint as my executors Dr. Pierce Wessel, of Brightwood, Blue Point, New York, and Richard Phillipse of New York City, both to serve without bond.

"Then comes the witness clause and the attestations, which will be passed on by the court of probate," said Suydam, passing the will to the widow for inspection. "You'll have nothing to do, Mr. Phillipse—Doctor Wessel—until I get you your letters testamentary. You are willing to act as executors?"

(Continued on Page 72)

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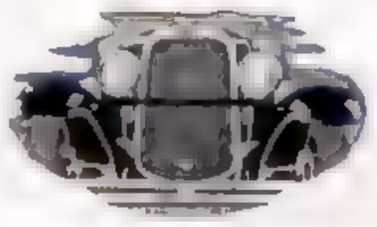

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"Looks pretty bad. Is it passable?"

"You can make it if you take it easy—that is, if you want to risk your tires."

"Oh, I'm not worrying about the tires—I've got Kelly-Springfields on all around."

(Continued from Page 70)

"With pleasure," said Doctor Wessel.

"Certainly," said Dick. "And what about debts of the estate—shall we refer creditors to you?"

"You'll advertise for debts. By the way, there was a suit pending against Mr. Duane that should come up for trial shortly. You'll be substituted as defendants."

"As executors?" said Doctor Wessel.

"Of course—no personal liability."

"What's the suit for?"

"On some notes that Mr. Duane indorsed back in 1913."

"Is the sum claimed very large?"

"With interest from 1913, it is very nearly three hundred thousand dollars."

"Three hundred thousand dollars!" exclaimed Dick. "Why, if the estate is obligated for that much, it will simplify our—can the estate meet a call like that?"

"I don't anticipate that the call will be made," said Suydam, with a shrug. "Mr. Duane defended on the ground that he received no consideration for his signature, and upon the ground that suit on the notes is barred by lapse of time. I think his defenses are good and that the suit is only a strike for a settlement; but, as I told Mr. Duane—and as I now tell you—there is always a possibility that the court will disagree with me. You have a duty there, too—you are trustees for the creditors. I think the action will be dismissed, but I warn you as I warned Mr. Duane."

"There was something real for him to worry about," said Dick, glancing at his co-executor. "A chance of a three-hundred-thousand-dollar judgment against him, eh? It would strip him naked."

"He could not pay it," said the widow, appalled. "Outside of this property, which Garry said was worth around seventy-five thousand dollars, he did not have more than a hundred and fifty thousand dollars in the world. I know very well what he had. He had stocks and bonds for that amount in that safe. It's lucky for me that this property is free and clear, and that creditors can't take it. I've inquired into the law as to that. What devils those people must be."

"This property, Mrs. Duane," said Suydam, turning from his contemplation of the man at the safe, "is not free and clear. Mr. Duane placed a mortgage for fifty thousand dollars on it during the week before he died."

"Without telling me about it! How could he?"

"You forget that he held the property in the name of a corporation. But don't let that mortgage disturb you; he certainly couldn't have spent the money. It's safe in his account at the bank."

"But it isn't. We had only the one account—a joint account."

"My dear Mrs. Duane," said the lawyer soothingly, "don't fret yourself. I'm sure that the money is ——"

His voice trailed off. He was watching the safe. They were all watching. There was a tension in the room. Feeling it, and relieving it by going from the important to the trifling, Suydam said, "That fan mentioned in the will, Mr. Phillipse, will be there, too, no doubt."

"Here she comes," said the safe opener. He swung the door back.

"Let the transfer-tax man handle the securities," said Suydam cheerily. "Pardon me? What's that? Out of the light, please."

"There's nothing in it," said the representative of the state, with a touch of petulance. "Look; it's empty."

A moment of bewildered silence was ended by Suydam, who said in a tone of enlightenment:

"Judgment proof."

III

DICK PHILLIPSE left his office on Beekman Street at five o'clock, walked to Broadway and took an express elevator to Berney's Gymnasium. He was jaded; a spell of strenuous physical activity would restore him. The day, late in June, had been oppressive; dessicated by square miles of arid brick and stone, nothing of its freshness and sense of rushing growth survived to reach the city dweller.

Dick played four fast games of handball with an attendant, boxed two rounds with him, had a shower and plunge, and stepped on the scales.

"A hundred and eighty-one," announced the roly-poly and tireless gym worker, who had lounged through the work that had made Dick strain and puff. He eyed Dick's shining body critically. "Thirty-nine, aren't you, Mr. Phillipse? You're ready for the fight of your life."

"Look pretty good, do I?" Dick stretched his powerful five-feet-eleven.

"Oh, you can lick a lot more than can lick you, but you'd be a set-up for the man you were when you were thirty. I mean, you're ready for the fight to keep that there plate"—he brought his hard fingers down over Dick's naked abdomen with a stinging flick—"from growing to a pail. That call I answered in the office was for you, Mr. Phillipse. It was only a lady, and when I told her you had very important business she left her number."

Dick dressed and went to the office. "This is Florence Duane," said the voice on the wire.

"Oh, hello, hello," said Dick, and the repetition was unmeditatedly caressing. Dick had been an eligible bachelor for nearly twenty years. "Where are you?"

"At the Commander. I'd like to see you."

"Indeed, yes. Are you alone? Perhaps you will take dinner with me."

"I could."

"I can be there at seven, if I bolt straight home now."

"Don't hurry so."

"Oh, but I must. Seven, then?"

He took the Subway to West Eighty-sixth Street, walked around the corner to the new Berkeley Chambers, wherein he had an apartment, dressed, and caught a cab for the Commander Hotel on Vanderbilt Avenue.

Florence Duane was waiting in the lounge. Her regard, as he approached her, had that lingering and amiable quality with which women repay the compliment of a handsome escort.

As he took her wrap from her bare shoulders outside the dining room, he was glad that he had dressed, though he was also slightly surprised that she had brought a dinner gown with her on her flying visit to town.

"At Blue Point," she said when he inquired for Garry's sister in turn. "She'd be lost anywhere else. Nell's coming back very slowly. You don't approve of that, do you? The way I feel about it, Mr. Phillipse, I loved Garry more than anything else in the world, but, after all, he's dead, and I don't believe in living with the dead. Life's too short, and I'm young yet."

"Isn't it so?" he said, contemplating the dinner card.

"As for me, I'm in training for the fight of my life."

"I'm sure I don't know what I should do if I didn't have you." Her brilliant blue eyes dwelt on him with naïve satisfaction.

"The money will turn up, never fear," he said lightly, understanding that she was thinking of small advances that he had made the estate from his own funds. "It's safe in some deposit box; we'll strike its trail any day."

"You don't doubt that it exists—that Garry didn't make away with it somehow?"

"Impossible. I've traced into his hands, through his brokers, the proceeds of securities in the sum of about one hundred and sixty thousand dollars; and there's that fifty thousand that he raised on the Blue Point property. The very first thing we did was to make dead sure that he had the money before his death. Very commonly death reveals that people who were supposed to be well off were just living from hand to mouth, but that wasn't Garry's case. He was thrifty."

Continued on Page 75

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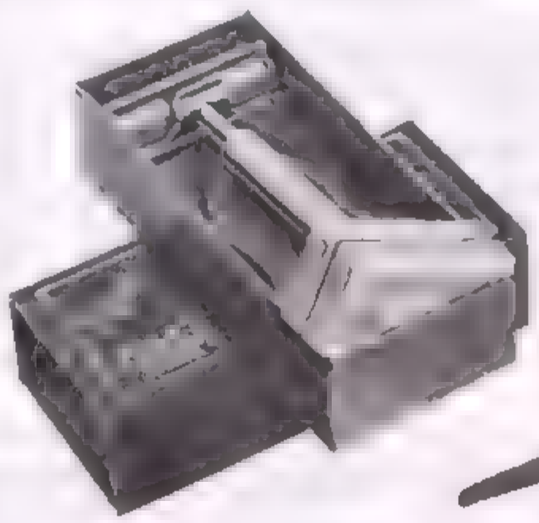

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On the meaning of a diploma

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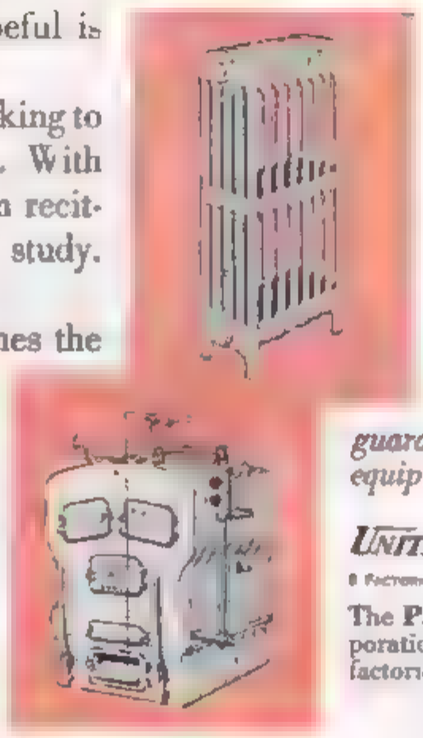
There has been music which he has not heard, speech-making to which he has not listened. Now is his moment of greatness. With signatures and seal, a formal document is presented to him reciting his successful completion of the prescribed course of study. Henceforth, the world's his oyster.

Many years may pass before his Castle in Spain assumes the more inhabitable outlines of a white Colonial house in California or in Maine. But on that great day, when he is deciding on what heating system for his home, the memory of his own sheepskin may well suggest to him the boiler with a diploma—the Capitol.



In every step of its making it has with honors passed rigorous examinations. Chemists have certified its metals. Each cast section has been tried with water at eighty pounds pressure, nipples checked by micrometer to one-thousandth of an inch, doors judged for snug fit by the "chalk test." Then the entire boiler has been assembled for final inspection before being knocked down for shipment.

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Continued from Page 72

"But so careless," she said. "I've often gone to the safe and found it open. I've begged him to put his money and securities in a bank where they belonged. Money meant nothing to him but something to gamble with. If he had two thousand, it was just two to him; if he had two hundred thousand, it was still only two. I've known that man to carry forty thousand dollars about in his pocket for days and days that was when he was holding some bets on the Dempsey-Willard fight. Last November a sporty real-estate man gave him a tip on an office building here in New York, and Garry paid ten thousand dollars out of his pocket for a contract at once; he sold the contract in a week for twenty thousand and put the money back into his pocket."

"He had no money in his pocket when he died."

"I wish I was sure of that!"

"Just what do you mean?"

"Nothing, I suppose." She lit a cigarette. "But I know how terribly the poor boy was worrying about that lawsuit. Mr. Suydam thought that Garry cashed out all his property so that those people couldn't make him pay, and that that was why he didn't bank the money. The worry drove him to do what he did."

"There's no doubt that he sold his securities and placed that mortgage."

"Then he had the cash about him in his pockets or in that safe. Perhaps the safe was open."

"Mrs. Duane, are you quite frank with me? It's my duty, as executor, to help you, and I'd be only too glad to do so in any event. Have you any reason for going back to the notion that the money was stolen? Just what are you thinking of?"

"Oh, I don't know. I've thought about it until I'm about crazy." She drew her full lips in and blew smoke from them hissingly. When she spoke, her voice was sharp and her eyes were threatening. "Why do you have to ask me? You're a man, Mr. Phillipse. Can't you do anything?" Before he could resent the imputation, her expression was melting; her hand went out to his and covered it where it lay on the table. "Oh, I know you are doing the very best that is possible."

He glanced down at the ruddy and polished nails of her shapely fingers. "I'm trying to. But about that lawsuit—I wrote you this morning. It's been dismissed."

"That means we don't have to pay the three hundred thousand dollars?"

"You have to pay nothing at all, except a few hundred dollars to Suydam for his services. The incident is closed and we can forget about it; except as we have a souvenir of it in the fact that Garry put his property where a judgment creditor couldn't easily get hold of it. I think Suydam is right there."

"But I haven't told you yet what I came to see you about."

"I'm grateful to it just the same."

"A man named Zittel called me at Blue Point this morning—called me from New York and told me he had seen someone around our place that night. I took his number and told him I'd be in the city this evening. I thought you'd like to hear what he had to say. He seemed to be a gentleman."

"You have his telephone? Let's get hold of him."

Dick went out to a telephone and called the number that Florence Duane gave him. He got Mr. Zittel on the wire, and the gentleman offered to come at once to the hotel.

Dick returned to the table. The jazz band was yowling seductively and couples were rising and going to the waxed floor.

"May we?" said Florence Duane. The music excited her.

"*Mais oui*," said Dick, rising compliantly. He did not relish the idea of dancing publicly with Garry's widow so soon after Garry's death, but he could not be her mentor in the matter. She was beautiful. Her heavy hair was as black as her gown; color was concentrated in her lips and eyes. She danced beautifully, with utter abandonment to the moment. She was radiant; Dick was suddenly aware of the attractiveness that had been obscured in the first days of her sorrow. Such a woman would take a man by storm.

"Thank you," he said with a deep breath as the music sobbed itself to death. They walked to their chairs silently.

The waiters' captain was paging Dick, who beckoned. A slightly built man, some thirty years of age, was walking slowly behind the stately servitor, and came now to the table. He wore perfectly fitting evening dress. His clear brown eyes looked with an effect of insolence through the glasses of a pince-nez from which depended a black cord. Dick didn't like him at first glimpse; to Dick he looked at once knowing and inadequate.

"Mr. Phillipse?" said the newcomer, with a bright smile that made Dick like him much better. "I spoke to you on the phone."

"This is the gentleman who telephoned to you at Blue Point, Mrs. Duane," said Dick.

They chatted for a few minutes about nothing in particular. Then Zittel said: "I read that notice in the paper some days ago—about Mr. Duane's affairs. It seems that his estate—that is to say ——"

"Exactly," said Dick.

"Terrible thing—particularly now," said Zittel, gazing absorbedly at the widow. "Well, this is my thought: I was driving on the South Country Road east of Bay Shore about eleven o'clock on the night of May twenty-first last, and I saw ahead of me a car parked by the side of the road. I made nothing of it, thinking it was some common petting party, and was driving by it when something heavy and bulky struck my windshield. The surprise nearly sent me into the ditch. I pulled up short to see what had happened.

"A man in shirt sleeves came out of the darkness—a hard-looking customer, undersized, with a thin and red face, and during our meeting I noticed that the tops of his ears were cut off. I asked him what had happened to me, if he knew, and he said that he had thrown his jacket against my windshield to stop me; and then he asked me to let him have a little gasoline."

"Some crust!" commented Dick. "What did you do to him?"

"I gave him the gas. What could I do? I thought to the end that I was being held up. To send the police after him, I took particular note of his car, and got the number while he was unscrewing the tank cap.

"That was about eleven o'clock. Toward twelve o'clock I was returning to Bay Shore, and was passing Mr. Duane's place, which I knew by reputation, when I saw that very car parked by the road again. Well, from my impression of the man, he was nothing but a common thug, and dangerous; so, as a neighborly thing to do, I stopped at the first public telephone and called Mr. Duane and told him to watch his doors and windows. So, when I heard lately that a great deal of property was missing, I decided to tell you what I'd seen and let you investigate this man."

"And very kind of you," bowed Dick. "You'd know him if you saw him again?"

"I have seen the car again."

"Where?"

"On Sixth Avenue near Fiftieth Street, outside a Chinese restaurant. The police should be able to find him for you."

"We should certainly give them a chance," exclaimed Florence Duane. "But you're not leaving us, are you, Mr. Zittel? Don't run away unless you have to. I want to take my time about thanking you."

Zittel seemed entirely willing to remain in her company. He was a sociable sort, and Dick found him rather engaging. He had the latest quips of Broadway on the tip of his nimble tongue, and that lent to his talk the charm of originality. His eyes dwelt almost constantly on Florence Duane.

She must have observed his sudden fancy for her; she reserved to Dick her soft smiles and alluring cadences, and when she spoke to Zittel her tone was commanding. Dick was old enough to know that she was not rebuffing this new acquaintance. Before Dick saw Florence Duane to the elevator, Zittel had volunteered to go with him to police headquarters at Dick's convenience.

"A Man in Shirt Sleeves Came Out of the Darkness—a Hard-Looking Customer, Undersized, With a Thin and Red Face, and During Our Meeting I Noticed That the Tops of His Ears Were Cut Off"

IV

"THAT license number you gentlemen gave me," said Inspector Conlin, the gray old policeman who was commanding officer of the detective bureau, "don't belong on that car. It belongs to a school-teacher in Syracuse whose car was driven away, and this isn't the car. But I don't see what we can do for you; you have nothing on this man, whoever he was."

"But I saw him enter the house," said Zittel.

"How's that?" Conlin wheeled and leveled his hard black eyes. "Why didn't you say that right away?"

"I did. I told the officer outside. I'm pretty sure I did."

"What's your full name, mister?"

"Lowell Zittel."

"What do you do for a living?"

"I'm a salesman of women's wear."

"For who?"

"Stolnick and Garrabrant, of West Thirty-ninth Street."

"What were you doing down at Blue Point that night?"

"I was driving to Patchogue to visit a friend."

"What's his name?"

"It's a lady. I decline to state her name."

"Drove from New York?"

"From Bay Shore. I was calling on the trade there, and I stayed overnight—stayed at the Maple Avenue Hotel."

"Will you swear you saw that man enter?"

"Yes, sir."

Conlin turned to his desk. An officer in civilian clothes came into the room.

(Continued on Page 78)

LEADING T

THE FIELD

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THE perfected Whippet and the new Whippet Six stand out sharply as the two supreme values in the low price field. The development of these outstanding motor cars has resulted in record-breaking sales for Willys-Overland.

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Whippet Touring $455. Roadster (with rumble seat) $525; Coupe $535; Cabriolet Coupe $595; Sedan $610. Whippet Six Touring $615; Roadster $685; Coupe $695; Sedan $770. Prices (f. o. b. factory) and specifications subject to change without notice. Willys-Overland, Inc., Toledo, Ohio. Willys-Overland Sales Co., Ltd., Toronto, Canada.

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Watch out for them. Fleas will be noticed as little black insects running through the hair on the skin. They cause intense itching and are sure to bring on more serious skin troubles unless stopped. Many a valuable dog has developed eczema because his master did not take the trouble to free him of fleas. Use Sergeant's Skip Flea Soap or Powder.

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Do you know how to keep your dogs and cats free of fleas? Do you know how to treat the more serious troubles that your dog may develop at any time? You can easily find out, without cost, how to treat all his diseases. There are now effective remedies for all dog ailments, and it is a simple matter to know when and how to use them.

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We Guarantee Your Dog Will Eat It.

Sergeant's
DOG MEDICINES
"A medicine for every dog ailment"

(Continued from Page 75)

"Sergeant," said Conlin, "these men are friends of Garry Duane, the sporting man. You remember he killed himself at his place down in Blue Point about a month ago. We'll do what we can for them because Garry Duane was a good sport and a square shooter, although they ought to come through the local police down there. They think Duane's house was robbed that night by a man with clipped ears who drives a green roadster."

"An undersized man," amplified Zittel, "with a thin red face and a growling voice; like the inspector's, but deeper. Another thing I remember now is that when he walked he favored one leg."

"I'll see what we have," said the sergeant, going out.

"Wait outside for him, gentlemen."

Dick and Zittel withdrew to an anteroom. "You didn't tell me you saw that man enter the house," said Dick accusingly.

Lowell Zittel's left eye drooped insinuatingly. "I know how to do these things, Phillipse."

"But you won't swear to it if they ask you to?"

"I certainly will. Why, that only means that I accuse him of having entered. And we do accuse him, don't we? Else, what are we here for? I'll swear out a warrant for him, and then it will be up to him to prove he wasn't there. You let me manage this and we'll get results."

"No burglar," called the sergeant who, out of earshot, was leafing through a card index. "We have nothing on this bird. From his ears being cut off, he was probably a foreigner. Maybe a South American."

"No, he was an American," said Zittel positively.

"Then he was probably a sailor. Have you any idea where he hangs out?"

"I saw his car outside this Chinese place."

"Suppose you go up there with an officer."

"I'll do that."

"But really, Mr. Zittel," demurred Dick, "while I appreciate the trouble you're taking, I don't think I can let you expose yourself ——"

"I'll go the limit for that poor girl," interrupted Zittel melodramatically. "Don't you get nervous, Phillipse. You don't have to go. The officer and I will take care of this. You'd only be in the way."

"Perhaps I might," said Dick, smiling at him with unruffled amiability. "It might be necessary to get in somebody's way, and I used to manage to do that years ago when I played football. If it's agreeable to the police, I'll go along with you."

"I saw the car standing there about one o'clock in the morning," said Zittel, answering a query from the sergeant.

"We'll have Grover Black, of this office, to meet you there at half-past twelve tonight; he'll be on the southwest corner of Fiftieth Street."

Shortly after midnight, Dick left Berkeley Chambers and caught a cab to Fiftieth Street, and found Zittel and the detective from Inspector Conlin's staff waiting under the Elevated station. The three men walked up Sixth Avenue and mounted a brilliantly lit and white-tiled stairway to Chin Wei's Cathay Restaurant.

To kill time, they ordered a large meal of terrifyingly named dishes. Zittel, who had assumed a tipsy manner by request of the detective, was told now to get up and wander about. He went exploring

A one-legged man, low-set and broad-shouldered, had come up from the street and was leaning on a crutch in the entrance to the restaurant. He scrutinized the lurching Zittel, threw a quick look at Black, and swung himself into the kitchen.

"Our friend wants to be quick," said Black dissatisfiedly. "That's Tap-tap Tony, the boss of the gang that hangs out here. He knows me and he went in there to ask questions. Well, he won't learn anything except if there was a pinch made. A chink never minds who or what his customers are if they don't interfere with his business."

The one-legged man came from the kitchen, passed Dick's table without even an oblique glance, and went down a passageway between partitions over which came festive voices. Zittel had gone that way only a minute before. Black got up and followed him. Dick was behind him.

Zittel was leaning against the door frame on the threshold of a private inclosure. In this tiny private dining room two men and two women were sitting at a teakwood table finishing a meal. The one-legged man had brushed by Zittel and was standing at the farther side of the table. Directly before him and facing the entrance was a small man with gaunt and seared face; his long black hair was combed very low, hiding all of his ears but the lobes.

He said in a harsh grumble, "This room is taken, friends."

"Don't I know you?" Zittel's stagger was artistic as he crossed to the black-haired man.

"Not me."

"Why, I met you one night on the road and you borrowed gas."

"Not me. Don't know you. Don't want to know you."

"It was on the South Country Road, outside the house of Garry Duane, the sporting man."

The black-haired man's manner had been contemptuous, but not aggressive. Now he tightened into alertness. Zittel reached out and swept aside the hair on his left temple, exposing a mutilated ear. "You're the same man."

The man with the cropped ears rapped out an oath and leaped to his feet. One of the women cried sharply and leaned forward, stretching an arm under the table.

Black's service revolver was in his hand. "Leave it there," he ordered crisply, referring, as Dick understood, to something that the woman had sought to pass under the table.

The man with the cropped ears searched the faces in the doorway. "You lie! I never seen you. I never was there."

"Didn't I stop right there in the road," argued Zittel, "and see you go into Garry Duane's house? Now you remember."

"Now that shows where you're lying," cried the man in unmeditated triumph. "Because the case is you can't see that house from the road on account of the trees!"

"All right, that proves it," chuckled the detective. "You're wanted down at headquarters to tell us about it."

"Who me?"

"Come out here." He tapped the woman on the shoulder. "Let me have that gun."

"You'll give it back," she said, producing a nickel-plated revolver of the mail-order variety. "I can pack a rod. Right in that bag is a license I got last summer from a judge up in Sullivan County. You just want to show you're a cop."

"You get me a lawyer, Tony," growled the prisoner. "This is a frame. I never seen this man. You get me a lawyer, you hear?"

"The best in New York, Scissors," cordially replied the one-legged man, who had been still and observing during the episode. "Where are you taking him, officer?"

"Over to the house. And he's going to stay there until he goes downtown."

"Everybody got his own opinion," said the one-legged man mildly.

Dick left his name and address at the local station house and went home to bed.

He was in his apartment after dinner on the following evening when he received a ring from the telephone switchboard downstairs: "A Mr. Hinkle is calling on Mr. Phillipse."

"Hinkle? Who is he? What does he want?"

"He don't say, sir."

"Put him on. . . . Hello, Mr. Hinkle?"

"Ambrose Hinkle, Mr. Phillipse."

"Oh, the well-known criminal lawyer."

"Thanks. I'd like to come up and see you."

"About that man who was arrested last night? I'm sorry, Mr. Hinkle, and I don't want to seem discourteous, but the matter is not in my hands, and it would do no good to talk to you about it."

"I think you'll find I have an interesting angle on it. Let me send you up an exhibit in the case. I'm giving it to the boy to take to you. I'll be here for a few minutes."

Dick hung up and went to the door. The elevator door clanged; the operator brought to Dick a silver box, superficially battered but sturdy, about a foot long by three inches wide and two inches deep. The raised design on it was Chinese, and typically intricate and inscrutable, showing many blobby men and women posed like dolls amid houses as small as dog kennels, and trees upon which the misshapen figurines could have comfortably rested their elbows.

He opened the box. Within, on worn yellow silk, was a sandalwood fan.

He went to the telephone. "Let Mr. Hinkle come up at once!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

THE DESERT'S DUSTY FACE

(Continued from Page 19)

up many a wayside creek, where monkeys swung themselves screaming from tree to tree overhead, as his launch, the Padauk, passed by.

He wrote long letters to Peter:

This is a priceless spot, and some time we will have a jolly together here and get some shooting. Any amount of teal, and in the rains I would say lots of snipe.

Take care of yourself, and don't try to run the firm single-handed. Salaams to Rob, and tell him to drop me a line. Letters here are very welcome, as society is completely null and void. Beyond Monsieur Faite, the French padre in Henzada, there isn't a white man in the place. The padre is a good old soul, but I wish he would send his beard to the wash. At the moment it is full of pasté bread crumbs.

The weather is unspeakably hot, and unless the rains break soon we shall all expire. Don't forget to look after yourself. Change at once after tennis. No hanging around in wet clothes, for if you get sick again these rains, I shall wring your neck for you.

The rains broke in the middle of Friday night, in one of the worst cyclones that has visited Burma since 1921. Buddy awoke to find his room a sea of water, with most of the veranda furniture being blown in through the door. About three A.M. half the roof departed with a sickening wrench and went merrily downstream with the upper portion of the mill stack. Dawn broke and the worst of the storm abated as suddenly as it had come, with a little sigh of wind and a last spatter of rain. And then the sun was shining and the world was a sheet of water, stinging and warm. Sampans were washed far inland, with paddy boats. A steamer had broken its moorings and been blown up into the rice field, where it sat more in sorrow than anger and ridiculously out of place. Bodies floated by on the ebb tide and nobody cared. The living were too busy drying their clothes to worry about the dead. The native port officials sat on the roofs of their houses, beating drums to scare away bad spirits of the flood, and so could not attend to business that day.

All morning, tales of disaster came pouring in—of this place and that place, flooded out. Appeals from the buying stations for food and assistance. At Myaungmya the station was completely under water. At Kothan things were desperate, as the village

(Continued on Page 80)

LITTLE DRAMAS IN THE LIFE OF A GREAT NEWSPAPER SYSTEM

PAINTED FOR SCRIPPS-HOWARD NEWSPAPERS BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

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lay very low. From Henzada came a frenzied wire from the Burmese staff:

MUCH WATER IS OUT. WE DESPAIR. PLEASE INSTRUCT AT YOUR EARLIEST

Whistling softly between his teeth, Buddy realized that no one man could attend to all three stricken areas singlehanded. So he wired Rangoon:

PLEASE SEND ASSISTANT HENZADA IMMEDIATELY TAKE CHARGE. STORM DAMAGE BAD HERE AND LOCALLY MY HANDS FULL MYAUNGMYA AND KOTHAN

Then he put on gum boots, took a change of clothing and a medicine chest and went down to Kothan. The world was a sea of water, with sad little huts looking out of it here and there. He started picking up bodies, but it was soon apparent that if he went on he would merely sink his launch; so he left them drifting by in the clumps of water hyacinth, purple and lovely and poisonous in the morning sunshine, and concentrated on the living. He collected people marooned in outlying places and took them up to a small hill behind Kothan, where they made a temporary camp.

Buddy was there for four days. Cholera broke out on the third and he returned to the bungalow for a bath and a rest and to wire for a doctor.

A letter from Peter awaited him. Peter, jubilant, writing from Henzada:

Here I am, quite near you, enjoying life immensely. It's quite an experience for me, being on my own and having to do things off my own bat, and I'm getting on far better than you'd believe, although I wish you were nearer to give me your good advice, often and often. The people here are in an awful plight. When I arrived they were packed into the firm's bungalow like sardines, as that seemed the only place above water. There were four women having babies, if you please. My first job was to fix them up in a temporary hospital in one of the bathrooms. Poor devils, they were so grateful. By Jove, it's a bit of an eye opener, this sort of thing, and teaches one how the poor live and all the rest of it.

Let me know what you are doing about a doctor. We want one here, as cholera broke out last night, and the only person we have is the padre—a decent old soul. He talks most enthusiastically about you, and we have long bucks together in the evenings. I shall give him a beard comb for his birthday, if any, but I think he is ageless as time, myself.

I was darned glad to get away from Rangoon. It was beastly without you. Bunker did not want to let me come a bit, but I besieged him with my importunities until he gave way from very boredom.

Buddy sat cursing softly: "Silly young fool! Why the devil did they let him go? Rob should have had more sense. He should have put his foot down."

It was sheer madness. Peter hadn't the constitution to go barging into a cholera camp. The next thing would be they'd have him down. Then there would be another song and dance, like there had been the previous rains, and more telegrams to his mother to say he was dying. Peter couldn't stand irregular meals and knocking about in the sun and being wet through and having his clothes dry on him. It was just sheer madness, and Bunker would get Buddy's view on it by return of post. He sat down there and then. He wrote to Rob:

For the Lord's sake get them to recall him. He'll only die on us. You know he's not up to this sort of thing. It's enough to knock out the hardiest, and Peter hasn't the constitution of a louse. Go and speak to Bunker about it yourself.

He went off by launch to Myaungmya the following morning. The water had receded there, leaving miles of sodden land steaming gently under a blazing sun. And in every creek and nullah and wayside pond, corpses of cattle, of men and of buffaloes gently decomposed in a buzz of flies, with vultures seated in knots on the bunds here and there on dark business of their own.

Cholera was well afoot in Myaungmya. Buddy rigged up a hospital on the measuring floor of the mill, and a kitchen behind it. Boiled water was supplied from a special tank. Propaganda against the drinking of contaminated water was part of Buddy's job. He held open-air meetings in the villages and on the river bank. The Burmans listened open-mouthed to his words of wisdom. Then they filled up their buckets and drank the contaminated water as before, from river and nullah and wayside pond. And pestilence stalked over the land, an angel with a drawn sword. All the people would do in the way of precaution was to sit all night in the damp and cold on the roofs of their houses, beating drums to frighten away evil spirits.

Buddy, hollow-eyed and wan with his hopeless fight, went back to the bungalow after four days. There letters awaited him, full of cheer, from Peter:

I would not have missed this experience for worlds. I am doing what you say, and trying to get them off the foul water, but they are stupid hounds. They seem to have no energy except for beating drums to frighten away spooks.

You needn't fuss about me. I'm a lot stronger than any of you ever give me credit for, though I can hear your sneering laugh when you read this.

Buddy thanked God the old chap was all right, and bathed and shaved. Things were better in Bassein. The flood tide was removing the more antiquated of the corpses out to sea, and an English doctor had come round from Rangoon and had sorted up the township with some success. His launch came alongside at sundown and he remained to dinner with Buddy.

"You look done to the world yourself, Graves. Lie low for a bit. I'm going to Myaungmya tomorrow, and I'll look in at Kothan as well. You take a day off. Nothing to be gained by knocking yourself out."

"Want of sleep and nothing more. My head feels like a lightly boiled tomato. Twelve hours' sleep will put me right."

"Then see you get it," said the doctor.

He stayed until ten o'clock. Buddy walked through the garden to the landing stage with him. The doctor's launch was tied up alongside the mill's private jetty. As he embarked, through the silence of the night Buddy heard a sinister sound—the dreary creaking and groaning of a sampan's oars in the night. A sampan coming downstream from the township at ten at night—it meant only one thing—a telegram.

Out of the night the sampan crept, with the white-clad figure of the sampan wallah, a telegram in his hand. With smarting eyes and thumping heart, Buddy tore it open and read it there by the light of the watchman's lamp:

MESSAGE REPORTS TAIT DOWN WITH CHOLERA AT HENZADA. TAKE ANY STEPS YOU THINK NECESSARY AND INFORM US AT ONCE.

Buddy stood as if frozen into the night. Peter, idiotic helpless old ass of a Peter, ill and alone—ill with that foul disease under the foulest circumstances. He'd be frightened. He had been frightened in Rangoon, with proper nurses and his friends all round him. And now he lay out somewhere in a water-logged country, at the mercy of some baboo doctor. It simply did not bear thinking of!

Buddy roused himself. The still compound awoke to activity. The launch came alongside presently, and food and clothing and medicine were piled on board. Presently the night was filled with a shower of golden sparks that trailed off upriver in the darkness—sparks from the smokestack of the Padauk, Messrs. Green & Hawthorne's steam launch, bound out for Henzada.

Buddy was so tired that he slept. He lay on the hard wooden seat of the launch with a coat under his head and slept in spite of his anguish of mind. Dawn trailed its glory over the morning and he did not see. When he awoke the sun was high in the heavens and the flooded country stretched from horizon to horizon, a carpet of mauve and gold, covered as far as eye could see with the lovely luscious flower of the water hyacinth, purple and poisonous in the sunshine.

Ahead of them, like an Oriental Venice in the waters of the flood, lay Henzada.

Buddy ran the launch ashore and set off on the hopeless task of trying to get tidings

(Continued on Page 83)

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(Continued from Page 30)

of Peter. The inhabitants were all dazed with terror and hardship. The hospital was flooded out. He went to the firm's bungalow and found it full of women and children and hens and the smell of cooking, and never a soul could tell him anything of Peter. In vain he asked for tidings of the Little Master who had come round from Rangoon only a short while before. They gaped at him open-mouthed and went on with their cooking. The mill staff and all intelligent members of the community were out salvaging their belongings.

At last Buddy found an old priest picking his way along the flooded bund—a Burmese priest wrapped in an orange robe. He stopped him and asked:

"The sick Englishman—where is he? The Little Master who came round to look after the people here."

The old priest smiled a toothless smile and pointed to a small hill at the back of the village. The sick, it appeared, all lay there. The baboo doctor, too, was there, and English medicine, and also he who, working amongst the sick, had been stricken down himself.

There were several open rest houses made of bamboo on top of the little hill. Buddy mounted it in the grilling sunshine and knew by the stench and the disinfectants that came down to meet him that he was on the right track at last.

In the open rest houses men lay huddled, wrapped in blankets, upon the floor—here and there one writhing horribly, here and there one deathly still. Buddy sickened, searching for Peter in their ranks. But Peter was not there. And at last a passing Burman pointed to a small bamboo hut away from the rest of the buildings, under a clump of palm trees.

With choking throat, Buddy entered. He would get a stretcher and bearers and carry Peter down to the launch and get him round to Bassein somehow—Bassein and the English doctor there. They might still pull him through.

It was dark inside the hut, and cool after the heat of the noonday sun without. The Burmans had done everything they could for him. On the floor in a far corner a figure lay, wrapped in a blanket. Beside him, cross-legged, a little Burman boy sat playing with a catapult, keeping watch.

"Peter, old chap," said Buddy, touching the figure on the shoulder. "Peter, I've come to take you away. It's Buddy here."

With agonizing effort the figure moved a little and pulled the blanket away from its face. Buddy gave a gasp. He found himself staring down at the livid features and the long black beard of the French priest, Monsieur Faite.

Faite! They had muddled names in the telegram. They had got hold of the wrong end of the stick. It wasn't Peter at all who was sick.

"He has gone out—in his launch—yesterday," said the Frenchman very faintly. "He is well—yes. He has worked well for us, that little one."

"I'll get you out of this," said Buddy. "I'll take you away."

The Frenchman shook his head. "As for me, I am finished, *mon ami*. I stay here. They are all my friends here. Leave me and go to those you can assist. As for me"—he paused, then said breathlessly—"I shall never see *la belle France* any more."

He pulled the blanket over his face and turned to the wall. Buddy could think of nothing but that Peter was all right. Peter wasn't sick. They might still get him out of it and all have good days together again—the Three Musketeers. Relief flooded his soul, and then turned suddenly to an appalling nausea. The sun-stricken country, with its covering of lovely poisonous water hyacinth and the cool darkness of the little bamboo hut, was lost to him in a greater darkness.

Was it a week later, or only a day? Buddy had no idea. He lay on the floor, wrapped in a blanket. Beside him the little Burman boy sat keeping watch, and ever and again he played with a catapult. The French priest had been carried away on a door in the cool of the dawn.

Vultures screamed in the flooded country below, squabbling over dark business of their own. The sound of the eternal rain beat upon the roof of the hut. He wondered if Peter would come in time. For Peter had gone out in a launch, to Bassein, to pay him a surprise visit—Peter, quite well. They would tell him at the bungalow what had happened. He would probably see the fatal telegram lying there. All this song and dance just because someone had muddled a name. In the gray of the dawn, when Buddy slept on the deck of the launch bound for Henzada, Peter must have passed him in the river, within a few hundred yards—Peter, quite well. A comic business—life.

Perhaps, thought Buddy, it would be better if Peter did not come in time. It would knock him out rather, poor old Peter, and he hadn't many guts. If only he could get a wire to Rob to come and fetch Peter—afterward. But in this ghastly chapter of accidents it was difficult to get word of anything to anyone, in a district stunned with troubles of its own.

There was nothing to do but lie still on the wooden floor and remember that one way and another a chap had managed to get a good deal of fun out of what there was of life and so had no real cause for complaint. It was fortunes of war. The chaps who died out in France had had much worse things to face, under fouler conditions. No chap can go on batting forever. In the end a chap has to face being either caught out or bowled or run out. It was better to die like this, in the thick of the game, than live to be old and a nuisance to everyone, and do it eventually with lace round the pillow, said Buddy.

And now he dreamed they were together on the club lawn again—the Three Musketeers—walking slowly to their special table. Rob and old Peter. What fun they had had together, the three of them! And was this old Peter at last, or was a chap merely dreaming again?

It was Peter, his thin face ghastly, kneeling on the wooden floor. His chin was unshaven, his hair long alien to any brush or comb.

He said: "I'd gone to Bassein to look for you, old chap. What a hash up! I found that telegram there—the fools! Thought it was me, of course," said Peter.

"I always told you I was strong as a horse. But you wouldn't believe me. . . . For God's sake, let's get you out of this! I'll get a stretcher and we'll carry you to the launch. There's the English doc in Bassein and you'll be right as rain there."

"I meant to give you hell for getting it," said Buddy faintly—"to wring your young neck for you. And now ——"

A faint twinkle lurked in his eyes for the last time. His words came so faintly that Peter had to bend his head right down to catch them at all.

"The dog it was that died," said Buddy.

"Of course, my dear," said Mrs. Green, wife of Bunker Green the burra sahib of Green & Hawthorne's, "it has been the most awful tragedy we have ever had. That gallant boy, dying out there and having to be buried just like a dog in that awful place. We expected it would kill young Tait, for, as you know, the two of them were quite inseparable, and I believe, my dear, that he had to dig the grave with his own hands. I'm sure, safe at home, no one has any conception of the sort of things that happen out here. We were positively frightened for young Tait's reason, so you have no idea how surprised I was when he came up to see Bunker after he got back. It's as if the mantle of young Graves had fallen on him, for there is a sort of dignity about him now, dear, and before I always thought him a most insignificant young man. And drink used to be his trouble, but now he's on the water wagon entirely—would not even have a peg when he came round the other night, and I'm sure he looked as if he wanted it, for it's plain to anyone the young man has been through hell."

They sat on the club lawn, listening to the band. Some way apart stood a small table. Now there were only two chairs beside it, waiting for the Two Musketeers who would presently arrive together—as always a little late.

The English mail was in. Peter sat in his own room, reading a letter:

It was immensely kind of you to write to us about my brother. It has meant everything to my mother, getting just that sort of news of him. Thank you also for the trouble you must have taken in sending his things back to us. They all arrived in beautiful condition, not a single thing broken.

We have heard him speak of you so often, and he told us you were coming home shortly on leave. I hope you will find time to look us up here. Mother is very anxious to meet you, and it would give her real pleasure to think you would come and stay with us for a little while.

Believe me,

Yours sincerely,

HERMIONE GRAVES

He read the letter twice, then folded it and slipped it into the drawer where all the letters Buddy had ever written him were neatly tied up with the office red tape and dated and docketed. From the corner of his desk Buddy smiled at him from a photograph frame, with those humorous eyes of his and the gallant fashion of holding his head. Peter picked the frame up and looked at it, wiping his thick glasses carefully first. Old Buddy—just like he always had been. An odd business—life. It gave a chap something to look forward to, meeting Buddy's mother and sister, on leave. It gave a chap some sort of aim in life to be the sort of chap and do the sort of things Buddy would have approved of. Old words rang into his head.

"Thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of women." Queer the way things a chap heard in chapel, long ago, came back and fitted into life afterward.

Old Buddy. . . . He brushed his hair very painstakingly, peering at himself in the glass with his shortsighted eyes.

Rob called without, "Coming to the band?"

"Coming now," said Peter steadily.

Rob lit a cigarette and waited for him. Rather wonderful, he thought, the way Peter had pulled himself together. They had expected such a picnic with Peter, and there hadn't been anything at all.

Over the club lawn they came, the tall one in front, the little one behind. Mothers, daughters, hostesses and others interested in young men looked at them as they passed and said: "There go the Two Musketeers. But I'm afraid I cannot introduce you to them. They're set against dining out."

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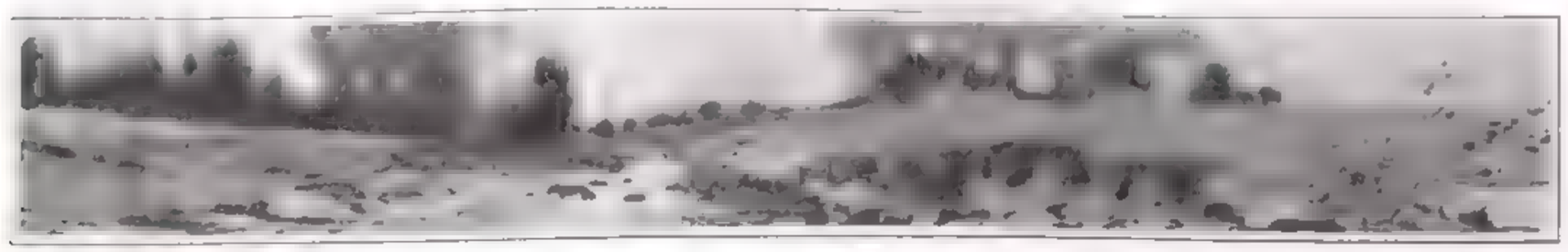

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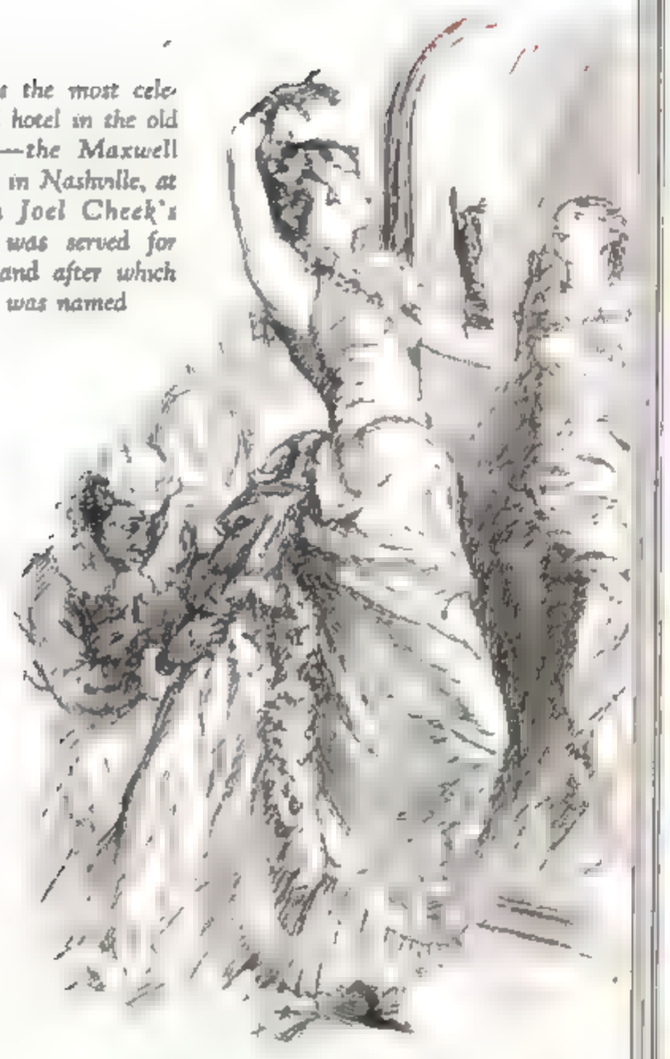

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THE TAKEN CHILD

(Continued from Page 33)

"I don't know. It may take me a long time, but I'll do it somehow." He looked at her gravely. "You see, I've got to, Doris."

XIV

DORIS stood before her assembled and much relieved family.

"Where on earth have you been, Doris?" asked Mrs. Kent. "Another half hour and we would have sent out a search party."

"I went for a walk with Harry Galloway. I ran over to the stables to speak to him for a minute, but he was just starting out, and we walked and we walked, and before we knew it we'd gone ten times as far as we thought we had. We wouldn't be back yet if we hadn't hooked a ride."

"I don't understand," continued her mother uneasily. "Couldn't—couldn't you have telephoned from some farmhouse?"

"What does it matter?" interrupted the colonel, at no pains to hide his sudden ease of mind. "She's here, isn't she? Had anything to eat, Doris?"

"Not a bite."

"Come on out to the dining room and I'll see what I can raise."

As they went off together Mrs. Kent turned rather appealingly to her half sister, regarded her for a moment as if about to speak and then changed her mind.

"Why don't you say it, Maida?" asked Hillie.

"Because you're not what you used to be, Hillie," said Mrs. Kent in apathy rather than in reproof. "I've forgotten how to talk to you."

Two spots of deeper color showed on Miss Truman's thin cheeks, and her eyes widened. It was the first time her older sister had approached a spoken accusation. Her lips twitched nervously, as if it were equally as hard for her to make up her mind to speak.

"I'll say it for you," she compromised. "You're worried about Doris and that boy."

"But I would be a lot more worried if he were older," said Mrs. Kent with a frown. "I mean he's a nice boy—an unusual boy—and no harm could come to Doris from just being with him. What puzzles me is that she has never ——"

"Never what?"

"She's never before run after any boy. She's never cared two snaps about men one way or the other, and I'm sure most of them think she's positively rude."

"I don't think you can quite call it running after him," said Hillie, also frowning.

"You're right, Hillie. That's the most understanding thing you've said for years. She doesn't run after him at all—she just runs to him. She did it the first time they met, and she's done it ever since. It's so natural I have a feeling that if I spoke to her about it she'd look at me as if I'd slapped her."

"Yes, and she would change," said Miss Truman slowly, staring blankly before her. "The minute after you'd spoken she would be a different person from the minute before, and perhaps you'd like the new one a lot less."

"Hillie, I take back anything that may have sounded unkind, because you've given me exactly the help I needed. I've made up my mind I would rather cut off my hand than say a word to her."

In the meantime the great Colonel Kent had succeeded in having the kitchen reopened—no mean feat even for a man of his caliber—but there would be some delay before the simplest dish could be prepared. The two sat face to face at a small table within the constricted radiance of a single light, and all about them was shadow merging into darkness.

"How is he taking it?" asked the colonel.

"What?" said Doris, munching at the crust of a stale roll.

"You know."

"Oh, that! Why, we decided that you and Mr. Galloway and the rest of the grown-up world are crazy. I would have done exactly what Harry did, and he would do it again if he had it to do over. We may be stupid, daddy, according to your way of thinking, but we simply can't see what else there was to do than what he did. Is there anything further you would like to know?"

"Not about that," said the colonel, glowing with his nearest approach to mirth. "But you might tell me if you had a good time."

"It was a glorious walk—simply glorious. At first I was angry and said I wouldn't go, I started to run back, but what do you think he did?"

"Whistled for you."

"Worse! He sicked that fool dog on me. The brute stood in front of me and growled and wagged his tail at the same time."

"You mean to say you let that poodle stop you—you—my girl?"

"Listen," said Doris, her brown eyes flashing, "do you want to make some easy money? You come out in the same field with the same dog doing the same thing and I'll give you ten dollars out of my allowance for every first down you make."

"You win by a length," said the colonel, thoroughly enjoying himself. "He sicked his dog on you, so you had to go."

"No, I didn't. I had to stop, and after we'd talked for a minute I wanted to go. That's a lot different, isn't it?"

"As different as two cats in one bag."

She gave him an appreciative gleam; even in his sadness he was so full of quiet fun. There was nobody in the world like him—nobody but Harry. The last half of that thought startled her so that he could see the flash of its explosion behind her eyes. He said nothing, sure that the sound would come to him in due course. Doris frowned; she too waited, wondering what her tongue was going to say.

"Daddy, do you have paddocks for people?"

They were both surprised, and showed it.

"Bless my soul, child, what do you mean?"

"Well, there's the open range, where anybody in the world can wander, and it's none of your business. Then there's the general pasture, pretty far from the house. Then there's the home pasture near by—people that have the right to call you by your first name. Then there's the home paddock for the family, including cousins—first cousins and only a few second ones—and after that comes the thing I'm trying to say. Your own paddock—your truly private paddock—without a gate. Whoever is in there was in there always and can't get out—you can't let them out."

"Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings!" murmured the colonel, staring wonderingly into her eyes. "You've performed a miracle, Doris. You've taught me something I've always known. Do you want to tell me who's in your private paddock?"

"I'm afraid."

"Why?"

"Because it hasn't anything to do with the people you might think ought to be in there. I mean nobody gets in because you ought to love them, and all the people you do love aren't inside. I don't think love has anything to do with it—not really—it just can't. And remember, you don't put people in there, daddy. They're there, and that's all there is to it."

"How many have you got corralled so far."

"That's what's so terrible—just two."

"Don't be afraid."

He had never before seen her face look drawn, but it was drawn now. Intensity of feeling was in every muscle, and in her eyes was something stranger still—something so alien to her nature that he would have doubted his senses had she not swept him along with her. A flicker of fright had leaped out at him—leaped straight as a dart to his heart.

"You ——" she whispered.

"Go on."

"You and Harry Galloway."

He smiled at her. He had made up his mind to smile, whomever she named, and because she could not remember having seen him smile—openly, frankly—for years, it swept her to her feet with both hands at her throat. He knew that if he moved by so much as the flicker of an eyelash she would rush around the table and throw herself sobbing into his arms. He did not move.

"Steady on, girlie. There's nothing to shy at—nothing at all."

She sank into her chair again, fully repossessed.

"Don't you think I'm soft," she commanded—"don't you dare! I'm not in love with him, because if I am, then I'm in love with you. When I'm with you I keep thinking of Harry, and when I'm with him I keep thinking of you, seeing you in the things he does and hearing you in the things he says."

"You're making it pretty hard for me to find fault with him," remarked the colonel, his eyes twinkling.

"I don't care. It's the truth and I had to tell you."

"Now comes the important question: What are we going to do about it?"

"There's nothing to do about the way I feel—there never has been—but there's a lot to do about Harry."

"Has he said anything to you?"

"You mean anything soft?"

Again the colonel's eyes twinkled. "Yes."

"Not a word. If I put my lips up to his mouth he'd think I wanted him to clean my face."

The colonel realized that in spite of the shock of learning that his only daughter was infatuated with a penniless horse trainer, he was having one of the best times of his long life.

"You haven't tried, have you?"

"No, not yet."

"I wouldn't if I were you—not yet and not for a long while."

"I won't, because it would make things harder for you."

"Harder for me?"

"Yes; harder for you to help Harry out. This morning he was worth all of thirty-three hundred dollars, but tonight he's broke and he owes Mr. Galloway seventeen hundred in real money."

"What's that got to do with me?"

"Everything. It's got as much to do with you as if I were hard up myself. Oh, I don't mean anything silly like giving him the money. I'd just like to see you try it! What I mean is you've got to give him just as good a job as he's worth."

"That's funny," said the colonel. "A year ago I felt out John Galloway. I as good as offered the boy a job."

"You did?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

"We're telling the truth tonight, aren't we? We never lie to each other, but all you've got to do to keep from lying is to keep your mouth shut. We're talking tonight."

"Yes, daddy."

"Well, I did it because I liked the boy. I had a feeling I've never had about any boy before except my own. I sort of wanted to have him around."

"Oh, daddy!"

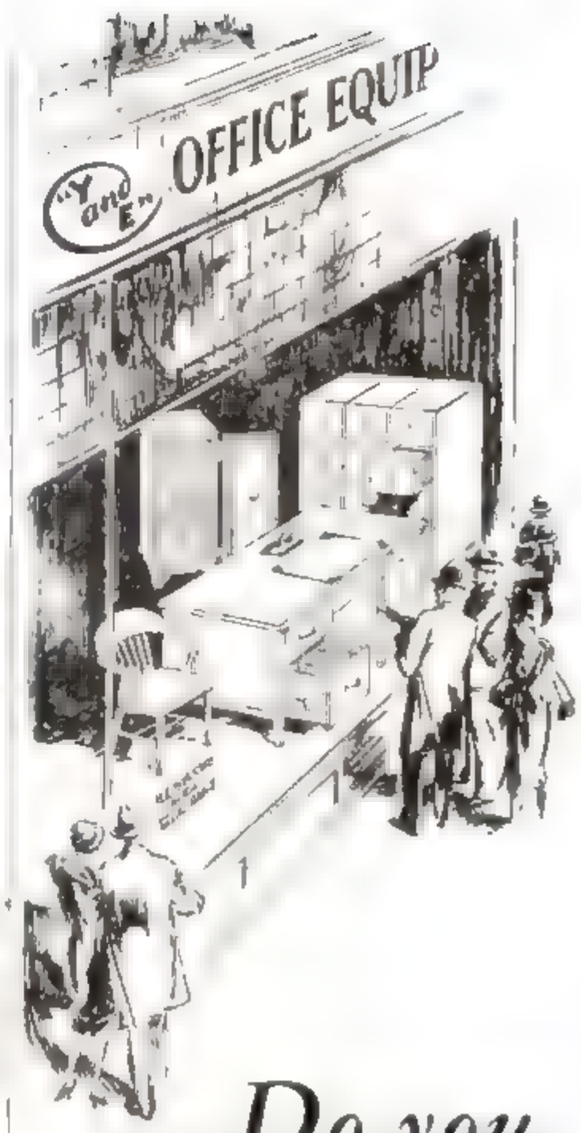
"Steady there—keep your feet down. It was a purely selfish impulse. I never thought of you or your mother. It was the most selfish thing I've done for years."

"Then it's all right," said Doris with a sigh of relief.

"All right? You've just thrown a monkey wrench as big as a jack into the machinery, and you say it's all right!"

"What monkey wrench?"

"Think a minute; now don't rush the wire. I'm going to tell you a few things and you've got to listen to them quietly or you won't hear them at all."



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1. FUSSY FOURSOME ON HOME GREEN; AND A TWO FOOT PUTT TO SQUARE THE MATCH

2. IN MIDST OF HIS WIGGLE-WAGGLE FEELS SOMETHING GIVE ON UNDERWEAR. REMEMBERS HE LOST THREE BUTTONS GETTING OUT OF THE SAND-TRAP

3. FINDS LAST BUTTON IS STILL HANGING BY A THREAD, GRITS TEETH AND TAKES HIS STANCE AGAIN

4. STOPS TO RE-ARRANGE UNDERWEAR WHICH KEEPS SLIPPING DOWN OVER HIS SHOULDER

5. BUTTON POPS OFF JUST AS HE PUTTS. MISSES THE TWO FOOT PUTT BY A GENEROUS THREE FEET

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"I'll listen."

"Harry isn't really John Galloway's son, Doris. He's adopted—what they call in Jersey a taken child."

There was a pause. "Does that matter?"

"It does and it doesn't. John Galloway doesn't know who the boy's people were. It's possible Harry doesn't know himself." Doris smiled. "What are you smiling at?"

"I was just wondering at the difference that's made to Mr. Galloway and his wife. As far as I can make out from a few things Harry's said, she must think the sun rises and sets in him. Now isn't it extraordinary, daddy, that with a thing like that behind him, and with all these years she's had to watch it blacken his character, she hasn't tied a rope around his neck and drowned him long ago?"

"You shoot straight, Doris," said the colonel with impartial admiration, "and you hit hard. Right down on rock bottom it doesn't make a bit of difference whether or no the boy knows who is his father. But most people don't live on rock bottom; nobody does—not all the time. I don't want to think against you; I'm trying to think with you. Come on now, let's get to it. You want me to give him a job. All right, I'll do it. What then?"

"What then?"

"Yes. He starts in as a second man, he gets to be a driver pretty quick and he might make a trainer when Beggs is ready to quit. In the meantime he lives in the men's quarters, with your mother worrying and your aunt fidgeting every day, wondering where the devil it's going to end. You'd keep away from him, of course, now wouldn't you?"

"No, I wouldn't."

"But you told me you're not in love with him."

"I'm not." She paused, evidently weighing the truth of her own words. "He's not grown up yet."

"Would you be willing to go off to Europe for a while?"

"I'd love it."

"You mean that, Doris?" exclaimed the colonel, as one who has chanced on a bit of unexpected luck.

"Certainly."

"That's fine, and I'll take you up on it. I'll send you with your mother and Hillie anywhere you want to go and for as long as you'll stay. In the meantime I'll give Harry a job—as good a job as I can find for him." She smiled again—a shrewd smile—and at the sight of it he frowned. "What's the matter now?"

"You must think I'm easy. I'll go to Europe whenever you're free to come along. I'll stay away just as long as you will, and not a minute longer."

He looked at her gravely, but the frown slowly cleared from his brow.

"You're not doing much to help me, are you?"

"No; but it isn't because I don't want to. It's all I can do to help myself. I know that certain things have to be, but I don't know why or how. If you can't help me, nobody can, but the things that are going to be will happen whether you help me or not."

The waiter came in with a great flourish and deposited a laden tray on the nearest serving table. The colonel arose.

"Eat your dinner, my dear. I'm going down to the Gorse Hotel to have a talk with John Galloway."

Ten minutes later, avoiding the crowd in the lobby of the horsiest house in the country, he sent a boy in search of the man he wanted. John Galloway hurried out hatless to the sidewalk.

"Want to see me, colonel?"

"Busy, John?"

"No, sir."

"Get your hat. Let's take a stroll somewhere." He did not pace up and down while he waited; he stood stock-still, but at ease. When Mr. Galloway rejoined him he asked, "How's the boy?"

"Pretty low. Not wormy, because he ain't got a drop of quitter blood in him; but you see, they's a lot of things on his mind wasn't there this morning."

"You and I are straight shooters, John."

"We've known each other a long time, colonel."

"That's it. So you can bet on it when I say I wouldn't do anything to take your boy away from you any more than you'd try to take my girl away from me."

"I believe you, colonel."

"But you and I are getting pretty well along and there's something that's going to take our kids away from us just as sure as old folks are apt to die and young ones keep right on living."

"Yes, sir; but we can't help that."

"Exactly. All we can do is to look ahead as far as we can see, and that's what I'm trying to do. You've told me Harry is your legally adopted son. Have you any other children?"

"No, sir—not now."

"Are you going to leave him all you've got?"

"I am—what there is of it," replied Mr. Galloway with a puzzled air.

"John, you may have heard I've bought me a new lot of brood mares."

"Yes, sir. I couldn't help know that."

"The older I grow the stronger I am for the breeding end of the business and the less I care about watching them go. Results are mighty important, of course, because if you can't deliver performers you're simply a mutt and no breeder at all."

"That's so, colonel," said Mr. Galloway, still puzzled.

"I've got a straight-out business proposition to make to you. I want to lease Alloway Deep at an annual rental. I'll guarantee to put the place in apple-pie order and keep it that way if your boy, Harry, is up to the job of superintendent. Then I want you to quit training for anybody else and take on my weanlings as fast as they come along. I can afford to pay you more than you're making now and still get off cheap. As for you, you'll be your own boss simply because anybody that tried to boss you would have to break your neck first. You'll also get a percentage on the net auction profits, if any, on the colts that pass through your hands. Have I covered everything?"

"You certainly have."

"What do you think about it?"

"It's an offer that no man in his senses, fixed like I am, could refuse."

"Got any questions you want to ask?"

"No, sir; but you have. You'd like to know the breeding of my boy, Harry. Don't mistake my meaning, colonel. I'm not such an old fool as to think you're laying your plans to marry your girl to a taken child, though God never growed a straighter boy. But also I'm not deaf, dumb and blind, and if we're friends at all, you won't take it badly when I say that what you're doing is preparing for the worst."

The colonel stopped in his tracks. "Is that it, John?" he asked quite simply. "Are you sure?"

"I was," said Mr. Galloway, dumfounded; "but if you ain't, how in thunder can I keep on being sure? Don't you know yourself what you been aiming at?"

"No, I don't," said the colonel, "and that's the God's truth. There's just one little thing throws me off, and when I remind you of it, perhaps you won't feel so almighty wise either. Why did I go after you for the boy a year ago—exactly one year before I quit thinking of my girl as nothing but a baby? What did she have to do with that?"

There was a long silence. "You got me," admitted Mr. Galloway thoughtfully. "So what I guessed isn't true at all and I take it back."

"True? It's the truest thing you ever said, but it doesn't keep the other from being true too. You see, John, I'm just telling you everything I don't know about where I stand! Sure, I'm preparing for the worst, and by that I don't mean Harry isn't every bit as good as my girl. I just mean there are reasons why it would be a pretty big pill to swallow."

(Continued on Page 88)

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(Continued from Page 86)

"You don't have to name them. Any man could see them with his eyes shut."

"That brings me to one thing more: Will you do me a favor?"

"You know I will, colonel—anything in reason."

"We're running into a blank after this meeting, as you know. I don't have to tell you who our vet is at Kent Acres. I want you to use your authority to ship Pickpacker down there, because we bred him, and send the boy along with him. From what they tell me, the horse won't be laid up for more than a couple of weeks."

Mr. Galloway's face colored slowly until it was a deep brick red.

"That's a hard thing to ask, colonel. You want your girl should see my boy hanging around in the caretakers' quarters for two-three weeks."

"Hold your horses, sir!" said the colonel without raising his voice, but when he spoke in anger he was terrible to see. "I'm inviting your son to be a guest in my house as I would invite any other owner who was also a gentleman."

"Then why didn't you say so?" asked Mr. Galloway with spirit, but also without raising his voice. "How did you think I could guess a thing like that? I'm thinking of ma now—Mrs. Galloway. She'll have a fit worrying about his clothes."

"Pshaw! His clothes are all right. When he works he wears working clothes, and when he plays he doesn't. The richer a boy is nowadays the sloppier he looks in his dragging bags. Think of something else."

"I'm through," said Mr. Galloway with a vague gesture of helplessness before the questions which were crowding into his mind.

"Then I'll tell you something you don't appear to know. It's a harder test for him to be in my house than in the stables."

"Perhaps it is, colonel, but you mistook me," Mr. Galloway said. "I'm not afraid for the boy in any company—house, stables or a rough-and-tumble. When do you want he should go?"

"We're shipping a few back day after tomorrow. I'll tell my men about the Pickpacker colt." He made a movement as if to go, but stopped. "Excuse me, John, but do you think Harry knows his original name?"

"He couldn't help but know it."

"Anybody else?"

"I think the man that give him the dog knows it—Captain William Bill, the showman—and the judge that consigned him to the Children's Society in Trenton. He ought to know it too."

"Wouldn't they tell you?"

"I never asked 'em. I never cared particular to hear."

"I can understand that, but it's a bit different with me."

"Yes, sir, it is. I should say your best bet would be Captain Bill. He runs Captain William Bill's Attractions and I reckon he ain't further away than the county fair."

Mr. Galloway returned to the hotel, located Mr. Godfrey and asked him to stay away from the room for half an hour; then he went up and was glad to find Harry in bed but still awake.

"Harry, I've got a surprise for you. Colonel Kent, being the breeder of Pickpacker, seems to feel he's kind of to blame for what happened today, because everybody knows the colt has had careful handling. He got me to promise I'd ship him down there to the best vet there is anywheres. He said he wanted you should go along and stay at his house, and seeing as we're running into a two weeks' blank, I allowed I could spare you."

There was a long silence during which he began leisurely to undress, but could Harry have taken his pulse he would have been alarmed for his health.

"When does he want us to ship?" he asked.

"Day after tomorrow."

"Do you think I ought to go, father?"

"I've passed my word, son. It wouldn't hardly be decent to turn down a kindness like that, would it now?"

"Perhaps not."

"There's another thing: While you're down there you might as well take a pretty good look at his stock, because beginning with this fall he's going to ship all his weanlings to Alloway Deep for handling."

Harry came upright in the bed. "What did you say?"

"You heard me. The colonel's about ready to quit the track and aims to breed for the market and the auctions. So you think you'll go, do you?"

"Yes, sir," said Harry, a strange light in his eyes, "I'll go, all right."

Mr. Galloway picked up his discarded trousers, rummaged for his wallet and took out half his ready money.

"Here's a present for you, Harry, from ma and me, and it hasn't nothing to do with your wages. You take it and hold up your end while you're gone, will you, son?"

"Thank you, father."

Harry took the notes and turned over quickly to hide his face in the pillow, as if he were suddenly sleepy.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

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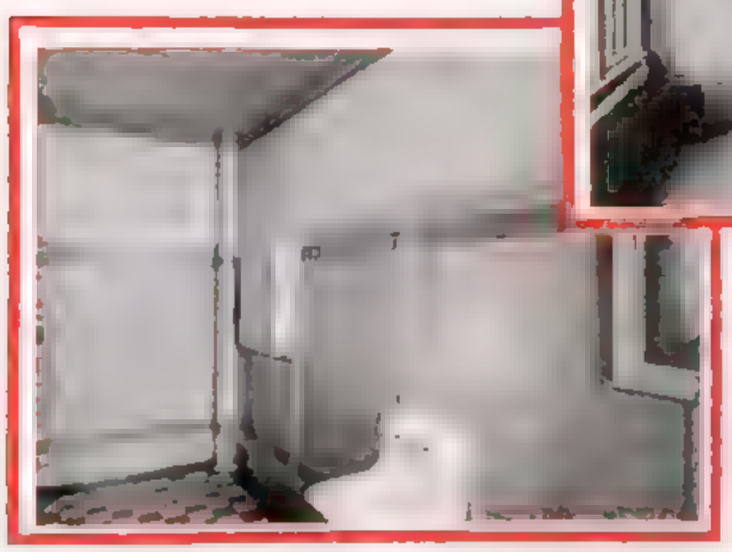

Upson Fibre-Tile builds cleanly, sanitary washrooms for offices, store or factory—colorful tiled walls for bath or kitchen. Write for samples.

Colorful wall-tiling at surprisingly low cost

For the bath and kitchen—for the factory or office washrooms, too—Upson Fibre-Tile builds colorful interiors at little cost.

Upson Fibre-Tile is Upson Board with permanent tile-like indentations. It comes in big sections—*unfinished*—so you can finish it in any of the smart color schemes now so popular. Applied and finished, it costs only a few cents a square foot—*about 1/10th as much as ceramic tile.*

Certified tests prove Upson Board and Upson Fibre-Tile excel in resistance to jars and blows as compared with excessively heavy, brittle boards—and are also remarkably resistant to heat and moisture—even ordinary leaks. Upson Fasteners (patented) make them the *one* wallboard that can be applied without disfiguring nail marks in centers of panels.

Try Upson Board for just one office, or one room in your house. Or, our Industrial Department will gladly tell you about industrial uses.

Upson Board is extensively used as a raw material in the manufacture of hundreds of articles in place of thin lumber or veneer. Saves in cost of matching, sanding and finishing. Furnished in three thicknesses and in countless shapes and sizes for specific uses.

UPSON BOARD

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608 Upson Pt., Lockport, New York

Enclosed find 10cents for samples of Upson Board and Upson Fibre-Tile, descriptive literature and helpful suggestions. (I am interested in)

☐ Home uses ☐ Office uses ☐ Manufacturing uses

Name

Address

AIRCRAFT CARRIERS

(Continued from Page 25)

feet in the air, the observing plane, safe from gunfire, can count the enemy ships and report by radio the position, disposition and character of the forces. Under certain conditions the weather might hamper its operations; yet despite such possible limitations, the scouting airplane sent from a carrier will in the future, in my opinion, give the best and most quickly obtainable information of the enemy. For these reasons it is entirely probable that no more battle cruisers will be built and that replacements in capital ships will be huge battleships of 35,000 tons, mounting nine or twelve sixteen-inch guns.

In view of this great value of the aircraft carrier in naval warfare of the future, it is interesting to compare the strength of the three leading naval powers in the new ships. Under the terms of the Washington treaties the aircraft-carrier tonnage of the United States, Great Britain and Japan is limited to 135,000, 135,000 and 81,000 tons, respectively. The number, tonnage and ratio of carriers now built or being built by the three great naval powers are shown in the following table:

	UNITED STATES	GREAT BRITAIN	JAPAN
Number . .	3	7	3
Tonnage . .	78,700	111,500	63,300
Ratio . . .	3.56	5	2.87

Captain Henry E. Yarnell, Commanding the U. S. S. Saratoga, and His Executive Officer, Commander Kenneth Whiting

Appropriations for the Navy

These figures emphasize at a glance the urgent need for more aircraft carriers in the United States Navy. The ratio with the other treaty parties, instead of being 5:5:3, is actually 3.56:5:2.87. The United States is at a further disadvantage from the fact that one of its carriers, the Langley, was converted from a 13-knot, 12,000-ton collier, and because of its slow speed, is of little use except for experimental and training purposes. The slowest British aircraft carrier can make more than twenty knots, and the slowest Japanese carrier has a speed of twenty-three knots. Actually—excluding the Langley—the ratio in modern carriers of the United States, Great Britain and Japan is 3:5:2.87.

The urgent need of the United States for more aircraft carriers was clearly demonstrated by the Navy Department when it submitted to Congress, with the consent of the President, a recommendation for the construction of five carriers. As this is written, the House of Representatives has passed a bill for the increase of the Navy in which there is provision for the construction of only one carrier of about 20,000 tons, at a cost not to exceed $19,000,000. This bill has yet to be acted upon by the Senate, and it is hoped that that body will add to the program so that the United States may in the near future attain the full strength in aircraft carriers permitted by its international agreements.

Progress made in aircraft-carrier development may be visualized by comparing the little Engadine, with its one plane, and the latest carriers—the United States ships Saratoga and Lexington—each carrying seventy-two planes. The Saratoga, like her sister ship the Lexington, is of 33,000 tons, with thirty-three knots speed, and has a main battery of eight eight-inch guns. With such progress in ten years, what may one not expect in the next quarter century?

Strange Craft

The Saratoga, now the flagship of the aircraft squadron attached to the battle fleet in the Pacific, is an odd-looking vessel. In order to have the main deck perfectly clear for storage of planes, a runway from which planes could take off and space upon which they could alight, it was necessary to lead the uptakes from the boilers to an enormous funnel constructed at the side of the ship. Here is what is called the island, and it is this island that gives the Saratoga its unique appearance. In it are the four turrets, a navigation bridge, signal masts, fire-control towers and other essential features. A plane alighting on the deck of the ship is flying at from fifty to fifty-five miles an hour. To stop the momentum of the plane at landing, ingenious arresting devices are provided on the deck. In addition, there are brakes on the running gear of the plane. Without these devices the plane could not be stopped within the length of the ship. With them it is stopped in 150 feet—approximately four times its own length.

The carriers Saratoga and Lexington originally were battle cruisers. By the Treaty of Washington the United States was permitted to convert them into carriers. They were completed late in 1927 at a cost of about $40,000,000 each and sent to the fleet. Because of their original plans, it was possible to provide underwater compartments that made the ships unusually safe from torpedo attacks. Side armor also gives them excellent protection against other surface vessels, and the aircraft carried on board are more than adequate for protection against air attacks. Apart from eight eight-inch guns placed in four twin turrets, each carrier is armed with twelve five-inch guns that may be used also as broadsides. The anti-aircraft guns are arranged in groups of three, with the maximum possible unobstructed arcs of fire.

The Saratoga is 850 feet long on the water line and 888 feet over all. The beam is 105 feet and the draft 31 feet. It is the largest ship that can go through the Panama

(Continued on Page 83)

Why Don't You...?

Why Don't You Super-Seal Your Floors Against Water, Grease and Wear?

DO YOU know that there is an amazing new liquid floor covering called Koverflor...that is applied with an ordinary paint brush...that dries into a tough, durable film of armored service...and that actually super-seals any floor...of wood, cement or linoleum...anywhere—indoors or out...making it waterproof, greaseproof and practically wearproof?

ORDINARY FLOOR PAINT
Unretouched Photo Micrograph, note the imperfections

KOVERFLOR FILM
Unretouched Photo Micrograph; note the flawless surface
SUPER-SEALED

Do you know that Koverflor is so resilient that it gives easily beneath normally crushing blows? Do you appreciate the fact that because Koverflor is absolutely non-porous, it is impenetrable by the dust, grime, water or oil that quickly ruin floors?

Can you imagine the joy of floors as easy to clean as tile, yet not at all slippery? Have you studied the wide choice of glorious colors that Koverflor offers, as well as the sparkling, transparent Koverflor Clear? Can you realize that such an extraordinary achievement in floor protection, beauty and cleanliness, costs less than 2c a square foot?

Then, why don't you discover Koverflor for yourself? Test it as you will...in the kitchen, the cellar, the garage, the sun-porch or the living room...test it for beauty, for wear, for cleanliness. Test it in your home, your office, your store, or your factory. Test it on boats and yachts, or on any other hard used surfaces.

If your paint and hardware dealer cannot supply you, we will gladly mail you a sample folder on Koverflor with detailed information. But remember this ...there is no Koverflor substitute. For linoleum, wood or cement floors, inside or outside.

KOVERFLOR
TRADE MARK

STANDARD VARNISH WORKS

New York, 443 Fourth Ave Chicago, 2000 Federal St. Los Angeles, 116 E. Jefferson St. San Francisco, 562 Howard St.
LONDON GOTHENBURG BERLIN

Special alloy steel Backbohne —the original Invar Steel Struts —are cast in, to control expansion and maintain satisfactory clearances under all engine operating conditions

NELSON

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PISTONS

"The" Invar Strut Piston

Now Adopted as Standard for the Leading Motor Cars in all Price Classes

BOHN ALUMINUM & BRASS CORPORATION, DETROIT, MICH.
Also makers of the famous Bohn Ring True Bearings

To all Manufacturers: In Bohnalite we have developed the latest process light alloy. A number of manufacturers are advantageously using this advanced metal. Write for details.

ALWAYS OUT IN FRONT · · THE CAR EQUIPPED WITH NELSON BOHNALITE PISTONS

(Continued from Page 91)

Canal, whose locks are 110 feet wide. Recently, when the Saratoga and Lexington went through those locks, there was so little space to spare that each ship had some paint scraped from the sides.

In view of the restrictions to the size of carriers fixed by the Washington treaties, it is quite probable that these two ships always will be the largest carriers afloat. The maximum speed attainable—thirty-three knots—is, considering the size of the vessels, truly remarkable. It is achieved with the electric-drive system of propulsion. This system has been developed only recently—within the past fifteen years—and since it is now the propulsive system of the latest capital ships in the United States Navy, it deserves more than passing mention. Boilers furnish steam to turbogenerators. These generate electricity that supplies power direct to propulsion motors connected in pairs directly to the propeller shafts. The Saratoga has sixteen oil-fired boilers in four separate compartments. These boilers generate about 200,000 horse power. Four 35,200 kilowatt turbogenerators give 180,000 shaft horse power to the driving motors, two on each of four shafts. The principal advantages of the electric drive are that it permits: (1) Flexibility in the regulation of speed; (2) application of power at a point nearer the propellers; (3) space saving; (4) elimination of long lines of steam piping; and (5) operation directly from the bridge of the ship. It is of interest to note that the first electric drive was installed in 1912 on the United States collier Jupiter, which later was converted into the carrier Langley.

An Industrial Community

The most interesting features of the Saratoga, however, are those which adapt it to the duties of a great mother ship for aircraft. Not all its planes can be carried on the main deck. Many must be dismantled and stowed on the lower decks. When these are needed they are assembled and sent through great hatches by elevators to the main deck, ready to fly. Planes are towed about the deck by small tractors.

Two squadrons of heavy planes have been assigned to both the Saratoga and the Lexington. These combine the functions of scouting, heavy bombing and torpedo-carrying. Two squadrons of the most modern fighting planes are also carried by each. In addition, the Saratoga has twelve observation planes of the record-breaking Vought Corsair type, and the Lexington six of the same class. Also, to each ship is assigned a small utility airplane unit for miscellaneous uses.

The two carriers have been made as self-contained as possible, and consequently the usual facilities of shore airports and air stations are provided. Shops completely equipped to overhaul aircraft and overhaul and test all types of aircraft engines, are installed on these two ships. Special aerological equipment makes it possible to predict meteorological conditions, and radio compass facilities for directional control of planes, as well as the customary apparatus for communication with other ships, shore stations and aircraft, are provided.

Airplanes may leave the vessels by taking off in the customary way from the flying deck or by being launched by catapult. The catapult was originally designed by the United States Navy to launch planes from capital ships and cruisers, and has been steadily improved until a high degree of efficiency has been attained. It permits a plane to take off even in severe weather and while the ship is under way. The vessel must necessarily be so maneuvered that the wind is coming from the side toward which the catapult will be fired.

Where both catapult and flying deck are lacking, planes may be enabled to rise into the air at sea by stopping the vessel and lowering them over with a crane. The new carriers are equipped with such cranes, in addition to their catapults and flying decks, and can lower planes from the upper deck to the surface of the water. This, of course, is sometimes impractical, due to rough seas. Often it is impossible for many types of seaplanes to rise from the sea when it is rough, or even when a heavy ground swell is running.

A recent and significant accomplishment of the Saratoga was its demonstration of ability to aid a huge dirigible at sea. Late last January the great airship Los Angeles made a landing on the deck of the carrier while the ship was proceeding at a speed of fifteen knots. A hose was led to the dirigible from the Saratoga and fuel, water, supplies and passengers were transferred from one ship to the other. The operation consumed only about an hour and was considered entirely successful, although only comparatively crude equipment was available. The importance of the demonstration lay in the fact that it promised a new and tremendously expanded radius of action to dirigibles coöperating with aircraft carriers at sea.

Like the battleships, the new aircraft carriers are large and self-contained communities. The Saratoga, as has been pointed out, can produce enough electric current to supply the demands of a city the size of Boston. This power is used not only to drive the vessel but to operate the elevators that lift the airplanes, to hoist ammunition, to steer, to raise and lower anchors, to pump water, to ventilate the ship, to drive machinery in the workshop and to operate the interior communication system, the searchlights, the radio and the kitchen and laundry apparatus. To man and operate the vessel a total complement of about 1815 enlisted men and 219 officers—of whom 115 are commissioned aviators—are required.

The personnel includes craftsmen of many trades. For them there are provided all the comforts that may be found ashore. Apart from their electrically equipped galleys and diet kitchens, they have a hospital and dispensary, a dental office, butcher, barber, cobbler and printing shops, a laundry, a post office, a photographic laboratory, a refrigerating plant and evaporating and distilling apparatus. Equipment for servicing and repairing the planes includes an optical repair shop, blacksmith and machine shops, a foundry, a wing covering and a fuselage repair shop, an electrical shop, a copper and wire shop, a woodworking shop and sheet metal, welding, radio, engine overhaul and instrument repair rooms. In addition to the purely aviation features of the vessels, the usual requirements of first-class fighting ships are met in every respect. The organization is quite similar to that of any man-of-war, with the addition of an air department, which has supervision over all air matters on the ship. This department has the same status in the ship as do the engineer, gunnery and other departments.

Huge Expense But Many Benefits

Immediately after the Saratoga and the Lexington had been launched, actual aircraft operations were begun. The first landing was made on board the Lexington by Lieut. A. M. Pride, U. S. N., while the ship was on her way from the building yard at Quincy, Massachusetts, to the Boston Navy Yard. The first landing was made on board the Saratoga by Lieut. Commander M. A. Mitscher, U. S. N., as soon as the vessel had left the Philadelphia Navy Yard.

These two ships have cost the Government a very large sum of money. This money, however, was not spent exclusively for the national defense. The experimentation that resulted in the power plants, not only of the ships but of the planes as well, is for the benefit of all industry. The Navy freely gives the benefit of its successes to all industries to which they are of value.

Annually the Navy spends $1,750,000 in aerial research and experimentation. It is spending annually about $12,500,000 for new airplanes and engines. Such expenditures have in part enabled aircraft engine builders to carry on. What this can mean has been explained in a recent article by the Hon. E. P. Warner, Assistant Secretary of the Navy for Aeronautics.

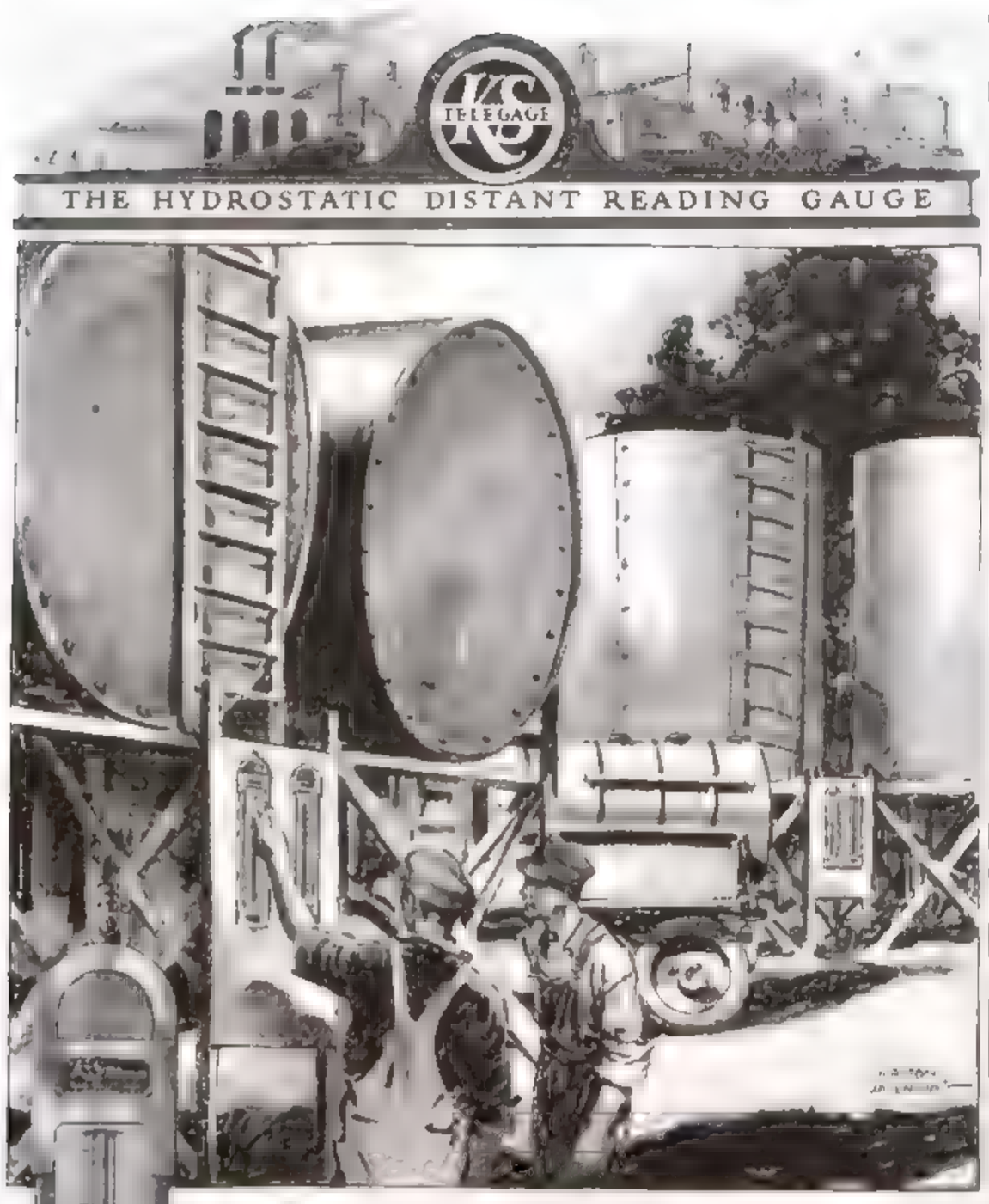
TOOTHACHE frequently comes too late to warn us. For decay can work painlessly! Acids, forming at The Danger Line, often undermine your teeth unsuspected. Then, not pain, but health itself may be the price of neglect. For the poisons from a decayed tooth may spread throughout your system, stealing away strength and energy—perhaps bringing serious illness.

It is to guard against this danger that millions of people use Squibb's Dental Cream. For it not only keeps teeth lustrous and gums healthy, but also neutralizes acids. It is made with more than 50% Squibb's Milk of Magnesia. It reaches into all the tiny crevices at the gum margin, neutralizing acids, soothing the delicate gum tissue, guarding against the threat of decay.

Because it contains no grit or abrasives, Squibb's Dental Cream is safe to use in the most tender mouth. Its regular use, together with visits to your dentist, will give you the best protection against the threat—greater than that of any toothache—of the loss of your health and vitality. E. R. Squibb & Sons, New York. *Manufacturing Chemists to the Medical Profession since 1858.*

SQUIBB'S DENTAL CREAM

40c at all druggists



"Liquid Cash"

—Check it as carefully as you count your money!

UNTOLD thousands of dollars, in the shape of oil and other valuable liquids, are stored in tanks. Too often these precious fluids are handled casually—even carelessly—by those in charge. When you look upon the contents of these tanks as so much cash in the till, the importance of a K-S Telegage for every tank becomes at once apparent. With the Telegage they can be "counted—and accounted for," at all times, with ease and accuracy.

The K-S Telegage tells at a glance the actual depth of liquids in tanks of any capacity. Placed indoors or at any place near or far from the tank, this precision instrument guards industrial storage against checking errors, production losses, and delivery "leaks."

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Just as the K-S Telegage guards the gasoline supply of millions of motorists—and the comfort of thousands of homes where furnace oil is used—it likewise serves industry in many fields, for the measurement of various fluids such as water, oils, chemicals, milk, etc., always with the same dependable accuracy.

Write us for the name of the nearest dealer who handles the K-S Telegage. Be sure to give the Baumé or Specific Gravity of the oil or other liquid you wish to measure, depth of tank, and distance from tank to location of gauge. Descriptive circular sent on request.

Makers of Distant-Reading Gauges for Automotive, Domestic and Industrial Purposes

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The K-S Telegage

BE CERTAIN WITH THE K-S TELEGAGE

Adopted as standard factory equipment on three-fourths of all cars selling for $700 or more.

Mr. Warner in his article says:

The best example of this service rendered to commercial aviation by the upkeep of an industry on service orders is afforded by the history of the power plant which carried Lindbergh, Chamberlin, Byrd and Maitland to success, and which drove more than three-quarters of the commercial airplanes entered in the recent national air tour. That engine was first built to suit naval requirements, and was first purchased by the Navy, and for several years it was upon naval business that the development work was fostered and the overhead expense carried, while commercial orders were few and far between.

Without the support of the service, the process of incubation and of gradual growth into the wonderfully successful product of the present could hardly have taken place at all; or, if it had been carried on by some means, the cost of the engine to the commercial buyer would have been almost prohibitive. Because there was an assurance of a substantially steady service demand, the price could be kept down and the engine could make its way in a field where economic competition as well as inherent performance had to be considered. So successful has it been in finding a place there that it seems likely, extending forward the tendencies of the last two or three years, that the commercial orders for such power plants will soon bulk larger than those for the government services. When that point is reached it will be the Navy and Army which will in turn reap the benefits of economy from factory production on a scale larger than would be possible if it were only government orders that had to be filled.

Thus the peacetime activities of naval aviation, as conducted by the Navy Bureau of Aeronautics, mark an important phase in the development of industrial aeronautics, since every advance in aviation practice which increases the efficiency of our naval air force is a direct benefit to commercial aviation. Naval aircraft necessities have evolved practices in design, construction and operation which have made for the safety, the economy and the efficiency of all aircraft. All these essentials furnish a note of progress and success in the commercial and industrial field. The general practice followed by the bureau is to designate the result desired and to leave the solution of the problem with individual concerns.

The Navy has an aircraft factory at Philadelphia which has given many valuable contributions to aviation. The Bureau of Aeronautics, at the close of the war, realized the necessity of maintaining the private companies then successfully engaged in building and developing aircraft engines, and so gave them contracts to keep their technical organizations active in the construction of new and improved types and to maintain a nucleus of highly skilled mechanics. This policy of maintaining and encouraging the private companies is largely responsible for the present development of aviation. Without such naval support, a number of the companies probably would have gone out of business.

Eyes of the Fleet

Ten years ago the Liberty airplane engine was of about 350 horse power, developing one horse power for every three and a half pounds. One type of aviation engine in use today, of 1250 horse power—twenty-four-cylinder motor—develops one horse power for every eighteen ounces of weight. Another type gives about one horse power for every two pounds, and a third motor—the type used by Lindbergh, Chamberlin, Byrd and Maitland—of about 200 horse power, weighs only 500 pounds. Not only are the airplane engines of today marvels of ingenuity and lightness but they are also exceedingly reliable. Travel by air with skilled and licensed pilots is just about as safe as is travel by rail. Most of the accidents of which one reads today are caused by the inexperience of student aviators or other amateurs and by planes not properly inspected or unfit for flying. Commercial routes have safe planes in charge of competent pilots. The amazing degree of safety achieved is shown in Department of Commerce reports and other statistics on the reliability and security of passenger air transport.

How will those $40,000,000 ships—the Saratoga and the Lexington—be employed in the event, most unhappily, of war? To answer this question gives the imagination a fascinating problem. Truly there is no new thing under the sun. Birds have soared in the air since the world was new. Man in the air is a variation, having all the attraction of novelty. In a large slow plane he may seek an enemy hundreds of miles away, and finding him, may report the position of that enemy, the types of the enemy ships, the formation of the enemy fleet, together with its course and speed.

All this is of the highest importance to the commander of a fleet. The commander, receiving such valuable information, can estimate the best disposition to attack the enemy. In short, he can plan intelligently for battle. What an advantage to the airplane-equipped fleet if the enemy is without similar information! That is a strategic employment of airplanes.

The Future Naval Battle

Let us surmise that as a result of information thus gained the two hostile fleets approach each other. Then comes a time when they are eighteen or twenty miles apart. A plane, high in the air, gives the distance and direction of the enemy by radio to the flagship and the admiral orders: "Open fire!" Mark well, the fleets do not see each other! A battleship fires a salvo of sixteen-inch guns. In thirty seconds the plane reports the salvo was 1000 yards short and five degrees to the right of an enemy ship, or whatever may be the necessary correction. The gun sights are corrected accordingly and immediately a second salvo is fired. The battle is on. Then from the aircraft carriers rise the bombing planes, protected by the fast little one-seated fighters. Despite the enemy fighting planes, despite the anti-aircraft guns, onward fly the bombers toward their objective—the enemy capital ships. Some may be shot down by enemy planes, some be struck by enemy shell. But by the grace of daring and of courage, some let loose their high-explosive bombs on the decks of enemy ships. And then they return to the carrier—if they can.

Light bombing planes carrying light bombs and capable of a speed of approximately 150 miles per hour, can in small groups dive at the enemy fleet, each plane dropping two bombs while traveling at a speed in excess of 250 miles per hour, all planes approaching from different directions. Targets moving at this speed are extremely difficult to hit. While light bombs such as these machines carry cannot sink a capital ship, a direct hit on the deck would undoubtedly silence the anti-aircraft guns, and broadside batteries would make it extremely dangerous for unprotected personnel on the ship's deck.

The spotting of the fall of salvos and the attacks by bombing planes are tactical employment of planes.

Development and progress in aircraft design are leading certainly to larger, faster and more reliable planes—planes that not only may fly but also may sail on the sea. This generation has seen the airplane develop from the little unreliable pusher of the Wrights to the large reliable tractors that carried Lindbergh and Chamberlin across the Atlantic Ocean, the former to France and the latter to Germany. Planes now fly 290 miles an hour and attain an altitude of 39,000 feet. They stay in the air for forty-eight hours. It is not difficult then to visualize a plane that will, within itself, in the not distant future, have some of the qualities of speed, endurance and altitude now possessed by three individual types. That is to say, a plane that will fly 4000 miles at a speed of 200 miles an hour at an altitude of 30,000 feet above the surface of the earth!

The aircraft carrier, which extends the capabilities of these new weapons of naval warfare, has been in the course of development for a longer period than most persons realize. Fourteen years ago the United States Navy conducted experiments with

(Continued on Page 96)

A quick shave, this! Sure saves time between bed and breakfast.

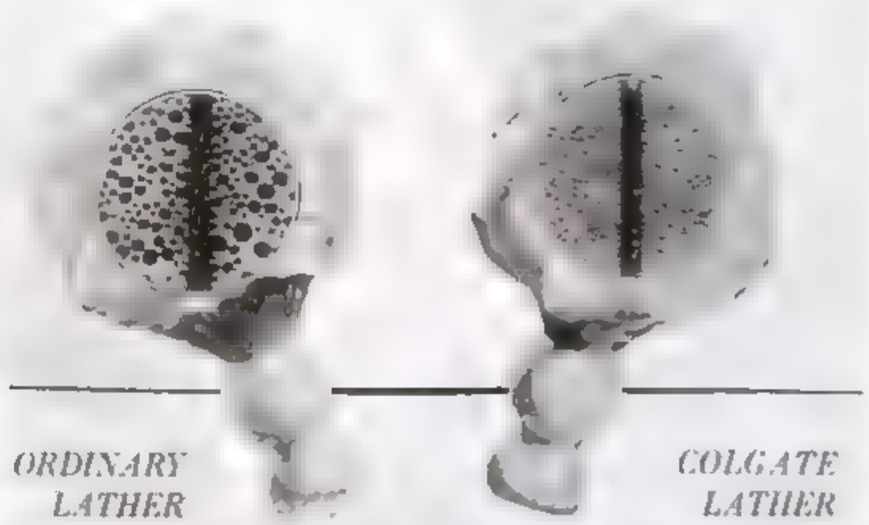
We Offer Men

Clean, smooth shave, a social asset! Girls like that well-groomed look.

a faster smoother shave..this new Small Bubble Way

Beard stubborn . . . skin tender? Forget it, men! Here's a quick new way to get whiskers off clean and smooth, without razor-pull, sting or smart. See trial offer in coupon below.

"Yes indeed, sir! This is the 'small-bubble' kind, and it certainly makes it easy for your razor."



ORDINARY LATHER

Photomicrograph of lather of an ordinary shaving cream surrounding single hair. Large dark spots are air — white areas are water. Note how the large bubbles hold air instead of water against the beard.

COLGATE LATHER

Photomicrograph prepared under identical conditions shows fine, closely knit texture of Colgate's Rapid-Shave Cream lather. Note how the small bubbles hold water instead of air close against the beard.

CAN you imagine a shave that leaves your face smooth as velvet? A shave that keeps your skin fresh and invigorated . . . delightfully clean and cool? A shave that stops razor-pull, drag and scrape?

Men, that's *exactly* what we offer you.

It's a shave with a smile . . . glorious comfort from start to finish.

You just lather up and let your razor glide away . . . no need now to dread sting and smart!

Small Bubbles . . . that's the theory of it. A new principle of shaving that soaks whiskers soft in a hurry.

Already millions have adopted it. Thousands now buy it daily.

But we want *you* to try it, too. We want *every man who reads this publication* to try this new type cream at once.

So we're offering a test that any man can make with unique results. See coupon at right.

Razor-pull? No such thing. Try it, men you'll see the difference.

This is how we did it

No other shaving cream is like Colgate's. No other can offer you such unique results.

It is, we believe, the ultimate attainment in the science of beard-softening. A shaving cream based on the now proven principle that water, and not soap, is the real softener of your beard.

Thus Colgate lather is designed to absorb more water . . . to scientifically drench your beard with moisture right at the base, where the razor work is done.

It's a "small-bubble" lather. For small bubbles hold more water. They carry it closer to the base of your beard.

You'll say, "Good-by, Razor-Pull"

That's the principle, men. Now here's what it does for you:

The minute you lather up with Colgate's, two things happen:

1. The soap in the lather breaks up the oil film that covers each hair . . . floats it quickly away.

2. Then billions of tiny, moisture-laden bubbles seep down through your beard . . . crowd around each whisker . . . soak it soft with water.

Instantly your beard gets moist and pliable . . . limp and lifeless . . . scientifically softened right down at the base.

Thus your whiskers come off clean and smooth. No razor-pull. No stinging and smarting. Twice-over shaves aren't needed now. Your face feels clean, fresh, smooth, invigorated.

You've never had a shave like this. You've never known such comfort.

Where shall we send your free trial tube?

Please don't wait for us to publish another advertisement about "small-bubble" lather. Make up your mind right now to accept our seven-day offer.

Clip that coupon before you forget. It takes but a second.

EXTRA DIVIDEND. We will also send a trial bottle of Colgate's "After-Shave." It's a new lotion which is making friends every day. You'll like the cool fresh feeling it leaves. Try it . . . we know you'll like it.

Just jot your name and address on the coupon . . . and leave the rest to us.

Colgate & Co., 595 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

SEVEN WONDERFUL SHAVES . . . FREE

Here's our proposition, men. If you're willing to judge Colgate's on its merits and abide by the verdict . . . we'll cheerfully pay for the test. Mail coupon below.

Colgate & Co., *Dept.* 502-G, 595 Fifth Ave., New York — **FREE OFFER, *MEN!***

Please send me FREE sample of Colgate's Rapid-Shave Cream. Also sample of Colgate's "After-Shave."

Name _____

Address _____

Monito
MO-KNIT-TOE
SOCKS
Monito
STYLE!
SNAP!
SPARKLE!
Style with snap and character! That's Monito.
There is the sparkle of originality in every Monito pattern—with colorings that match the season's vogue.
You can not beat Monito Socks for smartness—nor for fit and wearing qualities. And you'll be surprised at the values they offer, when you ask for them at any good hosiery counter.
MOORHEAD KNITTING COMPANY, Inc.
HARRISBURG, PA.
Makers of Men's Socks Exclusively
© M K Co., Inc. 1928

(Continued from Page 94)

such an object in view, when it constructed a runway on the forecastle deck of the old cruiser Pennsylvania. In Europe also many trials were made with devices designed to launch planes from the decks of battleships.

In 1914 the British Navy adapted a tramp steamer, later known as the Ark Royal, to aircraft-carrying purposes by fitting it with a flying deck in the bow and two cranes for lifting seaplanes aboard from the water after flight. During the war the ship served in the Eastern Mediterranean as an aircraft depot. It was followed by several more carriers, converted from channel steamers and passenger vessels.

One of the most notable of these was the Campania, fitted up in 1915 with a large flying deck equipped with wheel trolleys for the launching of seaplanes. An Italian cargo and passenger ship was fitted with a flying deck fore and aft and with storage place for planes below, and was named the Argus. Elevators were built to lift planes from the hangar to the flying deck, and cranes lifted the seaplanes from the water. The planes on deck were protected with wind-breaking devices which could be raised to a height of fourteen feet.

Early in 1916 the British naval authorities determined to convert the Furious, which had been originally designed as a large light cruiser with two eighteen-inch guns in single turrets, fore and aft, into an aircraft carrier. The forward turret was removed to make room for a flying deck and hangar. Later the stern turret, too, was replaced with a flying deck. Planes launched from this vessel bombed with great success a number of German airship hangars along the coast. Further alterations to increase the efficiency of the Furious as an airplane carrier were completed in 1925. Several other ships originally designed as cruisers were similarly converted as a result of experiments with this vessel. The Hermes was the first British ship to be designed from the start as an aircraft carrier. It carries about twenty planes, and, like our own more modern ships, has funnels and other uptakes in an island on the side.

The first aircraft carrier built for the United States Navy was the Langley, named in honor of Prof. Samuel Pierpont Langley, famous aeronautical pioneer. Originally the collier Jupiter, it was converted in 1921 at the Norfolk Navy Yard. After the coal-handling gear had been removed a flying deck extending from bow to stern was built about 56 feet above the water line. The deck is about 65 feet wide amidships and about 525 feet in length. Like the later carriers, the Langley is equipped with arresting devices on the flying deck, catapults, cranes and elevators for lifting planes from storage places below. Service and repair facilities include a machine shop, a wing-repairing shop, a metal shop and storerooms. In the hold is storage space for accessories, ammunition and fuel and oil for airplanes. When first put into service the Langley was prepared to carry twelve single-seater pursuit planes, four torpedo planes and six seaplanes. Naval development, however, is never still and such plans are easily changed.

The Navy is necessary to protect the vital interests of our nation. Particularly it is the guardian of the country's foreign commerce. Without foreign commerce there can be no prosperity. Life without prosperity to an American is scarcely worth living. One-sixth of all agricultural products and the output of many other industries are dependent upon the world's markets. Raw materials not produced in this country must be imported, else certain industries vanish. A merchant marine and a protective Navy are essential to the prosperous economic life of the nation and to the welfare and happiness of every man, woman and child in the country.

Aircraft carriers are an increasingly important part of an adequately protective Navy. We have only three!

Systematic Investment

"THIS looks like a good two-to-one shot. What do you think about it?" The question came from a friend of mine who had dropped into my office to ask about a certain stock that had been offered to him. "I have a few hundred dollars saved," he continued, "and this looks like a pretty good opportunity to take a little flyer. Think I ought to take a chance?"

It just happened that a recent issue of a current financial periodical lay open on my desk and the answer to my friend's question stared at us in large black type.

Here it is:

Successful speculation is probably the most difficult of all lines of business. Nevertheless, extraordinary as it may seem, it is the only business in which the novice feels competent to engage without previous preparation. Does this mean you? If so, take your cue and at least learn the rules of the game before you attempt to play in society where blunders may be embarrassing. The average haphazard speculator couldn't run a peanut stand profitably without more knowledge of the business than he has of the scientific principles of investment and speculation.

Speculation is a science and has a very proper place in the forward movement of our country, but it is not a game which may be played with impunity by the young man who really wants to get ahead.

Investment, on the other hand, is a matter in which the young man cannot engage too early. When he is young is the time to save. It is easier to save then, when he does not have to do so, than it is to save at a later date, when saving becomes an absolute necessity.

But investment is also a subject worthy of careful study before one engages in it. Investment may be briefly stated as buying for income, while speculation can be termed buying for profit. For the young man the buying for income is by far the safer mode.

The same issue of the magazine quoted in the foregoing paragraphs also contains three salient rules regarding the art of investing. They are:

Learn how, first. Invest afterward. Then watch your holdings.

For a foundation upon which to build, the young man may find the following to be a valuable suggestion, as relating to investments which will give him an objective toward which to work, as well as a schooling in the fundamentals of investment.

Decide to start with two thousand dollars. But don't wait until the two thousand dollars has been accumulated. Let savings, in whatever form they may be acquired, buy the following securities as fast as possible: Baby bonds to the amount of five hundred dollars and a like amount each of equipment-trust certificates, guaranteed stocks, and corporation stocks, either preferred or common. The purchase of these securities, even a little at a time, will bring considerable information of the right sort, which will prove an invaluable guide to future investments.

Then, when such a foundation has been laid, a further stimulus to thrift, as well as a further education in investments, may be secured by obligating oneself to purchase about fifteen hundred dollars' worth of sound corporation bonds on the installment plan. This form of investing builds for careful and systematic saving, because it is easier to save for an obligation than it is just to set aside surplus money each pay day. Reputable bond houses, brokers and other investment bankers will gladly show any young man how to put such a plan into operation. —ELWOOD LLOYD IV.

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Peace of mind is yours . . . Even at today's higher speeds there's no danger of running out of oil unexpectedly. PERFECT CIRCLES save every drop that isn't actually required—yet insure thorough cylinder lubrication. Always enough oil—never too much!

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The accurate measure of electric cleaner efficiency is *dirt per minute*

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There is only one thing you need know about electric cleaners—which one removes the most *dirt per minute.*

Find *that* one and you have found the one which gives the *fastest, easiest, deepest* cleaning of your rugs.

Repeated tests under actual home conditions have demonstrated the Hoover's ability to remove more *dirt per minute.* This is due to "Positive Agitation"—a remarkable, exclusive principle of deep-beating which, with sweeping and suction, give the Hoover an unrivaled cleaning efficiency. To "Positive Agitation," too, are due the nap straightening and color restoring which preserve the original beauty of the Hoover-cleaned rug.

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Cash prices: Model 700, $75; Model 543, $59.50. Dusting tools $12.50. Floor Polisher, $7.50. Easy payments if desired. Only $6.25 down. Prices slightly higher west of the Rockies. Hoover dealers will make you an allowance on your old electric cleaner.

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The oldest and largest maker of electric cleaners . . . The Hoover is also made in Canada, at Hamilton, Ontario

The HOOVER

It BEATS ... as it Sweeps as it Cleans

YOOHOO!

(Continued from Page 15)

with our betting at the track so no one could spy on us and steal our stuff.

The meet at Havre de Grace closed and we moved to Laurel. Same thing there—seventy dollars the first day, seventy dollars the second day. Why not jack it up to twenty dollars a race and make one hundred and forty each afternoon?

"We'll wait one more week," Eddie suggested. "Then we'll play for twenty a race, and after we make plenty at that figure, we can put it up to forty a race and —— Why, say, kid, the possibilities of this thing are tremendous!"

The third day at Laurel a cog slipped. In the first race our horse was an even-money thing and we bet ten and lost. That left us with thirty to win in the second race. Our handicapper's pick in this race was an odds-on favorite and we had to bet forty to win thirty. The favorite was just nosed out at the wire and we faced the third race with the necessity of winning eighty dollars. Again our handicapper's pick was an odds-on choice. We bet one hundred to win eighty. Our horse was a bad post actor. He reared as the barrier went up and tossed his jockey. Woof! One hundred and eighty and ten more on the fourth race. One hundred and ninety dollars to shoot for and the sun still high in the afternoon sky!

There's no variety in the story of the rest of that day. On the seventh and last race of the afternoon we bet four hundred to win six hundred, and our horse ran second. We went back to Baltimore that evening a thousand berries in the barrel on the day and faced with the dire necessity of betting to win one thousand and ten dollars on the first race the following day in order to keep our system intact. Oh, what a headache!

"Can you imagine!" Eddie moaned. "That handicapper picked seven losers in a row! I'll bet that never happened before! I'll bet that's a record for racing in this country! Why, I'll bet that wouldn't happen again in twenty years! Never mind, kid. Just one winner puts us even and we'll get that in the first race tomorrow. Sure! Gee, this fellow can't pick eight straight losers!"

"Certainly not!" I agreed with him. "That's ridiculous!"

It was so funny I tried to laugh at it, but I couldn't quite make the grade. I didn't have any appetite and Eddie said he guessed he must have eaten something at the track that disagreed with him, because he didn't want any supper either. We thought back over the afternoon and decided that it was some soda pop we drank just before the first race that had put us both out of commission. We sat around and gave soft drinks a terrible panning until bedtime and then turned in and had a beautiful succession of nightmares. We didn't get a total of a half hour's sleep between us, and in the morning we were sold on the idea that soda pop is poison. We couldn't manage more than coffee for breakfast.

"That perfumed pink water certainly is terrible on a man's stomach," Eddie exclaimed, as he sipped his coffee without relish. "Imagine any handicapper picking eight losers in a row! Why, he'd lose his job if he did a thing like that, wouldn't he?"

"I don't know how he'd hold it," I said. "Gee, that pop certainly put me on the blink!"

When we got to the track we found that our handicapper's choice to win that first race was a hot favorite. He opened at even money and was played down seven to ten, then three to five and at last one to two. The horses were parading to the post. There on the odds board was our bet. Red Streamer at one to two! We had to bet two thousand dollars just to get back the one thousand that we were already behind. Eddie looked at me and I looked at him.

"What do you think?" he asked.

"Listen," I said, "let's have sense."

"That's what I think," he said.

"We got to use intelligence," I argued.

"That's it," he said. "Two thousand! That's a little steep. We'll wait for a horse at better odds."

We went up in the grand stand and watched the race. It was a six-furlong affair. Red Streamer broke on top, sprinted out about five lengths ahead of everything and just galloped home, a winner by a long city block! And we had him! If we had just followed our system and bet our two thousand, we'd have had all our money back and been on our way again.

"There it is!" Eddie yelped as the horse ran in a winner.

"There's what?" I asked crossly.

"The human equation!" Eddie said bitterly. "We promised we wouldn't let it lick us and then we went and did!"

"I'll be dog-goned!" I said. "That was the human equation and we never knew it. Now listen, Eddie, we got to pull ourselves together. We got to be men!"

"Sense!" Eddie said scornfully. "That's what you suggested. Let's have sense!"

"You asked me what I thought, didn't you?" I shot back at him.

"Intelligence!" he went on. "That was your idea. 'We got to use intelligence!' Well, we used it, and look where we are! Oh, I knew it! We've got a perfect system, but we haven't got the character to play it! The old human equation licks us!"

"Listen, Eddie, we aren't licked unless we give up," I argued. "There's going to be another race in a minute. Let's see what we can do about that."

We took a look at our handicapper's pick in the second race. It was a horse by the name of Border Boy. Border Boy was posted in the first line at five to one. He got little play and closed at ten to one.

"What do you think?" Eddie asked. "Shall we shoot a hundred at him to try to get our money back?"

"Now listen, Eddie," I said, "let's be practical. That horse is ten to one. That means that most of the people here don't think much of his chances. Then another thing—he's our handicapper's pick and our handicapper just won a race. He doesn't often win two in succession, does he?"

"You're right," Eddie agreed. "We'd just be throwing our money away betting a hundred on this thing. We've got to use our beans now."

The race was a mile and seventy yards. There were ten horses in the race. Border Boy was ninth going around the first turn.

"I guess we weren't wise, huh?" Eddie gloated.

Going down the back stretch, Border Boy was still ninth, a good twelve lengths back of the leader.

"We sure used our old beans this time, didn't we?" I chortled.

We quit watching the race then and sat down. After a few seconds the crowd around us gave a great roar. We stood up and looked down the stretch. There, on the outside, came Border Boy, running like a scared wolf, and only a jump and a half behind the leader. In another jump and a half he was on top and won by two lengths going away.

"There it is again!" Eddie wailed. "The human equation! Border Boy wins at ten to one, and if we'd just had one hundred dollars on him we'd be even again! Oh, they shoot a horse with a broken leg to keep it from suffering and let me live! We let that old human equation lick us twice—twice in the same place!"

"Now listen, Eddie," I said sternly, "we've got to buck up! We've got a good system, haven't we?"

"Yes," said Eddie sadly. "But look what we do to it! We ain't got any character—that's what ails us."

"Stop that yelping," I commanded. "The system's all right. All we have to do is to get back to it now and follow it. See?"

"All right," Eddie said wearily. "What do we do now?"

"Play our system," I said. "Stick to it no matter what happens."

"All right," Eddie repeated listlessly. "What's the pick in the next?"

"Limp Sock," I read from the handicapper's selections. "Now listen, Eddie, we're going to play Limp Sock to win back a thousand dollars, no matter if he comes on the track with two broken legs! We're going to stick to our system from now on if we die for it!"

"That's the talk!" Eddie said, beginning to come to life again. "We'll show 'em whether we got character or not!"

Limp Sock showed on the odds board at two to one in the first line of odds. In the second and third lines he was still two to one. It was up to us to bet five hundred dollars to get back our thousand. That was all we were thinking about by that time. We'd forgotten all about adding ten dollars for each race.

The bugle blew, calling the horses from the paddock. I got up.

"Come on, Eddie," I said firmly, "let's go down and do it. Five hundred on Limp Sock and nothing's going to stop us!"

We went down onto the lawn and turned into the mutuel ring. There was a fellow just coming out with whom we'd ridden out from town several times. He was a well-dressed, pleasant-mannered young chap. We'd talked with him on the car once or twice.

"What do you like in this?" he asked.

"Limp Sock," I said firmly.

"Have you been to the paddock?" he asked. I told him we had not. "Limp Sock's lame," he said. "He's either got a split hoof or a bum tendon. He was limping when they led him around the paddock ring. If he was in good shape he'd romp over these horses, but he can't run in the condition he's in."

Eddie and I looked at each other. Then we looked at the young fellow. Then we looked at the horses coming out on the track.

"See?" the young chap said, pointing. "That's Limp Sock—Number 8. See him favor that left front leg?" I looked. All I could see was a horse walking with a lot of other horses. They all seemed to be walking pretty much alike. "I meant to bet Limp Sock myself," the young fellow went on, lowering his voice. "With him lame, though, I know another one in here that can win this. Pan Peddler can do it, and he's out there at twenty to one. I bet him." He nodded and went away.

"We got to follow our system," Eddie said desperately. "If we listen to information like that ——"

"Sure!" I said. "What does he know about it?"

We walked up to the fifty-dollar window like a couple of wartime spies marching out at sunrise to be shot and bet five hundred on Limp Sock to win.

"Do you suppose we ought to bet seventy-five on Pan Peddler, too?" I asked Eddie. "He's twenty to one, and if Limp Sock won we'd only be seventy-five behind on Pan Peddler and ——"

Eddie grabbed me by the coat lapels and shook me. "Are we going to have character or ain't we?" he demanded. "Are we going to stick to our system or are we going to let the old human equation make monkeys out of us? We've bet our bet and we're going to stick to it! Come on now, let's march up there in the grand stand and watch Limp Sock win."

The race was a mile and a sixteenth. The horses started below the grand stand. When they passed us the first time Limp Sock was last.

"That don't mean anything," Eddie shouted. "He's a slow breaker. He always comes from behind."

(Continued on Page 101)

"Where do we eat?" Here's the answer—

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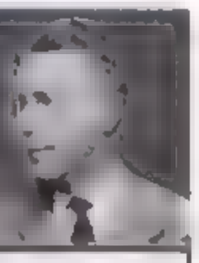

in Detroit with your wonderful merchandise and splendid co-operation." We paid Smyth $4000.00 in 1926 and $7000.00 in 1927 and will show honest and energetic full or part time men and women everywhere how to make good and steady earnings selling our nationally known Personal and Business Christmas Greeting Cards, Commercial and Personal Stationery, etc., to friends, also to banks, business houses, professional people and individuals. We pay large commission in cash every day with liberal monthly bonus. Don't wait till tomorrow but write me personally today for full details, territory and magnificent free sample equipment.

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Your *next* husband!

THIS may be very presumptuous, madam, but *if* all were said and done, and there should be such a consideration as a *next* husband: what kind of a man would you choose? Would he be tall and dark and handsome, or light and slender and poetic? Would he think of your birthdays and anniversaries? Would he help you in and out of the car, and hold your coat, and whisper, after some triumphant party, that you were lovely? Ah, madam, what would *next* husbands be if such things were common occurrence!

But there is one thing you would insist on, whether picking your first husband or your last, and that one thing is neatness—*pride in appearance*. Your best ally in this day-to-day competition of appearance is the Hoffman Valetor.

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HOFFMAN
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YOU CAN DEPEND ON YOUR VALETOR

(Continued from Page 99)

A red-faced man standing near us shook his head. "He ain't coming from behind today, mister," he assured us. "That colt's lame. He's got a quarter crack. I know what I'm talkin' about, 'cause I used to own him."

Eddie and I didn't look at each other. We just stood there and stared in dumb misery at Limp Sock lagging farther and farther behind the field and burning up our five hundred at the rate of about one ten-dollar bill each feeble hop.

"Look at that thing on top!" the red-faced man yelled suddenly. "Yow! Look at him step! Come on with him, jock! Let him roll from there! Come on, you Pan Peddler! Look at that horse! Pounds the best of anything in the race! Twenty to one and I've got fifty right on his nose. Come on you, Pan Peddler! Why, it's not a race! He's just towropin' that field! Come on, you Pan Peddler!"

Pan Peddler came on! He won by lengths, pulled up! Eddie and I walked down to the lawn and went outside the inclosure. We didn't say anything. We got into a cab and I told the driver to go to the Belvedere in Baltimore. We went up to our room and sat down.

"Seventy-five on Pan Peddler's nose," I began after a while, "and we would have had ——"

Eddie got up and shook his fist in my face. "One more word about that and I'll put five on your nose," he promised. "And what you'll have will be a trip to the hospital."

That evening down in the lobby we met the young fellow who had given us the tip on Pan Peddler.

"Play that?" he asked brightly. I shook my head. "Too bad," he said regretfully. "That was the good thing of the meet."

He seemed a decent, friendly sort and I asked him up to the room. Eddie and I fessed up to him and asked him to confirm our opinion that we were a pair of saps. He showed us a racing sheet in which all the past performances of the public handicappers were given and we found out that any of them were liable to miss from twelve to twenty or more in a row and that the bank roll of Henry Ford would wilt trying to follow one of them clear through a losing streak playing progression.

"You can beat 'em, though," he assured us. "There are several methods of betting that'll give you a good return if you just use your heads a little."

He told us a number of them: Playing favorites to show and doubling after a loss. Playing horses that had finished well up in good time in their last few outs and keeping at them with an increased bet each time until they won. Sniping at long shots. Playing two or more horses in each race according to the odds. Playing long shots to win and betting favorites to show in the same race for protection money.

We tried them all and then some during the remainder of the Maryland meet. We blundered through the rest of Laurel, staggered over to Pimlico and then on to Bowie, with our flag ragged but still afloat.

That was the amazing part of it. We didn't make much money, but after that first fifteen-hundred smack on the snoot we did make a little. And always, urging us on, was that belief in a big killing—a way to beat them. Some had done it. We could do it. There was a way. On every race tens of thousands of dollars went into the sellers' windows, and after each race all but the 5 per cent cut the track took was passed back to the public by the cashiers. Loose money! Oodles of it! Guess right and get it! And as the days went by we were more and more firmly convinced that there was some method of getting it more certain than guessing. There was a system.

We bought systems. We studied form sheets and figured our own. We thought horse all day and dreamed horse all night. By the time the Bowie meet was at an end we were wild-eyed horse players, and the night of the fall day they closed at the Maryland track found us aboard a train headed for New Orleans and the winter racing there, with our grips full of record books, form sheets, ratings and systems, our heads full of methods and our hearts full of hope. Our pockets were not full of money, but then they were not empty, either. Thousands of people laid the money down at the track each day and hundreds picked it up. There was a way. We'd find it.

We met Edith and Mabel in New Orleans the morning we got into town. They were waiting on table in a restaurant on Canal Street. I noticed that Edith had a nice voice and Eddie bored me all the rest of the morning raving about Mabel's eyes.

Within a week we were well acquainted and running around with them evenings. They were from Boston. They'd gone to the same high school and business college there, and later worked as stenographers in the same office. They were both afflicted with itchy feet and lack of money, so they started out together to see the world on short change and odd jobs. They were, in fact, a couple of nice flapper tramps. They'd been through Canada from Montreal to Vancouver, down the coast to San Diego and on east to New Orleans, making their way with whatever they found to do, from peddling books to waiting on table.

Within a month I was engaged to Edith and Eddie was engaged to Mabel. We were all set to be married, but —— They wanted to be sensible and start a restaurant and we wanted to be smart and beat the races. What an argument that was! They could take pencil and paper and show us how we could make a living running a restaurant. We could take pencil and paper and show them how we could make a fortune playing the races. We thought they were too cautious and they thought we were cuckoo!

The thing was a draw. They wouldn't take us for better or worse and go racing, and we wouldn't put on the matrimonial halter and tie up to the restaurant business.

"There's just one way out," Eddie told me. "We've got to prove to them that we can make plenty playing the races. We've got to perfect a system that'll work, play it, make the dough and be able to go to them and prove our proposition with both figures and cash."

"That's the ticket," I agreed with him. "Now let's cut out all our foolishness and settle down to a lot of steady thinking. We've learned plenty since we've been at this racing game and there's no reason why we can't figure out a system that'll work and then stick to it and make it work. They're reasonable human beings. If we can show 'em real results they'll give in."

We settled down to real work then. We went to the track every afternoon and figured every night. If I were to put in the same amount of work on the automobile business I'd have Henry Ford on a salary by now!

Out at the Fairgrounds track we met a nice old gentleman whose name was Henry Horton. He was a friendly old party and we used to sit with him in the grand stand every afternoon. Did he know horses? Woof! Say, he could call 'em all by name clear back to the time in the world's history when they still had toes! He wore good clothes and plenty of diamonds, drove a big car and lived in a suite at the same hotel where we stopped.

We got to riding out and back with him in his car, and one night up in his rooms we got confidential over a bottle and told him all our troubles. He listened, got up and looked out in the hall to see that no one was listening and then locked the door and sat down close to us.

"Boys," he said in a low voice, "I like you. You're nice, clean young fellows and I want to do something for you. I've got the only sure system in all this world for beating the races." We hitched closer and tried to live without breathing till we heard more. "You can see that I live well," he went on. "I do it playing a system. I've been playing that system for the last five years. In that time I've never made a bet that the system doesn't call for—not one."

"What system do you play?" Eddie whispered.

Mr. Horton got up, tiptoed to the door and looked out in the hall once more. Then he locked the door again and sat down.

"I can't tell you just yet," he whispered back. "I'm almost ready to retire. I've bought a place in Virginia, and just as soon as I get a hundred thousand together I'm going to quit and live on it. I may get the amount to make up that hundred thousand any day now. When I get it I'm going to give you boys my system on one condition."

"What is it?" I asked.

"You must promise me never to tell a soul," he said solemnly. "I have never confided in anyone as yet, and won't, not even in you two, until I've got what I want. When I get mine and give you the system, you must use it for yourselves and keep it to yourselves. That's the condition. Will you promise?"

Would we promise? Say, you never heard such promising!

"It's the simplest system in all the world," the old man said, sitting back and smiling contentedly. "I seldom bet, but when I do I win. I just go from meet to meet, live well and never worry. When the system calls for me to bet I bet; and when I bet I win. It's a wonderful life."

"It must be!" I said.

"So simple!" the old man chuckled. "No studying form sheets, no handicapping, no scurrying around looking for information."

"How soon do you think you'll be able to let us in on this?" Eddie asked.

"Soon," Mr. Horton assured us. "Maybe in a few days. I'd advise you just to sit tight and not bet anything till I get ready to turn it over to you. You'll only be risking your money unnecessarily and this thing of mine is as sure as death and taxes. Just be patient for a little while and I'll lay the world in your laps!"

"I always knew there was some way of beating them," I said.

"One way," Mr. Horton assured me—"my way. I've been around racing in some capacity or other most of my life, and I give you my word, I've found the one sure way of making a winning business of it. And simple—so simple! You'll laugh when you hear it!"

Three days later we were sitting in the grand stand at the Fairgrounds just prior to the third race when Mr. Horton came up, edged into our row and sat down beside us. He held up his program, pointed to the name of a horse in the race about to be run. The number of the horse was 7. The name of the horse was Yoohoo.

"Boys," he said, smiling, "if that horse wins, I've made my last bet! I'll have my hundred thousand and then some, and I'll turn my system over to you with my blessing and go live the life of a Virginia gentleman while you two youngsters make your p...e."

I've had some thrills, but I never got the kick I did watching that race! It was a mile-and-seventy-yard affair. Yoohoo broke with the leaders and was third around the first turn. At the quarter he had dropped back to fourth, but was running easily. At the half he was third again, some four lengths back of the leader. Coming into the stretch, he was still third.

How Eddie and I did root! And all the while we were yelling ourselves hoarse, old Mr. Horton sat quiet, with a contented smile on his face, not even getting up to watch them coming into the stretch.

At the sixteenth pole the boy on Yoohoo made his drive. How that horse did come! He passed one horse and was second, dueling desperately with the leader, a filly by the name of Black Mag. Nose and nose they drummed past the post and we had to wait for the numbers to go up to see which had won. Eddie and I hung onto each other and watched that board. The winning number went up. Number 7! Yoohoo! Yoohoo had won!

We pounded each other and yelled. Then we pounded Mr. Horton and yelled some more. The old gentleman just smiled and took a handful of tickets from his pocket. He fanned them for us to look over. We looked and gasped. Twelve hundred dollars through the board on Yoohoo—that's what he had bet. Twelve hundred to win, twelve hundred to place and twelve hundred to show! The price went up on the board across the track from us. Five to one to win! A little better than even money to place and fifty cents to the dollar for show. Six thousand for his win tickets! Better than twelve hundred for place and six hundred for show. Almost eight thousand dollars altogether!

"All right, boys," Mr. Horton said, "I'm washed up—through with racing for the rest of my life. I've got mine and now you boys can get yours. I'll cash these and we'll drive down to the hotel."

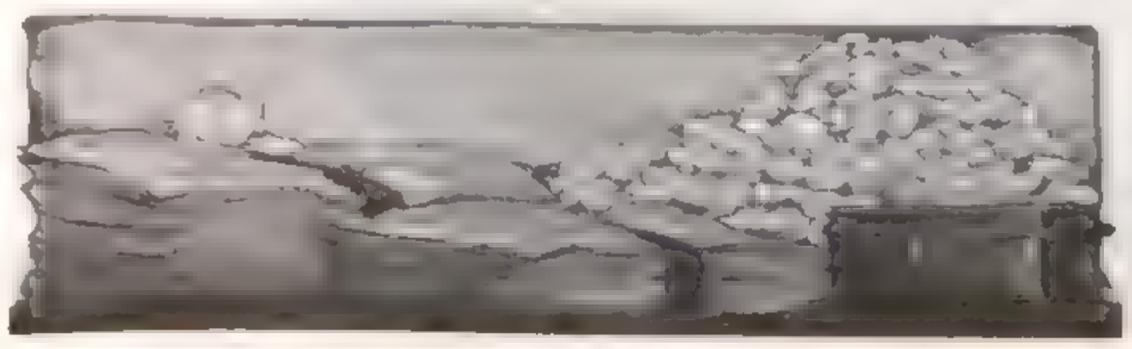
When we got into town he put the money in the hotel safe and we went up to his room. He locked the door, gave us each a pencil and some paper and sat down at a table.

"Boys, here's your fortune," he said gravely. "Get it and get it straight. I have just one system. It's this: I never make a bet until a horse runs that has a name ending in *o*. Whenever a horse with a name ending in *o* starts I bet three hundred through the board on it—three hundred to win, three hundred to place and three hundred to show. Got that? Good! Now if a horse with a name ending in double *o* runs, I bet six hundred through the board. See? Today when this horse Yoohoo ran I first bet six hundred through the board, because his name ended in double *o*. Then I got to thinking. I recalled how infallible this system has always been. There were four *o*'s in Yoohoo's name. To be sure, there was an *h* in between, but I decided not to pay any attention to that. I went back and got another six hundred through the board on account of those extra two *o*'s in spite of the *h* between. You saw what happened. I've been playing this system for five years, boys, and it's never failed me. I've made a fortune out of it, and now you can do the same. I've just the one favor to ask of you—don't ever tell anybody."

"No," I promised him dizzily, "we won't!"

Somehow we managed to stammer our thanks and get out of the room. We walked down the hall and got into the elevator. As it started down, Eddie spoke.

"I wonder if there is anything in the restaurant business?" he asked me.



If you're ever down in New Orleans and you get tired of the French and Creole and Italian cooking, look us up. Our place is on Canal Street. We don't serve anything fancy, but we do put out good plain food and plenty of it. Our place is easy to find. We've got a great big electric sign out over the sidewalk with the name of the restaurant in big letters. Lots of people ask us where we got the name, but we've never told till now. The name of the place is—Yoohoo.

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NOT A NEW STORY

Continued from Page 13

rims of their teacups. She quirked a slender little finger. He glanced about him several times before getting his sandwich and saucer into any sort of practical relationship. Their contact, which had but lately seemed so glowingly alive—so incandescent, even—faded and faltered. Janet went desperately about recharging it.

"Do you care at all for music, Mr. Hilyard?"

Slightly hurt, he answered: "Didn't I tell you I played the flute?"

"Oh, yes, of course. . . . It's a very interesting time, in music, isn't it?—when the *doyen* of conductors turns radio artist"—she paused, sat a moment with parted lips, then finished firmly—"and the modernists turn Bach."

"The modernists turn back is good!" said Gregory. "When did they ever do anything else? Tell me that!"

She didn't tell him; she merely smiled a trifle vaguely. At which he abandoned the matter with a shrug, merely inquiring, "For the love of heaven, what's a *doyen?* Anything to do with the union?"

"I always think afternoon tea," said Janet hurriedly, "is the most delightful meal of the day, don't you?"

Gregory said consciously, "Why?"

"Why, because—I don't know." She collected herself, her chin took a defiant angle. "Because it's so unnecessary—maybe."

He gripped his saucer tightly, he swallowed the last of his sandwich, he drank the last of his tea, he set the cup and saucer down upon the deck beside the chair he sat in. A man two chairs beyond him had just done that same.

"I'll tell you something," he said, scowling, watching anxiously to see how the news affected her. "I've just had afternoon tea for the first time in my life."

"What—really?" said Janet. "You don't mean real-ly?"

When he nodded his head without a word, her lips moved. She essayed to speak. She made small silvery sounds. If she had been a little girl you might have said she giggled. Eventually she met his eyes and in a womanly way burned certain barriers.

"So have I," she said. "Isn't it funny?"

They never got beyond that simple confession of their mutual initiation as afternoon tea drinkers, because, at the psychological moment—at the very peak of the second, as you may say, a large woman in a gray karakul coat—and the predilection of large women for gray karakul coats, than which nothing can be more enlarging, is something we may not here go into—came swimming along the deck and stopped before the steamer chair in which Gregory was sitting.

"I'm sorry," she said relentlessly. Mrs. Reginald Fitzhugh Mallock, in the flesh—any amount of flesh.

"It's all right," said Gregory unhappily. He got up at once, flushed and awkward, said something quite unintelligible to Janet and went away. She watched him, down the deck, through the doorway leading to the staircase and the lifts.

"He's gone!" she said to herself—as she had said it once before—in a kind of muted inner wail, tremulous and piercing. "I'll probably never see him again."

But she did. Not on the morning of the third day, although she walked about the deck for hours, leaving no mile untrod. Not in the afternoon, although she sat for hours in her deck chair as patient as any marble Poet in a Park. She gave him up, after that endless afternoon, and went down to dress with an emptiness in her heart which surprised and not slightly dismayed her.

"If you're going to behave like this" thus she argued with herself before the mirror, cleansing her face with skin tonic, rubbing in a little cream, rubbing it off again, dabbing on a little astringent and patting that briskly quite like a beauty in an advertisement—"about a man you've only spoken to twice in your life —— It's outrageous! It's not decent! It's disgusting!"

Herself replied unanswerably, "But what a man!"

So she put on her loveliest frock, which was a frail sort of thing, with a slim pale satin bodice, clasping her closely, with a dancer's flounced skirt shading from ivory to brownish rose, for all the world like a dying flower. And after dinner she went into the Grand Salon and sat on a green brocaded sofa to listen to the orchestra—which was playing Bach. The program, with a ballet dancer in pastel tones upon the cover—handed to her by an obsequious steward directly she sat down—said the orchestra was playing Bach. Janet found it touchingly reminiscent, but not otherwise too moving.

A little later, Bach gave way to the dulcet chordings of The Rosary, and it was just as that saddest of all sweet phrasings stole forth—"Oh, memories that bless and burn"—that she looked across the great chocolate-pillared room with its buxom golden statuary, its ceiling full of indirect lighting, to the doorway, where, among a welter of black-coated, white-shirted males, she saw standing, glancing austerely about him as if in search of someone—Gregory, himself. Still—still in his worn tweeds, still with his magazine under his arm, but this time with the touching addition of a blue shirt and collar. It really didn't take the eye of love to mark him.

He did not see her. She moved a little forward and smiled encouragingly, but she was apparently out of his line of vision. She even, once more, lifted a finger, but the only notice it received was from a silver-polled, ruddy-faced man a seat or so away, who sat forward with a pleased expression and prepared obviously, when the time should arrive, to make suitable response.

What was a womanly woman to do?

Janet got up, shook out her fading-rose flounces, and upon new bronze slippers moved slowly but unswervingly to the door.

He saw her coming fast enough. His smile widened.

"He has the best looking big mouth I ever saw," said Janet Jones to her subconscious. Aloud, she inquired softly, "Were you looking for me?"

He merely slipped his hand inside her arm and drew her away, out toward the windy quiet of the deck—the half-lit, comforting dark—the sky, where the moon would soon be rising.

She had a coat over her arm, fortunately. Dark velvet—soft as dove breasts.

"Wait," she begged. "I'll be cold."

He hadn't apparently thought of that until she spoke. Then he put her into her coat far too reverently, as if she'd been a child or a grandmother. Funny—because she thought his fingers touching her arm were taut—even shook a little.

They stood by the rail and waited for the moon. Wind chilled their eyelids and their lips. The sea was wide and dark beyond imagining. The sky, where it leaned to the sea, was like the inside of a black pearl. Between sea and sky went on forever the complaint of the wind, the rushing and the soughing of the water.

"I thought I wasn't going to see you again," said Janet. She could hear herself sounding ecstatic and one of her was properly mortified. Another only leaned closer, let the wind blow her hair across his cheek and sighed—on a different level of consciousness doubtless.

"I had made up my mind," he said with dignity, "not to come up here any more—for you or for anybody else."

"Then why do you do it?" said Janet.

He stormed at her in what was—for him—a downright outburst:

"Why do you do it? Haven't you got any pride? Do these overstuffed Main-Streeters mean so much to you?"

"They're no worse," said Janet, "than your gossipy school-teacher, with her stories about me and the purser."

Gregory laughed reluctantly, but at least he laughed. He said, "The school-teacher's all dressed up tonight."

"Oh, is she?" said Janet, instantly on guard. "How does she look?"

"I don't know. I guess she's the sort—doesn't make much difference what she wears. She came in to dinner in a black lace dress with nothing on her arms. She's got terrible elbows," he finished resentfully.

"You mustn't be unkind to the poor thing," said Janet. She let the coat fall away—he had really rolled her up in it like a mummy—and the arm next which he stood gleamed pale and slender for a moment in the half light; a young arm, and gracile, fit to circle a man's neck like a wreath—or a noose. When she saw his eye lowering, she caught back the coat quickly.

"You cold?" he asked, instantly solicitous.

"No, not at all," said Janet, quite truthful. "The school-teacher," she said lightly, "amuses me, ra-ther. Has she been talking about me any more?"

"Yes," said Gregory, "she has. She says she knows your type. She says the high schools are full of 'em."

"Oh-h!" cried Janet, outraged to the depths of her being. "The skinny old cat!"

"You asked me," said Gregory. "But maybe I ought not to have told you."

"Was that all?" asked Janet. She drew herself to her full height, folded her arms tightly and threw back her head. The dark curve of her hair molded itself like bronze. Her red mouth quivered.

Gregory, too, folded his arms. He leaned them on the rail and gazed out across the darkling turmoil of the sea.

"The moon's pretty late," he said. "I think it'll rise straight across —— Look at that paleness on the horizon. Wouldn't it be great to be the first man—seeing the first moon come up? Gosh, what a sight!"

"What else did she say about me?" asked the womanly woman tersely. Her voice shook a little. She seemed a little hoarse.

Gregory straightened himself slowly, drew his lean frame erect and transferred the steadiness of his eyes to his companion's face

"She said," he repeated the absent pedagogue with meticulous fullness, "that she supposed the reason you wanted first-class privileges, when you were traveling second-class, was ——"

"Yes?" said Janet. "Go on. Don't be afraid of hurting my feelings."

"I'm not afraid of hurting your feelings," he assured her. "I think you need to have 'em hurt—to get at your real self."

"What is my real self?" asked Janet curiously. That, however, she recognized almost at once for mere self-indulgence—the sort of discussion few women can resist. She was made of sterner stuff. She insisted coldly: "What was the reason—according to your school-teacher?"

"She's not my school-teacher," objected Gregory, outraged in his turn. "One thing I can't stand is a pop-eyed woman. Well, she said most likely you came up here to try to catch you a rich husband."

"Me!" said Janet—like the siren of a processional motorcycle, greatly reduced.

"That's what she said," said Gregory. "I beg your pardon for repeating it."

"Let me tell you something," said Janet, breathing hard.

"You don't have to tell me," said Gregory bluntly. "I know it's a lie. I know you're too sweet and too fine for anything like that. In my opinion, there's nothing lower on this earth than a woman who sells herself for money—unless it's a man."

"Oh-h!" said Janet. She put the tips of her fingers against her lips. Her eyes grew deep and wide and she laughed a small

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"Lorsy!" exclaimed the Dunce as he dropped a peanut from his shoulder in front of the Teenie Weenie peanut roaster. "It seems to me that all the boys and girls and all the big folks and all the birds and canaries and chickens and everybody are eating peanut butter."

"Allee same them eatin' pickles too," said the Chinaman. "Me work like everythings allee time."

"Well, you see, it's the time of the year when everyone is having picnics and auto rides and, of course, they are taking along Monarch Teenie Weenie Peanut Butter sandwiches and Teenie Weenie Pickles," remarked the Doctor, who was standing nearby. "There is nothing better for picnics."

"Sardines!" shouted the Dunce. "No picnic is a picnic unless you have Teenie Weenie Sardines along."

"Quite right, Dunce," laughed the Doctor. "It's a picnic all by itself to eat Monarch Teenie Weenie Sardines."

"Quit making me hungry by talking about such good things to eat," cried the Dunce. "I'm as hungry as a chipmunk, but I haven't got time to stop work."

"I think we are working a little too hard," muttered the Doctor to himself as he watched the Dunce hurry off to his work. The tiny Doctor sat down on a peanut and thought deeply for some time.

Presently he jumped to his feet and hurried off to the breakfast food department where the General was overseeing the roasting of the delicious Teenie Weenie Wheat Hearts.

"General," he said, "we've been working too hard lately and I think it would be a good thing to stop work every Saturday afternoon during the Summer and play a little."

"*Play!*" exclaimed the General. "Why, it's play to work."

"Yes, I know," answered the Doctor. "But I mean we ought to get outdoors and have some sort of athletic games . . . something just a little different for a change."

"I believe that would be a good idea," said the General. "We'll talk it over this evening."

That night several of the little people discussed the matter and it was decided to start the very next Saturday afternoon.

All the Teenie Weenies were greatly excited over the plans and when the tiny whistle blew the noon hour on Saturday they quickly gathered under the big bushes near the vegetable factory.

There were many races and athletic games. The Turk put the Teenie Weenie buckshot twenty-three and a half inches, and the Chinaman pole vaulted to a record of seven inches.

The big event of the day was a high dive by the Sailor. A jar of Monarch Teenie Weenie Sweet Pickles was placed on top of a can of Teenie Weenie Peanut Butter and from this great height the Sailor dove into a teacup, which the little men had filled with fifty-six thimblefuls of water.

Tilly Titter, the English Sparrow, said that a duck could not have made a prettier dive than the one the Sailor made and all the Teenie Weenies thought so too.

While the Teenie Weenies had a lovely time and enjoyed their holiday, they all agreed that it was almost as much fun to work in their tiny factories. As the General said, putting up the Monarch Teenie Weenie foods for their friends is not hard work . . . but play. And, maybe that's why Monarch Teenie Weenie food products are so good.

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shaken laugh, not particularly mirthful. "People think so much about money," she said. "I don't think about money. It's not one of the most important things in life."

"It is when you haven't got it," said Gregory.

"Well, then, why shouldn't the ones that happen to have it, share it—you know—with the ones that haven't?"

"You mean—communism?" asked Gregory eagerly.

"I mean marriage," said Janet. "Don't be foolish!"

"You mean"—he enlarged upon her confession, frankly horrified—"that you don't see any shame in a girl like you going out after a rich husband? How can you stand there and say it?"

She cried indignantly, "I'm not saying it!"

He paid not the slightest attention to her. "Anything as beautiful as you—and as delicate—with all your culture ——"

"I'm not ——"

"Yes, you are! You know you are! You've got books and music and things like that sewed up in a bag. You use words I never even heard of—and I'm no slouch," he added proudly. "I may be a poor man, and the son of a poor man, and him the son of a poor man before that, but I know ——"

"You don't know as much as you think you do," Janet interrupted hotly.

"Then what did you mean by saying, just now ——"

"I won't tell you—I won't even discuss it with you any longer. You're the most terrible natural snob I ever saw."

"Me—a snob?"

"Yes, you—calling all those perfectly nice harmless people in there booboiseries."

"That's a collective term," he corrected stiffly.

"It's tomfoolishness, that's what it is!" said the beautiful and delicate one angrily. "They're just as good as you are—only they happen to have a little more money, maybe—and you act like it was some kind of a disease."

"For a person who don't think much about money," he retorted, "you certainly do feel kindly toward it. You want to be careful you don't sell your birthright for a mess of pottage up here."

"I'd like to tell that long-nosed, fixated school-teacher a thing or two," said Janet between her teeth. She added, cold as blue ice, "I wouldn't stay here another minute if it wasn't that having waited this long merely to see the moon ——"

Out of the shadow show of moving shapes that from time to time crossed the deck behind them one now detached itself, silverly draped in gray karakul, hooded in a veil.

"Oh, Miss Jones, I heard you speak of the moon!" cried the large shape suavely. "Isn't it the most beautiful spectacle imaginable? I can't remember—on any of my fourteen crossings—having seen anything to excel ——"

"What?" said Janet, dumfounded.

"Where?" demanded Gregory rudely.

Mrs. Reginald Fitzhugh Mallock swept them both with a look of almost ducal compassion. Life was full, she reflected, of people like that, for whom the beauties of Nature spelled nothing; who were not, and never would be, in tune with the infinite.

She suggested with pitying pertinency: "Look on the other side of the deck!"

She continued her pursuit of exercise without another word. More would have been anticlimax.

Just at sunset of the fourth day they came face to face upon some stairs—upon a landing to be exact—before an enormous inset mirror, which quaintly reflected their disquietude. It was Janet who first recovered and put out a gracious hand.

"How are you?" she said sweetly. "Have you seen the moon lately?" And she had the effrontery to laugh at him. Adding, "You spend almost as much time up here as I do. Aren't you afraid you'll buy yourself a mess of pottage?"

His reply disarmed her completely. "I was looking for you," he said.

"I was just going down to dress," murmured Janet.

"You look pretty good the way you are," he assured her.

She wore the brown frock and the yellow-furred brown coat. The small brown hat was pulled down over her ears.

"This old thing!" she cried, as Eve undoubtedly replied to Adam's grudging approval of first sartorial garlandings.

"That's the first thing I ever saw you in," said Gregory. He looked tired, he looked worried, in some as yet uncomprehended way. "Come back and talk," he begged.

"Well, just for a little while," said Janet, insincerely reluctant.

They went out on deck, homing without further discussion to Janet's empty chair, beside which stood—fortunately empty—the chair of Mrs. Mallock.

Janet sat down. Gregory sat down beside her. He knitted his long brown hands together between his knees and scowled at the floor despairingly.

"I didn't sleep much last night," he eventually informed her.

"That's too bad," said Janet. "Isn't it a lovely sunset? I always think this is the nicest hour of the day." She beamed on him from an immense distance. There were, indeed, strange gleams within the sky and on the water. Clouds like deliquescent flamingo feathers, a crimson disk but just submerging.

"Thing that appeals to me," said Gregory—"there's not so darn many people about."

"I've been talking all afternoon to that lovely Mrs. Mallock," said Janet. "She's president of the Federation of ——"

"She can be President of these United States for all of me," said Gregory brusquely. "I didn't ask you to come out here to talk out about fat women in sheepskins."

"It's called karakul," murmured Janet politely.

"I bet I could shear it," said Gregory. "And I'd admire to do it with her inside."

"You—shear sheep?" inquired Janet.

"I knew that's the way you'd feel about it," he returned morosely. "I've done worse than shear sheep—when I was hard up. I've been valet to mules. I've been a stoker."

"On a ship?" gasped Janet.

"No—inside a whale," said Gregory. His grin showed for the tenth of a second—no more. His scowl replaced it sharply.

"Where were you going on the ship?" she demanded.

"I was going to Australia, but I got off at Hawaii—and stayed there three years."

"It must be wonderful in Hawaii!" sighed Janet. Only she called it Ha-wah-yer, in the manner of congressmen on governmental jauntings to that frontier of God's Own Country.

"Not so good," said Gregory, "when you're only a timekeeper on a plantation on the side of a volcano, a million miles from anything—including hell. The tropics are all right if you're young enough not to know there's anything else in the world, or old enough to want to lie in the sun and rot—or if you're in love." He broke off abruptly, beat his closed fist on the frayed green back of his inevitable magazine and sighed in his turn. "Then," he said, "I don't know. Then the tropics might be good."

"You've been around a good deal," said Janet, "haven't you?"

"If you're in love." It echoed and re-echoed in her greedy ears; it quickened the blood in her veins, as a river quickens nearing rapids. "Then"—ah, then—"the tropics might be good!"

"I've been around a good deal," said Gregory, "but I haven't been anywhere much." He added, running his hand back through his thick brown hair and thus roughening it even more than was usual with him: "There's something I wanted to talk to you about."

"Oh," said Janet, "is—is there? Then why don't you?"

"Because I don't just know how to go about it. I haven't any education," he continued, not looking up once from his hands and his book to her face. "After one year in high school, I broke away from my folks. I'm a roughneck."

"You're not!" she cried resentfully. "Why do you say that? Didn't you tell me, just two days ago, sitting in that very chair, that you wanted to write?"

He said stubbornly: "Sure I want to write. I been wanting to write all my life, but I didn't know it. Then a couple o' years ago I got hold of this fellow here"—he patted the book with a reverent gesture—"and ——"

"—— since then you have used no other," said Janet flippantly.

Gregory looked at her startled, for all of his talk of roughnecks—hurt, as a very small boy is hurt, by adult misunderstanding.

He said reproachfully, "You don't get him. Most women don't. He's a rebel."

"I can't be bothered with his rebelling so often in the same place," said Janet. "Life's too short." There was a larger, a thinner and wider magazine which, also somewhat raddled by faithful usage, lay face down upon her lap. She fingered it devotionally. "If you go to the theater," she murmured raptly, "if you keep up with sports, if you like good dancing, if you don't shy at art, and play a little bridge ——"

"Gosh! Do you play bridge?" asked Gregory despairingly.

Taken by surprise, she shook her head, but continued, like a novice thumbing her beads: "Clothes, new literature, the humorists—if you appreciate good music, follow world affairs ——"

"You make me feel like a big hick," he muttered humbly.

"No reason why you should," said Janet, and there wasn't. But it was what she had meant him to feel, nevertheless.

He broke through her nets with a smothered groan: "We're wasting time—that's all. I asked you to come up here ——"

"I've got to go down pretty soon."

"Not until you listen to what I wanted to say, please!"

"No?"

"No. You got me sidetracked. I started to tell you ——" He frowned, knitted his hands and looked at her straight as if she had been a bull's eye. "I've got my passage on this boat," he blurted out gracelessly, "and one thousand two hundred and seventy-four dollars. I don't know just how big that looks to you." She didn't enlighten him, although he waited obviously for her to do so. He went on at last, unassisted: "I'm on my way to Paris. They tell me it's got what I've been looking for all my life." He hung fire—didn't say what that was—went on again: "They tell me, too, you can live there a year on what you'd spend in a month in America."

"I doubt it," said Janet sagely, heart drumming. What was he getting at? Where was he tending?

He let her have it: "I want you to tell me—how are you fixed for funds?"

Janet stared at him wide-eyed. The blood left her face paper-white, then stained it crimson. She sat a breathless moment with her mouth open. At length she managed to articulate: "It's that school-teacher, of course! What's she been saying to you?"

Gregory didn't hesitate: "She says you've probably spent your last cent on the clothes you're wearing on this trip, and if that's the truth, Miss Jones ——"

Janet sat silent, immovable, looking back at him inscrutably.

"Let me stake you if you need it," he begged her with unbelievable and beautiful gentleness. "I can afford to, and I'd be proud." To which he added uneasily: "What are you crying about?"

"I'm not!" said Janet, sniffing and blinking. "What makes you think that?"

He disregarded the feeble evasion, continuing to eye her with deep anxiety. "Have you gone and got yourself mixed up

(Continued on Page 109)

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(Continued from Page 106)

in something—already—so that you can't get loose?"

"I suppose you mean a rich husband. What right have you got to ask me that? Just because a catty old maid ——"

He made no bones of rights or wrongs: "Never mind. That's not the point. Before you go broke—if you're going to go broke—will you let me know?"

"Why should I?" asked Janet. She held her breath, just waiting to hear him say why she should.

What he did say was unexpected and catastrophic. "I guess I won't see you again," he told her, as if she had slapped his sunburned decent boyish face. "Excuse me for intruding on your affairs—and pleased to have met you, Miss Jones."

Then he got up and went away. She had no time to stop him or stay him. He was one moment in Mrs. Mallock's chair beside her, the next he was halfway toward the door, and he did not look back.

Janet sat there and whimpered. She did exactly that. Nobody heard her. The deck was windy and dark. Sunset gone, a cold wind rising, night imminent.

"He was so sweet," she whispered brokenly. "Him and his old one thousand two hundred and seventy-four dollars—I could have kissed him!"

She had meant merely to give him a lead, and she had stampeded him utterly.

"That's what I get"—so she wailed to herself—"for trying to be such a lady!"

Before she went down to a dinner the thought of which revolted her, she chucked the Handbook of the Modernists overboard. It floated—cake, not bread—upon the waters.

At half after four next day—a day of heartbreaking waiting and hoping, knowing all the time the uselessness, the abysmal and relentless futility of both—Janet had tea with Mrs. Mallock. She hadn't planned to have tea with anybody. As a matter of fact, she had eaten no breakfast or luncheon, and the mere thought of dinner still repelled her. But when the tea wagons came rolling along, she happened to be sitting in her chair, limp, unhappy, not caring if the ship went on or went down, and Mrs. Mallock, who happened to be sitting in hers, officiated in a Samaritan capacity.

"Now," said Mrs. Mallock briskly, "I don't like to see you give in to it, Miss Jones. Try a cup of tea and just one little sandwich. . . . Steward, a cup of tea for this young lady—not too strong."

"Give in to what?" asked Janet coldly. She took the tea. It was easier to take it than to talk about it. She even took just one little sandwich—the humiliating part of which was that, having taken one, she suddenly wanted another.

"There's really very little motion today, you know," said Mrs. Mallock.

"Is there any at all?" asked Janet.

"And as my doctor says," Mrs. Mallock pursued serenely, "the thing's largely mental."

"What thing?" said Janet. She set her teacup down upon the floor, lay back in her chair and closed her eyes—unavailingly.

"Seasickness, of course," said brisk Mrs. Mallock, wrapping her gray karakul closer about her, wiping crumbs off her mouth, making little sipping noises.

"I'm not seasick," said Janet—"yet." She hated crumbs and sippings.

"Well, my dear," said Mrs. Mallock, "I can see something is troubling you, and may an older woman"—she paused for appropriate protest, and since Janet made none, proceeded a trifle less suavely, with no less determination, however—"may a somewhat older woman venture just a little word of—shall we say advice? No, counsel that's better—the least little word of counsel?"

"About what?" asked Janet briefly.

"It's very difficult," said Mrs. Mallock; "it really is. And yet I've seen so much more of the world than you —— And in your position ——"

Janet said, "I'm afraid I don't know what you're talking about." She didn't. But a fool could have told from Mrs. Mallock's manner that whatever it was, it wasn't pleasant.

"My dear," said the lady, "you simply mustn't think I'm officious—but I saw the papers the morning we sailed. I know the delightful story of your good fortune—I know this is your first trip to Europe."

"Oh!" said Janet. "Do you?" Her manner did not invite further comment.

Said Mrs. Mallock with almost maternal softness: "It explains everything, of course. It explains your not recognizing ——"

"What?" asked Janet stiffly.

Mrs. Mallock settled herself in an attitude of benevolent protectiveness. She leaned nearer Janet and spoke in a confidential undertone.

"There are certain types," she explained, "which one meets on any transatlantic steamer ——"

Janet interrupted now with a flash of impatience. The day had been quite long enough—and empty enough and unhappy enough—without Mrs. Mallock's travelogue.

"Please tell me," she said, "exactly what is it you mean? I'm afraid I haven't any idea ——"

Mrs. Mallock enlightened her, not without relish: "I am thinking of a certain young man—you may recall him."

Might! Janet's blood began to burn. If only she could! In a purely womanly way, of course.

"He has sat a good deal in my chair," continued Mrs. Mallock archly.

"You mean Mr. Hilyard?"

"Is that what he calls himself?"

"That's his name," said Janet.

"Well, in any case, that's the one I mean," said Mrs. Mallock. "Have you—forgive my asking, Miss Jones, but you seem so fresh and so unspoiled—have you known him long?"

"Five days," said Janet, eyes front, mouth set.

"Did you know," suggested Mrs. Mallock, tempering the wind to the lamb about to be shorn, with every creamy inflection, every unctuous gesture of brow and lip, of which two terms as the president of a federation had made her mistress, "that that young man is traveling second-class?"

"Yes," said Janet, "I knew it."

"Ah h'" said Mrs. Mallock—a sound strangely like the hiss of a toy balloon in process of deflation. "And that doesn't—disturb you?"

"Why should it?" said Janet.

"Oh, my dear," sighed Mrs. Mallock, "do you mean to say you don't realize what it means when a man like that makes himself so conspicuously attentive to a girl like you? He has but one object."

"You mean me?" asked Janet. She smiled. She couldn't help it. The first bright moment she'd had that day. Happiness—even hypothetical laid a finger on her lips and her eyes. She glowed, she melted.

"I mean he's a fortune hunter, pure and simple," said Mrs. Mallock indignantly.

"You think so, do you?" said Janet, full of mournful scorn.

"There's not a shadow of a doubt," said Mrs. Mallock. "I really felt I ought to warn you. Men like that get first-class privileges from the purser. They hang about up here for the sole purpose of meeting attractive young women like yourself. What he is after is a rich wife, you mark my words!"

"I only wish you were right," said Janet, but not aloud.

"I have a friend," said Mrs. Mallock earnestly—"a very brilliant and remarkable woman, who because a teacher's income does not allow of too much extravagance, is traveling second-class on this ship."

Janet's over-soul cried out sharply. Intuition murmured a name. Outwardly not a sound escaped.

"I could quite easily inquire of her," said Mrs. Mallock. "I have not so far seen much of her on this voyage, but she is a person of infinite tact and intelligence. She might very readily be able to find out for us ——"

"Us!" said that Mrs. Mallock. She did, indeed. The snake-skin bag rustled slightly beneath Janet's clenching fingers.

"You'll forgive my taking such an interest," said Mrs. Mallock.

"Thank you very much," said Janet. "You've given me an idea." She got herself out of her wrappings and struggled to her feet.

"I'm going to see my friend first thing tomorrow morning," said Mrs. Mallock, "and tell her all about it. I know she'll be helpful. . . . Are you going down to your room? I hope you aren't feeling ill, dear Miss Jones."

"I'm all right," said Janet. "I'm very much obliged to you for something. Where is the writing room—one deck down?"

She left behind her a lady in amazement, with a crumb forgotten on a parliamentary chin.

The letter for the writing of which Janet fled her kind protectress thus abruptly was brief. It took her an hour to write it and the murder of all maidenly modesty. It could have been read in six seconds.

"If you meant what you said," thus it pleaded, "about wanting to help me, come to the top deck after dinner tonight. I want you to come. Please!"

She gave this opus to her cabin steward, along with ten francs and an imploring look.

"Bring me an answer!" she said to him loudly and clearly, not having any French.

He brought her back in half an hour's time a slightly stilted note, written in a tall determined hand:

Dear Janet Jones: I do not know why you should wish to see me, but I will be at the place you mention, at the appointed time.

Yours truly

GREGORY HILYARD.

Janet gave the steward a twenty-franc note and dismissed him, a shaken man, completely convinced of the cerebral incompetency of all Americans.

She was waiting on the top-side deck at a little after nine, wrapped in a dark fur coat, her bare head a little ruffled, when Gregory came by and stopped to stare at her uncertainly.

"It's me," she said, precluding any possibility of mistake.

"Oh," he answered slowly. "It's sort of dark up here."

That, of course, was why Janet had selected it as a meeting place. She led him toward a bench which stood in even deeper shade and sank down upon it with a little sigh, motioning him to sit beside her. Above their heads the stars burned coldly. Not a cloud, no mist on the sky, a chill wind blowing.

She said, "I didn't know whether you'd come or not."

He said, "I started not to. I started to let you go your own way."

"But you didn't?"

"I'm here," he said quietly. "What is it you want me to do? Are you going to let me help you, after all? Do you need any help?"

"I need help right now," said Janet—her low voice shook and she held tight with both hands to the bench on which she sat—"more than I have ever needed it before in all my life!"

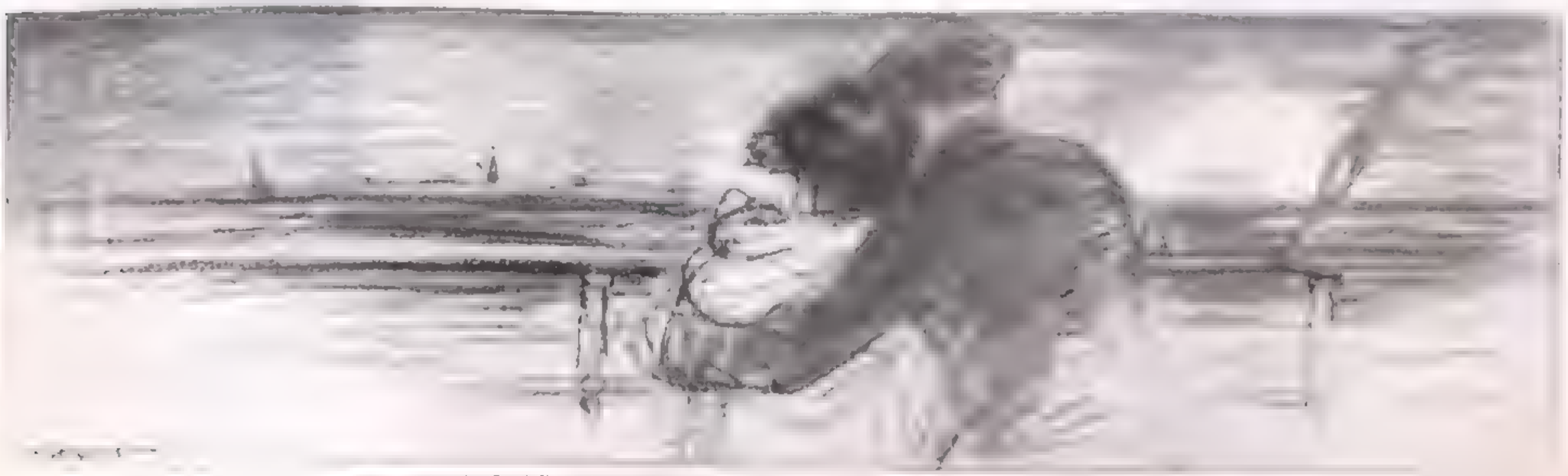
"All right," he said, "shoot! I'll stand by."

"You won't think less of me for it?"

"Not a chance! I'll think all the more. I like a woman to come clean. I hate stalling and four-flushing."

"You do, do you?" said Janet, and laughed recklessly. "Then here you are: I'm in love with you." He made a strangled sound, scarcely a word, and she put up two unsteady fingers for silence. "That's not all—I want you to marry me. Now what do you think of that for a husband hunter? Even your school-teacher didn't know ——"

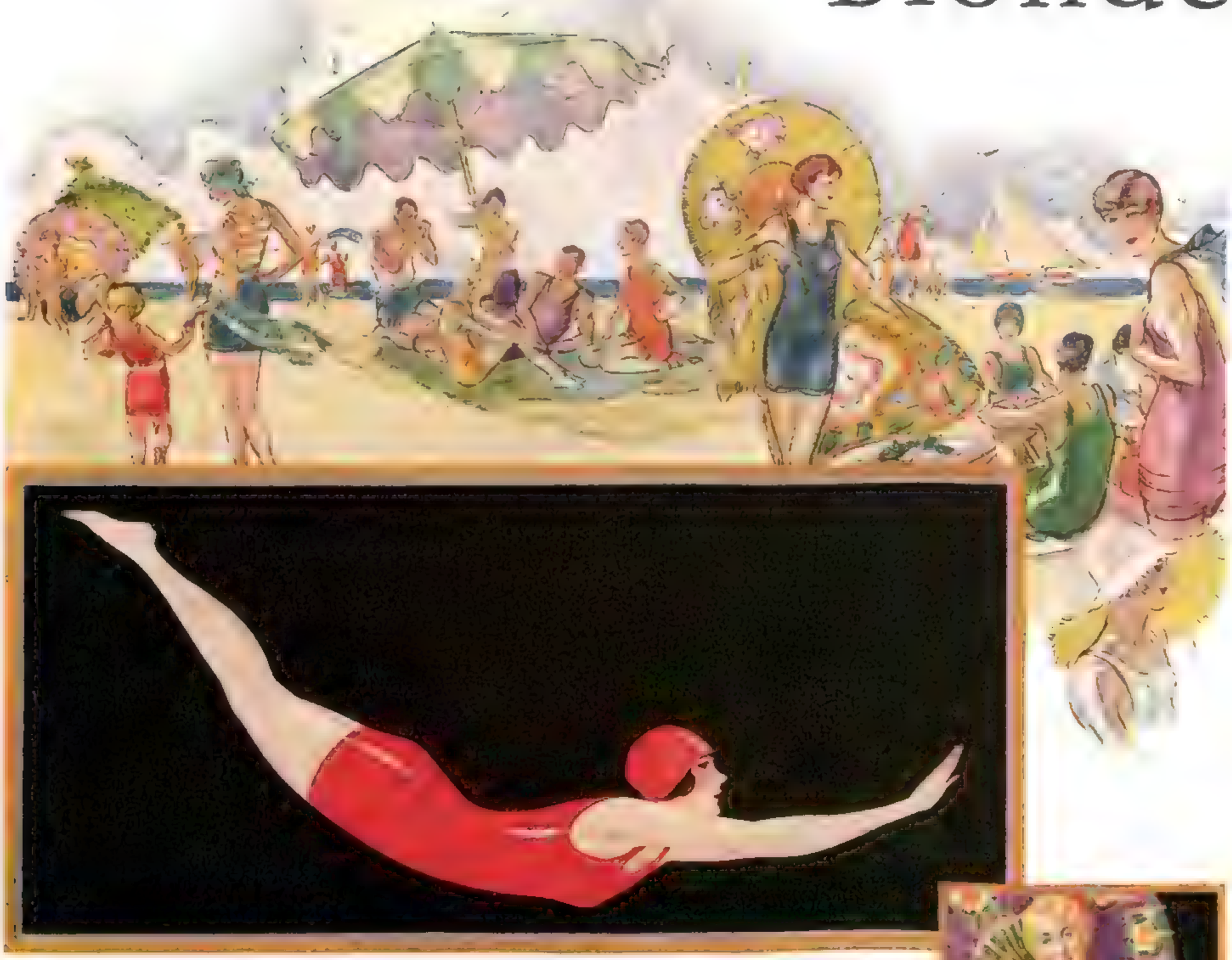
(Continued on Page 112)



They Stood by the Rail Together and Watched Cherbourg Grow Real in the Late Afternoon Sunshine

616

Blonde



FASHION today demands a colorful and picturesque ensemble for all attire, particularly for swimming.

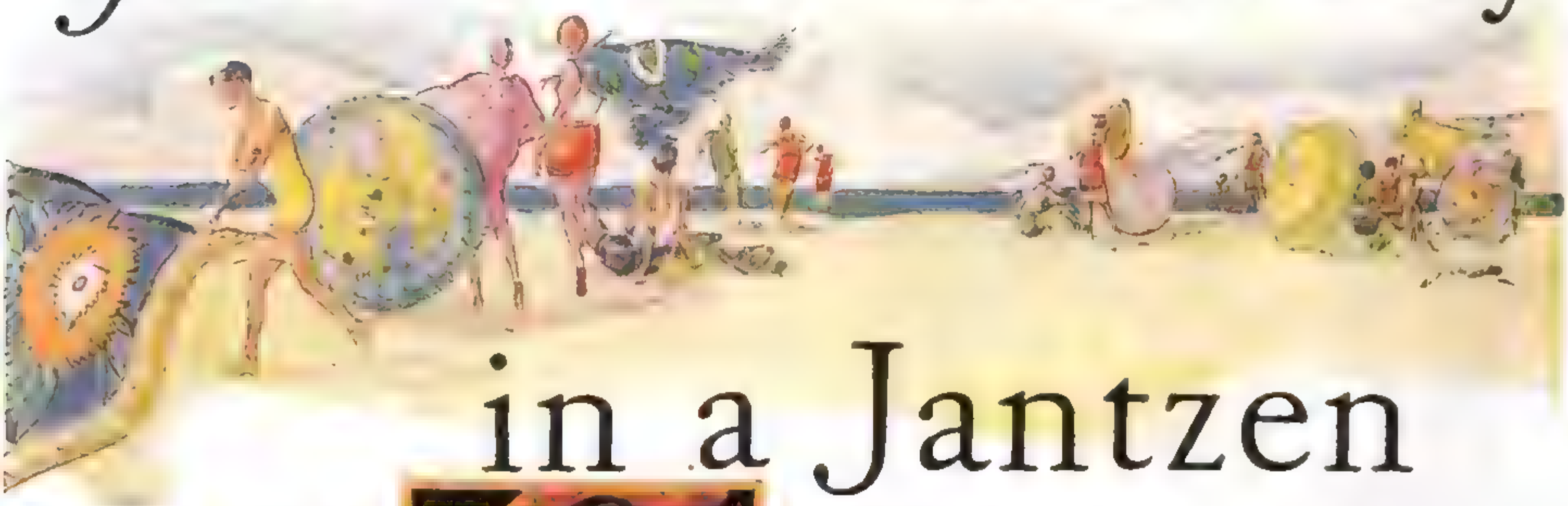
What strikes the eye more at any beach or pool than becoming colors? Myriads of gala colors . . . swimming suits of vivid hues, or pastel shades . . . beach robes gorgeously patterned . . . varicolored caps and shoes!

What makes one individual's costume more striking than others? Color harmony . . . careful selections of colors that harmonize with one's personality! Find the *key* to your individual colors . . . for both suit and harmonious accessories . . . in the *"Jantzen Color Harmony Guide"* by Hazel Adler, international authority. Insure correctness, smartness, distinction in your swimming attire.

For the blonde type . . .

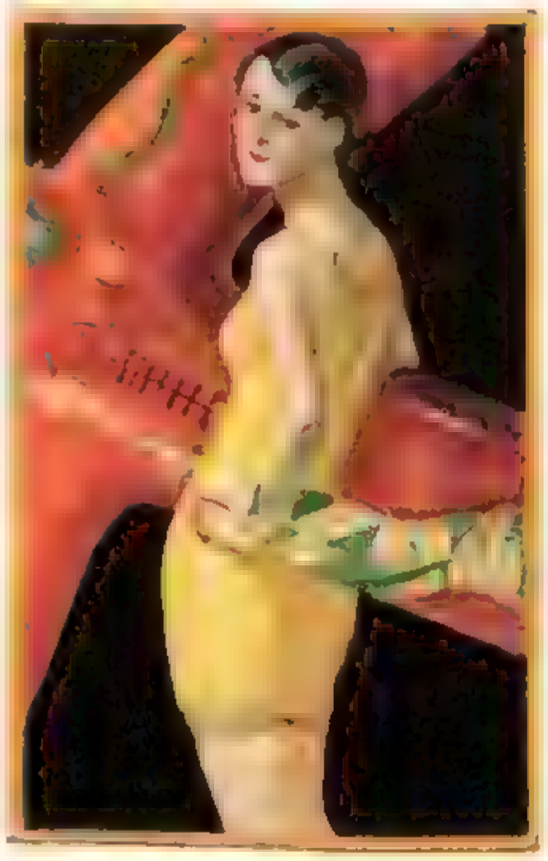
The alluring blonde who appreciates the distinctiveness of perfect color harmony should choose a suit of Jantzen blue . . a peculiarly subtle and fascinating hue with a greenish cast, recalling the deep, sunkissed turquoise of the Adriatic. Accessories should be of violet and golden yellow

or brunette -- *your* color harmony in a Jantzen



And when the beach parade is over and you want to really *swim,* you're doubly glad your suit's a Jantzen! Plunge right in! Flashing seal-like through the water or at play, you're limb and fancy free. Your Jantzen scarcely lets you know it's on you!

Tightly knitted from long-fibred wool by the Jantzen-stitch process, a Jantzen fits you lightly, comfortably, smoothly . . . *without a wrinkle.* Being extremely elastic, it graces your body perfectly; *retains* its shape.



For the brunette . . .

The imperious brunette who seeks a perfect contrast to dark hair, dark eyes or olive skin should choose a suit of Jantzen canary yellow . . . Accessories of spring green and blue make an irresistibly striking picture.

See the new models for men, women and children, now on display at leading stores here and abroad. Newest is the Jantzen *"Twosome."* Solid colors, bright hues, distinctive stripings. Colorfast; being literally *dyed-in-the-wool.* For a perfect fit, just state your weight in street clothes.

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Send now for *"Jantzen Color Harmony Guide"* or secure your copy from local Jantzen merchant. Jantzen Knitting Mills, Portland, Oregon. Jantzen Knitting Mills of Canada, Ltd., Vancouver, Canada.

For the titian type . . .

That rare type, the titian-haired, who would make the most of her beauty should select a suit of Jantzen emerald. Titian, the great Italian painter, chose green to set off the burnished copper tones of auburn hair. Harmonious accessories are those of copper brown and cornflower blue.

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Sole Makers "B. V. D." Underwear

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"Next to Myself I Like 'B.V.D.' Best!"

Continued from Page 109

"Yes, she did," said Gregory, curiously still. "She said you were capable of anything."

"I am," said Janet. "See for yourself!"

"I haven't seen yet," he told her.

"What do you mean? Haven't I just ——"

"When a man tells a girl what you've told me, he does it with his arms around her."

She caught her breath, between laughing and crying. "You're making fun of me!"

"No, I'm not. But you can't make a fool of me twice. I've got to know you mean it."

"All right," said Janet—"all right." She leaned toward him in the lonely dark; she put her hands upon his sleeves and slipped them up toward his shoulders; she turned up her face in the starlight—and suddenly she felt his muscles harden beneath her fingers.

"Janet Jones," he muttered huskily, "that'll do!" He kissed the tremulous smile from her mouth. He kissed her eyes shut and kissed them open. He held her as if she were fragile and he feared to break her, as if she were dying of cold and only he could warm her to life. . . . "If that's all the help you need!" he said. He added: "I'd have gone to hell and back again for you—let alone heaven. I've been in love with you since that first day. . . ."

"In the second-class dining room," murmured Janet. With her lips against his rough and burning cheek she murmured: "I got in there by mistake—have I told you? I ought never to have been there at all." When he would have held her off to stare at her, dumfounded—speech for the moment failing him—she curled herself close inside his arms and put her cheek down over his heart. "Don't," she begged in a wood-dove croon—"don't let's talk about it now. Tomorrow's time enough for anything but this!"

At the foot of the Tree—doubtless the very words!

And on the last day, while they stood by the rail together and watched Cherbourg grow real in the late afternoon sunshine, she told him all—that is, she began conscientiously to tell him all, but he stopped her.

"I know," he said. "I've known since luncheon today."

The womanly woman gasped. She opened her dark eyes wide, then let them flutter shut—in shame maybe—maybe in simple relief.

"Miss Muzzey," he explained.

"Of course—Miss Muzzey!" said Janet, affecting no surprise—a touch of decent resentment, maybe.

"She and Mrs. Mallock—they're fellow clubbers or something. Anyway, Miss Muzzey had all the details. She told it at the table. She made a pretty good story out of it—all about oil being found on your little farm. She said the whole thing was in the papers the morning we sailed. I guess," he deduced with ominous detachment, "I read the wrong paper. Now you would have known what paper to read!"

Janet said beseechingly, "Don't forget—I love you"

"I know you do," he said. "I don't know why, though. You, with all your education and experience—what do you want with a roughneck like me?"

"Education nothing!" cried Janet desperately. She caught his arm and shook it in the extremity of her earnestness. "Listen to me! I stopped after my first year in high school. My father was sick—I had to stay home and nurse him. That was before we ever dreamed of finding oil. The farm was a terrible place. We barely got a living out of it. When the money did come, it was almost too late. It was just a month or so"—she swallowed hard—"before my father died."

"Poor kid!" said Gregory. "You poor sweet kid!"

She had him! She threw out words like sweet-pea tendrils looping a pole to hold him.

"When I had money for school, I was too old to go—I was ashamed to go. But I had to learn things somehow—I had to learn! So I got it out of—magazines."

"You didn't!"

"I did, too. Why, there's a magazine—it bought all my clothes for me; it bought even my grips." She checked herself instantly. "Luggage, I mean. It's wonderful what it'll do for you. It tells you what to eat and say and wear." She beamed up at him daringly. "Just as that one you're so crazy about tells you what to think." When his reluctant smile broke, she added with a long, long sigh of satisfaction: "Of course you've got to know what you want in life."

"What do you want?" asked Gregory.

Janet told him while the misleading crimson flowed up to the edge of her hair: "I want you."

"Well, you've got your man," said Gregory, shy no longer. They looked at each other appraisingly, raptly.

"I was so afraid," murmured Janet—"I was so afraid that when you knew—you wouldn't want to marry me."

He asked without mercy, "Is that why you did what you did last night?" She nodded, her eyes imploring understanding and appreciation. "It's the only way this would ever have happened," said Gregory. "I hate," he said frankly, "marrying a rich woman. It's dead against everything I ever thought."

"So long as I have you," said Janet, "I don't care what you think!"

Naked truth—in a lover's whisper.

He told her while his hand tightened slowly and deliciously upon her arm, while his eyes plumbed hers and his mouth trembled and set itself in a way she could hardly bear to watch: "I think we're both dreaming, anyhow. In only six days ——"

"The Lord made heaven and earth," said Janet aptly.

She tucked her snake-skin bag under her left arm—nearest her heart—perfume of apple blossoms drifted from her as she turned.

She said, with her eyes on a far horizon, "It isn't the first time."

A Creek in the Great Smoky Mountains

ABOUT midnight of a windy, wintry Saturday, last January, a fire broke out in a four-story building which fronted on the boardwalk of a world-famous seashore resort.

The blaze soon spread to some wooden structures adjoining, and shortly reached the proportions of a three-alarm fire.

On the west side of the flaming area was an apartment building and on the east stood one of the resort's leading beach-front hotels; other great hotels stood along the boardwalk, east and west, with many frame dwellings to the north.

Within the neighboring district were housed thousands of visitors, including a large week-end quota. Many precious lives as well as much valuable property seemed in imminent danger.

But White Fireman foresight, antedating this fire by a dozen years, was protecting the guests of the resort in this emergency.

Brick fire-walls were hemming in the fire on the east and the west; above each window of the adjoining hotel was an outlet of the hotel's own open-sprinkler system—from these spread curtains of rushing water protecting every room and uniting in a Niagara-like deluge that shielded the whole tall building.

And, meanwhile, high-pressure fire-mains installed along the boardwalk were giving the alert "red firemen" rapid control of the blaze itself.

So, this threatening fire was confined to unoccupied buildings, and soon extinguished—because proper precautionary measures had been taken by property-owners and municipal authorities, at the recommendation of the White Fireman, years before.

THE White Fireman symbolizes the Fire-Prevention Service maintained by insurance companies. This service includes consultation with architects and builders, that projected structures may have the least possible susceptibility to fire-damage ¶ the inspection of property, with recommendations for the elimination or reduction of existing fire-hazards ¶ the maintenance of the Underwriters' Laboratories for the testing of building materials, the practical trial of fire-extinguishers and other protective equipment, the examination of electrical apparatus and materials, for their fire-safety ¶ and other technical aids to the furtherance of fire-prevention and property-conservation.

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Indemnity Ins. Co. of North America

write practically every form of insurance except life

The Oldest American
Fire and Marine Insurance Company

Founded 1792

Property Owners may Secure Loss-prevention Service through Responsible Insurance Agents

WE'RE ONE OF THE LARGEST USERS OF OILS AND GASOLENE IN THE WORLD

In 33 states the Cities Service organization serves a population of 4,400,000 with electricity and gas for light and power.

We are a $650,000,000 organization. In many communities we are leading users of oils and gasolene at our public utility plants.

Our automotive service includes thousands of trucks and automobiles using both oils and gasolene.

As an economic factor, we produce our own oils and gasolene, being one of the world's largest petroleum operators. In fact, the Cities Service organization is one of the 12 largest industrial enterprises in the United States.

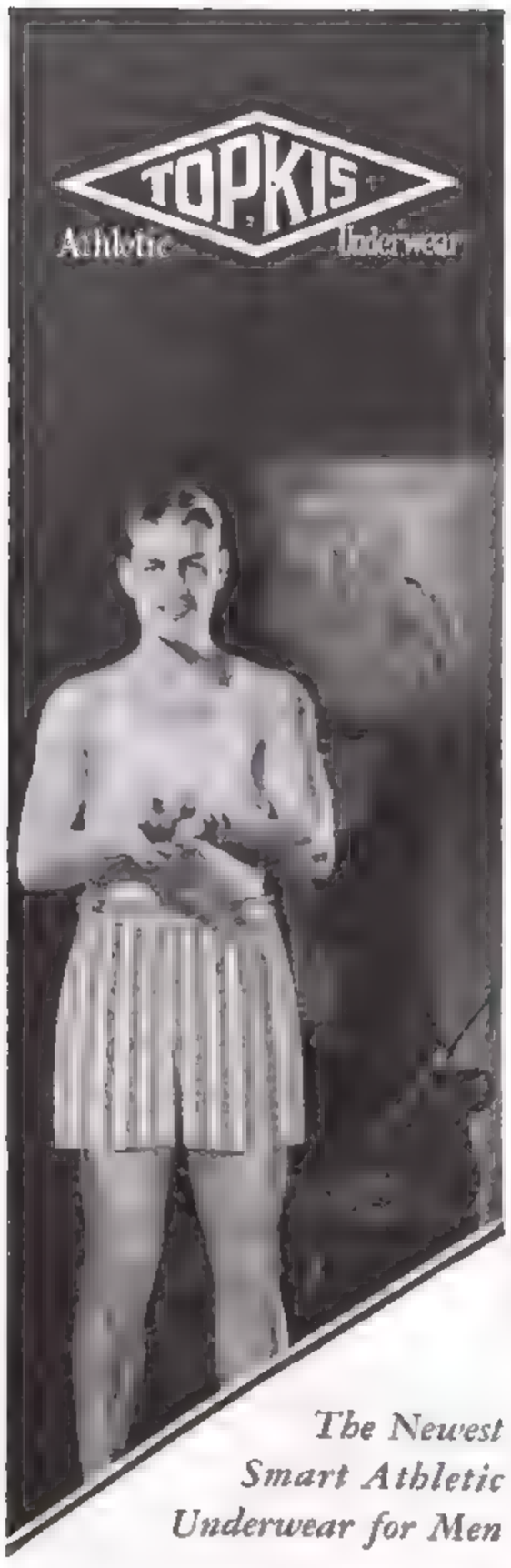
For our own use, we must produce superfine oils and gasolene. To safeguard our huge investment in properties, we invest $1,000,000 a year in research and improvements.

It's a business necessity with us to serve our public utility companies with the finest grade of oils and gasolene that years of experience can produce.

You can buy through our Service Station System in 25 states the same super-grade products refined for our own use. Ask at the black and white pumps for Cities Service Oils and Gasolene.

Broadcasting by the Cities Service Concert Orchestra assisted by the Cities Service Cavaliers on Fridays at 8 p. m. Eastern Daylight Saving Time through the following stations of the National Broadcasting Company: WEAF, WLIT, WEEI, WGR, WRC, WCAE, WTAM, WWJ, WSAI, WEBH, WOC, WCCO, WDAF, KVOO, WFAA, KSD, KOA, WOW.

Cities Service Oils & Gasolene



The Newest Smart Athletic Underwear for Men

YOUNGER MEN of speed and action acclaim the stylish swagger of this new-type athletic underwear. Older men are quick to appreciate the modern comfort of its up-to-date idea.

TOPKIS TOGS, with adjustable waistbands, and plenty of leg room, are made of the finest fabrics in wide stripes and other patterns in a variety of colors, tailored the careful Topkis way.

The shirts are knitted in snug, pullover style. Large at the armholes; generously long.

TOPKIS BROTHERS CO.
Wilmington, Delaware
General Sales Offices:
93 Worth St. at Broadway, New York

TOPKIS SHORTS of purest cotton jean, madras and broadcloth, in a wide assortment of colors and whites. 50c, 75c & $1.00.

TOPKIS SHIRTS of flat-knit and mercerized swiss rib, 50c, 75c and $1.00

TOPKIS
Athletic Togs and Shirts

THE MONKEY BUSINESS

(Continued from Page 21)

and listened to the transaction with his ears alert. A marmoset cannot use his tail to swing himself about as monkeys can, but he can make quite an attractive trimming of its dark and light bands. Jocko was exactly six inches long, and his tail measured eight and a half, and flaunted sixteen stripes.

"Why 'Jocko'?" I said to Jim.

"Oh, you call all monkeys 'Jocko'!" he said, and added, after a moment: "I suppose it began because the name natives in West Africa give chimps is 'n'schego' and people make 'Jocko' out of that."

However, in so far as this Jocko's eventual owner—a little old lady who "would never get another dog now that Gyp was dead"—was concerned, his name became and remained "Darling," and his worth to her greatly exceeded the twenty-five dollars she paid for him.

I learned to buy only monkeys that would stand the change of climate and confinement fairly well—principally guenons, sapajous, spider monkeys and marmosets. The rare specimens, even though they do not bear the change well, are desirable for exhibitionary purposes, but for my trade—pets—they were not. Many of the lesser-known breeds of monkeys begin their captivity docilely enough, but grow morose and vicious with age

An Improvised Trapeze

On the whole, counting feed and trouble, I had little more than broken even on my first monkey venture, but well enough to encourage me to go on and order more the next time I needed to restock. Altogether, that whole year, I bought and sold some seventy monkeys that cost me about $800 and sold for a little more than $1300. Not a big profit, figuring in the usual food, care and overhead, but through my experimenting with the market and with different kinds of monkeys, I had become so interested in them that I decided to make them a regular branch of the business.

One particularly interesting monkey came my way that first year; one of the Asiatic macaques—a Barbary ape. He was especially welcome because I had a buyer already waiting for him. This was the proprietor of a small itinerant circus, who wanted a monkey with no tail at all. In the various groups of macaques, from the bonnet monkey to the magot, or Barbary ape, the length of tail steadily diminishes, and the magot has no tail at all. Besides that, I was interested in the ape because of his history. Many years ago, the tale runs, at a time when the fortress at Gibraltar was being besieged, a large number of Barbary apes crossed from the northern point of Africa, by a secret passage through the straits, to Gibraltar, and saved the fortress by giving warning of the enemy's approach. Since that time they can be found in Gibraltar and parts of Spain, as well as in the northwest corner of Africa. My particular specimen hailed from Gibraltar.

The monkeys I handled had usually been tamed before they reached me; in many instances they had been raised as pets in the homes of native Indian, African or South American hunters. Such monkeys were as much superior in intelligence to the animals that have spent their lives behind the bars of a cage in the zoo as the average business man is to the convict who spends years behind the bars of a prison cell. And dealers' agents tell me that the amusing tricks of even a pet monkey in captivity are not to be compared with the absurd antics and imitations indulged in by wild monkeys in their native homes.

As far as beauty goes I've seldom seen a much more beautiful animal than the mona monkey that traveled, a month or so after I had sold the Barbary ape, with me as intermediary, from West Africa to a Wisconsin zoo. It was a docile, gentle animal and well worth the seventy-five dollars it brought. It was black and white—white on the underbody, with very sharply defined lines between the markings. I also had, for a short time, a white-bearded monkey a De Brazza guenon—that used to stand behind the bars of its cage and tenderly stroke the long flowing beard it had—a process that drove the spider monkeys in the cage opposite beside themselves with rage and jealousy

Some of the monkeys that came to me untamed apparently retained, to a surprising degree, memories of their former state. One lady who had bought from me a Java monkey came back to tell me, with rueful amusement, that Jimbo had at once taken the gas chandeliers in her house to be the best substitute for a tree in his new environment, and had swung about from jet to jet on the one in the parlor until the entire arrangement had come out by the roots and fallen, together with Jimbo himself and a large section of the ceiling, all over a lovely rose rug.

Another monkey I sold was lost because of the great attraction the steel girders on a bridge held for him. Often he would be taken across the bridge in the limousine of his mistress. One fatal January day a tire blew out while the car was on the bridge. Waiting for the chauffeur to change it, the lady decided to walk about a little, carrying the monkey. As she stepped to the ground he sprang from her arms in a flash and swung up into the fascinating jungle of girders, chattering with triumphant freedom. For hours they tried futilely to coax him down, but they finally lost sight of him altogether and went sorrowfully away without him. Two days later, workmen found him, when they came to work, frozen stiff on the pavement.

One warm day when I was busy in the storeroom, Dora came to me in some alarm and told me that one of the monkeys had apparently gone insane. I hurried out to its cage—it was a South African vervet—and found it hurling itself madly from one corner of the cage to the other, hugging its body with its arms and shaking violently.

"He won't touch his food," said Dora "What do you suppose is the matter?"

"Anybody been teasing him?" I asked.

"Why, no," she answered. "There hasn't been a soul in this morning."

A Critic of Music

A little crowd was gathering just outside the store, torn between the attractions of a litter of collie pups in our window and a band of Salvation Army singers preparing to sing just opposite the store. To collect a crowd, one of the singers had been beating, steadily and monotonously, on a big drum he carried. That gave me an idea.

I took the army singers some money, explained what I wanted to find out, and asked them if they would move into the next street. They were amused, and very kind, and went away with the majority of their listeners trailing along after them. I went back into the store.

"I believe he thought that drum was a tom-tom," I said to Dora. "Let's see what he does now."

Sure enough, as soon as the noise of the drum ceased the monkey stopped shaking, unfolded his arms, and appeared to take a long breath. He stood up and looked out of his cage. A little while later Dora offered him the food he had refused before. He snatched it hungrily and fell upon it at once.

Dora laughed. "Poor little thing," she said. "I believe you were right."

Dora was gradually losing a great deal of her repugnance. I think that the monkeys that helped her most were two that came to us in a most unusual way. One day there were four or five customers in the store when a little old man, round-shouldered and kindly faced, came in. He carried a black leather music case in one hand, while the other held something carefully under

Men of affairs know real VALUE

One Dollar Buys Greatest Underwear Value

IF it's long wear, fine fabric, and perfect comfort you want in a Union Suit, ONE DOLLAR invested in TOPKIS will give you the most that any price can buy.

Soft, durable fabrics, expert cutting and design, perfectly tailored and finished, DOLLAR TOPKIS leads the world in Value! See this great Quality Union Suit at your favorite store and you'll know why TOPKIS is more and more the choice of millions!

TOPKIS BROTHERS CO.
Wilmington, Delaware
General Sales Offices
93 Worth St. at Broadway, New York

Men's Union Suits, $1.00. Shirts and Drawers, 75c each, Boys' Union Suits, 75c. Children's Waist Union Suits, 50c and 75c. Misses' Bloomer Union Suits, 50c and 75c. In Canada, Men's Union Suits, $1.50.

Sport means danger for expensive watches. So outdoor men carry the Yankee. It isn't expensive—but it is sturdy and dependable

Ingersoll

YANKEE

$1.50

Yankee Radiolite $2.25

You get the things you want when you buy the Yankee for $1.50.

Good Looks

Appearance looms big in people's minds these days. So we've kept the Yankee right in step with good style and good taste. Closer casing, antique bow and crown, and a *glass* "crystal" that cannot shrink or discolor are some of the features that make the Yankee a clean-cut, modern watch.

Accurate and Stands the Gaff

The Yankee combines the accuracy proved by searching factory tests with the sturdiness and strength that come from sound, solid construction.

One man lost his Yankee in the woods. He found it after two weeks, and it still kept accurate time, despite having gone through three rainstorms.

Other letters — from among hundreds — tell how Yankee Watches have been lost overboard from docks and found running twelve hours later under many feet of water; how they have been dropped from high tension towers without damage; how they have been frozen for two winters at 40 degrees below zero and kept their accuracy.

That is what Yankee owners tell us. For our part all we say is that we make the Yankee Watch as sturdy and dependable as we know how.

Back of it—Service

And, of course, it has back of it the Ingersoll Service Department where repairs, if needed, are made promptly and at nominal cost.

INGERSOLL WATCH CO., Inc.

New York ~ Chicago ~ San Francisco ~ Montreal

Service Department: Waterbury, Conn.

Why Risk Your Expensive Watch?

his coat. When I was ready to wait on him he drew out and set on the counter two tiny monkeys. I looked at them in surprise.

"Why, these are just babies!" I exclaimed. "Where on earth did you get them?"

He smiled whimsically. "In the bass clef," he said. "Two octaves below middle C."

I said "What!" with such emphasis that the two remaining customers—a young girl who was looking at the Angora kittens and a man in black, with a strikingly earnest and forceful face, who had not yet been waited on—turned toward us to see what it was all about. My little old man smiled again, and went on.

"I'm an organist," he said, "in a small country church. There have been rumors around that a monkey was seen—probably escaped from the circus—taking refuge in barns here and there. Nobody's seen it, however, for nearly a month. Then, just a week or so ago, when I went into the organ loft, I heard a strange, faint noise, and here were these two little monkeys in the bass clef, where the organ pipes are biggest. I didn't know what to do with them, but I kept them for a while, giving them milk out of a little bottle, because I thought the mother would come back. Then I heard that a hunter, out for rabbits, had shot a monkey in the woods, and I decided these little ones were orphans. I—I really don't think I am the proper guardian for them and I'd be grateful if you'd take them off my hands."

I told him I'd be glad to, and he went out of the store, relieved. While I was tying up a package of dog biscuit for the black-clad gentleman, he said to me:

"If those monkeys live I want you to sell one to me."

I said "Very well," a little surprised by his earnest, emphatic tones.

"It happens," he went on, "that I am connected with a church myself. I am a minister. My people are beginning to abandon the gospel as I have been teaching it for years, and are tending toward the doctrine of evolution. I shall use this monkey as a living example of the absurdity of such a belief. My wife and little daughter and I will be here again in a few months, and if the monkey is alive I shall buy it from you."

Dora, who loved all baby things, took charge of the two monkeys. One of them died within a week, but the other did well. She took great pains with it and loved it from the first. I think it was then that the last of her dislike for all monkeys slipped away from her—not that she deliberately conquered or controlled it, but that the helplessness of the youngster made her love it—and she never looked on monkeys with disgust again.

For Work and Play

When the monkey was four months old it was one of the most endearing pets I've ever seen. It was playful and amusing and affectionate. When, one day, the minister brought his small daughter into the store and they took away the monkey, Dora missed it painfully.

We were paid twenty dollars for it, out of, I'm sure, a very meager purse. Saving his people from the dangers of the doctrine of evolution meant a great deal to that earnest preacher. I wondered what the result would be.

We learned the end of the story the next Christmas, when his small daughter came into the store again. At first I didn't remember her.

"I'm the little girl that you sold the monkey to her father to preach about evolution," she said. "I have come back to stay for a week with my grandmother." She was a sweet little girl, with her father's dark serious eyes, but a much readier smile.

"And does the monkey help your father preach about evolution?" Dora asked.

"Oh, yes," she answered. "Every three months."

"My!" said Dora. "And what do you do with the monkey in the meantime?"

"Oh, father takes care of him. He loves him very much. We all love him, he's such a cunning monkey, but father loves him most of all because it's the first pet he's had since he was a little boy and his dog was run over. Sometimes, though, he lets me play with the monkey."

When she had gone Dora and I exchanged a smile. In spite of that monkey's serious avocation, it was obvious he had a good home and affectionate care. An odd twist.

Another time, I believe, I sold a monkey into the prohibition service. A man and his wife came in, the lady to buy a dog. While they were waiting for a Chow to be brought down from upstairs, the lady caught sight of a South American whisky monkey in a cage. She looked at the monkey; she looked at her husband. The man was a stout, florid-faced gentleman, with a crimson tip to his nose and, even then, a little unsteadiness in his balance. The whisky monkey is so called because of his ruddy complexion and the clear, tender skin on his face. The lady read aloud the placard on his cage, Whisky Monkey, South America, and began to laugh. The man and the monkey stared solemnly and a little fearfully at her. When Dora returned with the Chow the lady said she had decided to buy the monkey instead. Her husband expostulated, but she was firm, and paid me immediately for the monkey, telling me where it was to be delivered. They went out in silence.

Mutual Admiration

During the following summer I tried, as an advertisement, a whole windowful of monkeys. It was a great success; the window was never without its little crowd of gazers outside. But the expressions on people's faces were different from the ones they wore when the window contained puppies or kittens. People look at puppies with a sort of tender amusement. Monkeys they regard differently. On the onlookers' faces are curiosity, awe, wonder. Sometimes they laugh, but not very often. They never achieve the assurance of possession of a monkey, I believe, as they do of a puppy. There is an eternal, intangible mystery about a monkey—the wrinkled, old-man face, the insistent, wistful eyes, the baffled frown.

A middle-aged man came into the store one day to wait while his wife chose a canary. They looked like farm people and talked like it. The choice took a long time, and the cage had to be carefully wrapped, for they were going on a fairly long trip with it. All this time the man stood staring silently and wonderingly at a small spider monkey. While John was taking care of his wife's canary, I happened to step beside him to give a neighboring coatimondi fresh water. The man looked up at me with a sober face.

"What d'you suppose he's thinking about me?" he asked, indicating the monkey with a nod.

I looked at the face of the little creature, which was quietly returning the man's stare, and smiled.

"I believe he's thinking exactly what you are," I said.

The man looked actually startled. He stared again at the monkey in fascination, but by that time the canary was properly shrouded for its journey and the man and wife left the store. Just before we closed at six o'clock, however, he came in again, his face a strange combination of determination, daring and sheepishness.

"I'll take the monkey," he said, as if there were only one monkey in the world, let alone in my own modest shop. But I knew, of course, which one he wanted. I brought it to him, and again the man and the little spider monkey fell into a fascinated mutual stare.

"Eighteen dollars," I reminded him gently. The man came out of his dazed stare, counted out the bills and tucked the monkey beneath his coat.

"You know," he said as he left the store, "I'm going to find out what he thinks of me."

My best ad was always the small boy or girl in the crowd who pressed a round nose against the pane and cried, "Mamma, I want that one!" In one week, while I had that window display, I sold three marmosets and a ring-tail for a total of seventy-five dollars.

I sold more marmosets than any other kind of monkey; perhaps because of their small size they are more attractive to most people as house pets than other varieties. Forty-eight went during the second year, including the Christmas sale, for a total of almost an even $1000. From seventy, my monkey sales climbed to ninety-one, with a gross profit of $680. The gain would have been larger if I had not suffered a severe loss when an epidemic of bad colds almost like influenza ran through the whole store, taking off nine of the little fellows before we got rid of it.

It was at the end of the second year that Dora, to whom I had given an all-time job after she finished her school work, asked me if it wouldn't be more profitable if we began to handle a few of the larger apes that are ordinarily in demand only for zoos and circuses. They bring much bigger prices than the little monkeys, but of course do not sell nearly as readily, being scarcely ever bought as pets. To look into the matter more closely, I took her with me on a visit to the store of the big dealer with whom I had worked before starting my own shop.

This establishment occupied a four-story building. Most of the small monkeys and other animals were kept on the first two floors, while the large ones were in specially built cages in the basement. His whole collection of monkeys numbered 200.

He had East Indian hanuman monkeys, langurs, African colobs, or guerezas: one of the guenons, a West African green monkey, a North Indian Bengal monkey, the noisy bandar of the Hindus, and one chacma baboon—the dog-faced monkey, with arms and legs nearly equal in length, and a short tail. Besides these Old World varieties, he had many American specimens. American monkeys are usually smaller than the others and better suited to my own trade. Sapajous—red-face and black-face—and hooded spider monkeys; rare saki monkeys from Guiana and the valley of the Amazon; two Humboldt's woolly monkeys, with thick woolly fur beneath their outer coats; and a number of little marmosets, or tamarins, from Central and South America.

An Intellectual Hierarchy

He had, too, several lemurs, which come in, somewhat doubtfully, under the head of monkeys. There are about fifty species of lemurlike animals in the Old World. They have the face of a fox and are almost entirely expressionless—a strange, steady gaze. Most of them are nocturnal, and it is from that they get their name. The Latin word "*lemures*" was given to them because the shades of the dead—which is what the word means—were supposed to wander about in the dark of the night on malignant purpose bent.

We bought half a dozen marmosets, two small spider monkeys, two owl-faced monkeys and two ring-tails. The large black spider monkeys cost twice what the small ones did, and in my own trade the smaller ones sold better.

In the basement he had chimpanzees, gorillas, orang-utans and gibbons. One chimp, destined for a circus, was priced at $4000. The chimps are the most manlike of all the apes. This one stood about five feet high, had distinct eyebrows, eyelashes and very large ears, and the proportionate length of his arms was like a man's. One of America's leading scientists makes this hierarchy of intelligence: Man—chimpanzee—orang-utan—Indian elephant. Whether the chimp outranks the orang in intelligence, I don't believe is certain. Chimps are quicker, more impulsive, but they also have a quicker temper; orangs are slower and more dependable in disposition, and gorillas, too, are usually more deliberate.

One of the biggest collections of apes in the world is kept in Havana, the property of a Madame Abreu, a wealthy Cuban lady who is greatly interested in monkeys. One of her chimps, she believes, was aware of the exact moment that his mate, stricken with pneumonia in another part of the grounds, died. Jimmy howled and tore at the bars of his cage just as his dying spouse breathed her last.

Man of the Woods

Chimps—in fact, all of these larger apes—do not thrive very well in captivity, succumbing usually to tuberculosis or pneumonia, but when they are in health they are gentle and affectionate enough. Sally, who lived in the London Zoo until she was eight years old, could count to five, sometimes to six or seven. When she was told to pick up a given number of straws—any number up to five—she did it with accuracy; beyond five she was apt to make mistakes. Fanny, another zoo chimp, played a ukulele. Another young and intelligent chimp—Jenny—traveling with a big circus in Kansas, watched the bear trainer fire a pistol of blank cartridges at one of his bears, which rolled over, playing dead. As soon as the man turned away Jenny seized the pistol and fired a volley of blank cartridges at his back.

There are very few gorillas in captivity. In 1924 it was estimated that there were less than 2000 gorillas in existence altogether. At that time a sanctuary was provided by the Belgian Government in the Belgian Congo—a piece of land 250 miles square—and in that tract there were living about seventy-five of these largest of the apes.

The orang-utans—man of the woods—from Borneo, Sumatra and Cochin China, have projecting jaws and short bowed legs. All their fierce strength is in their long arms—sometimes ten feet from tip to tip. They bring a big price, but usually die quickly from the change in climate. One large orang, five feet tall and weighing 250 pounds, was sold recently to the Philadelphia Zoo for $3000, making Philadelphia's, I believe, the only complete collection of anthropoids in the world. Two of the biggest orangs that were ever captured in Borneo came to the dealer we visited through an appeal at his Singapore headquarters by two Dyak headmen, who told his agent there that a pair of huge orangs had been terrorizing their village for months. The agent planned a cautious attack. With a small army of natives he surrounded the tree in which the orangs had their platform dwelling. Then the natives sawed through every tree around except that one, sawing just far enough so that each tree remained standing. Then these trees were quickly dropped over and burned, while the natives beat tom-toms. The orangs hugged each other in fright. Finally, the tree in which they lived was cut down, so that it fell, with the animals, into a huge strong net already prepared, and the orangs were taken.

Sandy, the famous orang in the London Zoo, was about twenty-seven years old when he died in 1927.

Gibbons are said to stand erect longer than the other apes, and their arms touch the ground when they do. While the big dealer had one of the gibbons in the shop he tried an experiment with it. He turned on a blank phonographic record and took down the ape's chatter. The next day he played it back to him to see what he would do. The gibbon at first stood entranced. Then he chattered back to the phonograph delightedly. He showed such intense enjoyment that when he was sold to a traveling circus for $1000 the dealer sent his disk along with him to Missouri.

While we were walking back to my own small store I said, "Dora, some day I'm going to bring in some of the big monkeys myself. You wait and see."

A real sports watch! Keeps dependable time, and doesn't get out of kilter easily like delicate wrist watches.

Ingersoll

WRIST WATCH

$3.50

Wrist Radiolite $4.00

Never before a wrist watch with *all* the features of the Ingersoll Wrist!

NEW features

1. A chromium finish back. Chromium is diamond-like in its hardness and is amazingly resistant to rust and corrosion. So no matter how freely you perspire under the stress of sport, this watch will not corrode and mark the back of your wrist. On watches with the ordinary nickel back you will often see the finish completely eaten away by perspiration. This cannot happen with an Ingersoll.

2. A new, heavy stitched leather strap. This comes in both calfskin and pigskin. It is strong and will not curl.

The OLD features

And the Ingersoll still has the never-to-be-changed features of sturdiness, timekeeping accuracy and dependability! Because the Ingersoll Wrist Watch is not delicate, not susceptible to jolts and jars, it is the ideal Wrist Watch for active men.

Then for good looks there is the comfortable, smart tonneau shape, the mat finish metal dial, the artistic numerals and hands, the glass "crystal" that does not discolor or shrink.

And Speedy Service

In back of every Ingersoll is the Service Department at Waterbury, Conn. If your Ingersoll Wrist gets broken, you can send it there for repairs. These repairs will be made quickly and at nominal cost. So your Ingersoll Wrist Watch will never become a tickless, timeless orphan.

INGERSOLL WATCH CO., Inc.

New York ~ Chicago ~ San Francisco ~ Montreal

Service Department: Waterbury, Conn.

Convenient and Dependable

Without Continuous Wiping Keeps Windshield Clear

RUBBER wipes off dirt—FELT puts on [illegible] that keeps vision-area on [illegible] clear for hours *without* [illegible] *wiping*. It also supports rubber [illegible] prevents broken rubber and scratched windshield glass.

CHRISTEN'S SAFETY WINDSHIELD WIPER BLADE

This new wiper blade fits any style of wind-shield wiper—just take out the old [illegible] and insert the Christen blade. Like a new car, or new pair of shoes, it has to be "broken in" before you will get the best results. It comes to you with the Felt slightly higher than the Rubber, because after two or three good storms used as an ordinary wiper blade the Felt squashes down to the level of the Rubber, the excess chemical is worked out and you get results that mean lasting satisfaction. Guaranteed for one year. Metal part rust-proof.

35c standard 7½ in. size. Special 9 in. size, 50c. Ask for it by name wherever auto accessories are sold.

V. H. CHRISTEN MFG. CO.
319 Orleans Street Detroit

Abroad: Wilcot (Parent) Co., Ltd., London, Eng.; Cornelussen & Stakgold, Oslo, Norway

Portable outdoor toilet

The AUTO-COMODATE

Sanitary accommodation for children, adults, the aged

This sturdy, clever device has won thousands of friends. Adds hugely to comfort of camping and motoring. Children can use it in car. Receptacles are waterproof, tight-closing, disposable, inserted or removed instantly. Complete with 6 receptacles, $[illegible] or [illegible] size, $2.50. Extra receptacles, 24 for $[illegible]. Carrying cases, $1.00 and $1.[illegible]. (Prices slightly higher in far west.) At auto accessory and department stores, or sent prepaid on receipt of price. Literature free.

Folds Compactly

The NURSRY-CRAFTERS
1023 Jay St., Rochester, N. Y.

In the big hotels—Vul-Cot

In eighty-two per cent of America's great hotels, Vul-Cot is standard equipment. In busiest cities, waiting rooms, great [illegible] the world over, there is a [illegible] of demand, to Vul-Cot—an invitation to be neat. Vul-Cot in five greens, maroon, oak, walnut, mahogany and [illegible]. Noiselessly ventilated in deep metal [illegible]. Sold at sales and by [illegible]—steel or wire frame [illegible] through out the [illegible] at [illegible] [illegible] nishing and department stores.

VUL-COT
- the national wastebasket
National Vulcanized Fibre Co.
Wilmington, Del.

NORWAY AND WESTERN MEDITERRANEAN

Cruise, s s "Lancastria," June 30

52 days, $600—$1300; Lisbon, Spain, Tangier, Algiers, Italy, Riviera, Sweden, Norway, Scotland, Berlin, (Paris, London). Short Cruise, omitting Norway, $475.

Jan. 16 Round the World Cruise, $1000 up
Jan. 30 Mediterranean Cruise, 66 days, $600 up

Frank C. Clark, Times Bldg., N. Y.

It was some six or seven years, however, before Dora saw. Meanwhile the store continued to increase in profit every year, and though the monkey end of it continued to be only modestly profitable, it remained, for me, the most interesting. Every year we bought a slightly larger number of monkeys than we had done the year before and the annual profit rose bit by bit. The third year my monkeys cleared $825, and the fourth year about $960.

Once a sailor brought me a Java monkey that had been his pet for two voyages. He wanted to exchange it for a dog, and fell in love instantly with an inexpensive little crossbreed half collie that I had in the window. Since the value was ordinarily about the same, we made a straight exchange. But I found that the monkey had been taught so many tricks that he was worth much more than I had thought, and the director of a motion-picture company, happening to see the monkey performing in the window as he passed the store on his way to the studio, offered, and paid, $100 for it.

Three Wise and One Foolish

It was far from uncommon for people to bring in monkeys that had escaped from vaudeville shows or traveling circuses. One lady who lived in the suburbs of the city brought me a little ringtail, which had hopped down her chimney. She happened to have a statue of the Three Wise Monkeys on the end of her mantel, and was much startled, one morning, to find a live monkey sitting in place of the statue, holding it in his hand. These little fugitives often put a good distance between themselves and the show they desert. I heard of one that escaped in California and traveled forty miles before he took refuge in a farmer's house and was captured. He, by the way, had been having a gorgeous time, looting bathhouses on the Coast, as he passed. Another time three monkeys struck and tried to run away from a show. Two got clean away and were never caught. The third ran into a field of cows, frightened them and himself into panic, and ran back into the arms of his pursuers. He went on a hunger strike for a week out of loneliness and disappointment.

At the end of Dora's fifth year with me we were quietly married, and she continued to be in the store a large part of the time. She was by this time honestly fond of monkeys. She had learned to treat them for illness and cold. One July day, when a toque monkey, so called because his hair falls from a central point on the top of his head, in the shape of a cap, kept pushing it uncomfortably out of his eyes, Dora took him to a quiet spot over the store and gave him a bob.

It was just after this that she had a terrible scare—the one really dangerous experience that we had in all our pet-shop years. Dora was in the basement, where I had put a few of the larger monkeys that I was beginning to buy. Suddenly a chacma baboon, which we both knew to be unusually fierce, broke the bars of his cage and sprang out. He was between Dora and the stairs, and she stood paralyzed with fright. In the cage next to the baboon a tiny ringtailed monkey thrust his head out to see what the commotion was. The baboon beheaded him with one stroke. Dora seized an ax, threw it and missed. By this time the noise the other monkeys were making brought me downstairs with a pistol ready. Just as I reached the bottom of the stairs the baboon sprang at Dora, and I fired. Fortunately I hit him the first time, and he toppled over. He lives now, stuffed, in a big city museum.

It was in 1925 that a whole shipment of hanuman monkeys—forty-odd of them—were being carried through Paris on a truck, when a car ran into them. The boxes burst and one or two of the baboons were injured. The rest made for the trees in the Bois de Boulogne, and swung from limb to limb with an admiring populace following in delight. It was two days before they were all recaptured.

In 1926 there was a sudden craze for pet monkeys on the Riviera, and the demand for them rose even in America. In Europe prices soared from $50 to $200 for a single small monkey. Fashionable women carried them about on their shoulders. Nowadays, however, the usual price of monkeys runs about as follows:

Ring-tailed monkeys	$15 to $25
Rhesus monkeys	17 to 20
Brazilian marmosets	15 to 20
White-faced monkeys	18 to 25
Black spider monkeys, tame and playful, medium	20 to 25
Owl-faced monkeys, tame	28 to 35
Black spider monkeys, large and tame	40 to 50
Squirrel marmosets, tame	28 to 30

A Young Authority

When the entire establishment was running along well, and had been doing so for some years, Dora and I retired. We had worked hard. We set out, first, on a long trip to the places our monkeys and parrots had come from, which we ourselves had never seen.

From Africa and South America and India we sent home some of the rare specimens I had always dreamed of getting hold of—things that make other men in the business sit up and take notice of you three owl-faced monkeys, two saki monkeys, a gibbon, and so on. Then we abandoned all thought of business and wandered around various corners of the world for two years. When we came home we were glad to settle down for a good rest on our farm in the country.

The other day, my small son—the youngest, aged nine and a half—was ordered to write a composition on monkeys, and I asked him to let me see it before he turned it in, recalling my own effort of many years ago.

Dora and I read, wherein the second generation answered the first:

> A monkey has a long, long tail. He uses it to climb with. He has very bright black eyes. He makes faces like an old man. He lives in a corner of the barn. He eats insects and fruit. He loves to play in the trees. My monkey's name is Marko. He is very gentle and he loves me. I love him. He rides around on my shoulders. We have lots of fun together.

DRAWN BY WILL CARROLL AND M. C.

WE HAVE WITH US TODAY—A CELEBRITY!

The Popular Conception of How Norman Rockwell Might Select a Model for a Saturday Evening Post Cover

This month, when university eights race at Poughkeepsie, students and alumni display a harmony of haberdashery that evidences how thoroughly the ensemble idea in attire has taken hold

In clothing, as in racing crews, it's the effect of the *ensemble* that counts. No single article of attire, in and of itself, is considered smart nowadays. The sum of all, of suit and haberdashery, must harmonize in hue and pattern.

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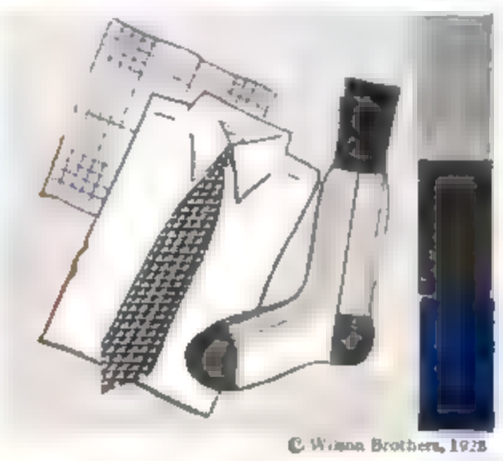
Tan, heightening to orange and deepening to brown, blends in shirt with starched collar attached, roll-edge handkerchief, silk cravat, and hose with clocks.

A touch of blue in the French linen handkerchief relieves the white, gray, and black of the Oxford cloth shirt, modernistic silk tie, and fancy socks.



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A SUPERFLUOUS CUPID

Continued from Page 23

"Who?" asked Solon quietly. "Me?"

"Them blamed kids," said Martin. "This here's a state's prison offense or suthin. I hain't a-goin' to tolerate it. Whoever of 'em done this is goin' to the reform school."

"But," asked Solon, "why my boys? Did anyone see them do it?"

"Didn't need to. Boys done it, didn't they? It stands to reason. No growed man would do sich a thing. And what other boys is the' than them of yourn?"

"The population of these United States," said Solon, "is more than a hundred and ten million souls. Probably ten millions of these are boys of suitable age to hurl bricks through windows. Why then pick on my twenty-odd? Go out into the wide, wide world and search for other miscreants."

"The' hain't none of them other millions in Lombardy," said Martin Knox with some show of logic.

"True," said Solon, "and there's not one of my kids that would cut up exactly this brand of caper. It's not their style. It lacks finesse and imagination. This thing is just a plain, ordinary piece of malicious mischief. My kids are capable of unlimited mischief, but I can lick the man that says they're capable of malice."

"Keep your shirt on, young feller," said Martin. "I jest come to tell ye that, as president of the school board, I cal'late to hold ye responsible fur this here, and that if you don't ferret it out and see justice done, the's a-goin' to be trouble."

"Ah!" said Solon. "Such as?"

"Don't you never worry about that," said Martin darkly.

"Beads of cold perspiration dampen my brow," said Solon. "And now good morning, because I prefer to put on my pants in private. But you may carry away this assurance: I'm going to look into it. I'm going to look deep and let the eye winkers fall where they will."

"You better," said Mr. Knox.

Solon arose, breakfasted and surveyed the holocaust. It was thorough and exhibited tokens of system. The individual who was guilty had made up his mind to break windows and had indulged his taste to the utmost.

It was not good, but on the contrary was very bad, and Solon was not easy in his mind.

The first member of the Black Star Order he encountered was Woodchuck Collins, who strolled along surveying the wreckage with admiration or envy or apprehension—it was impossible to determine which.

"Woodchuck," said Mr. Breeze, "this is bad medicine."

"Who done it?" asked Woodchuck.

"That," said Mr. Breeze, "is the agitating question. Mr. Knox says you did."

"I never!"

"So I told him, but he didn't care to take my word for it. He allows it was you fellows, and he's out for blood."

Woodchuck withdrew into himself. "Do you think we done it?" he asked.

"I know you didn't," said Mr. Breeze, and Woodchuck became himself again.

"They got to prove it," said Woodchuck.

"No," said Solon, "we've got to prove you didn't."

"How we goin' to do that, eh? When folks gits it into their heads a kid done suthin, why, nobuddy kin prove he didn't. You might jest as well do a thing an' git the fun of it as to have folks b'lieve you done it. It all amounts to the same thing."

"The best way," said Solon, "is to find out who did do it."

"I cal'late I better call a meetin'," said Woodchuck.

Solon walked on down the street. In the post office he encountered the seventh-grade teacher, whose brows were a bit bent as she returned his salutation.

"What's this," she asked, "about the boys breaking windows?"

"Someone broke them," said Solon, "but it wasn't the boys. Woodchuck just told me. I knew it, anyhow."

"Everyone is saying they did it."

"Then," said Solon, "we have come face to face with one of those droll times when everyone is wrong. All the people are being fooled some of the time."

"You don't seem to take it very seriously," she said. "If it was my children I'd be worried. It's pretty serious." She frowned. "Aren't you going to do something?"

"My dear young woman," said Solon in his most mature and aged manner, "I am going to do something. I am going fishing."

"Fishing! With those boys depending on you as they do?"

"On the other hand, how can I honorably neglect the fish?"

She sniffed. "You—you ought to be ashamed. I'd be proud—proud!—if my children thought as much of me as yours do of you. And you can go and fish when they need you! Oh, it's a shame—a perfect shame!"

"Why," he said, "so it is. If I get some trout, I'll leave a mess at your house."

"They would choke me!" she said furiously, and turned her back upon him.

So, on that day, the teacher went fishing, the B. S. O. held a meeting and commenced to conduct itself in a highly suspicious manner, and Justice of the Peace Marley, aided by Deputy Sands, commenced what the newspapers call a searching investigation.

The suspicious behavior of the B. S. O. consisted in a skillful avoidance of their elders.

"Now lissen," said Woodchuck, "them folks think we done it, so we as good as did do it. An' they'll git a-holt of us an' ask a lot of questions an' all. So what we got to do is to keep out of sight. The' can't nobuddy ask ye questions if they can't ketch ye."

"Yes, sir," said Gummy the book reader, "an' we got to do some detective work. We got to scatter an' look fur clews. I betcha the place is overrun with clews. I wisht I had me a magnifyin' glass."

"I got one," said Peewee. "What you want it fur?"

"A detective's got to have one. How d'ye figger he kin see them little bits of clews if he hain't got him a magnifyin' glass. You talk like a fish."

"Mebby I'm a fish," retorted Peewee, "but you hain't able to ketch me. An' anyhow, this here's goin' to work out perty good."

"What ye mean—good?"

"Why, Mr. Breeze won't be able to go off now an' take that other job. How kin he? He can't go off 'n' leave us in the soup."

"By jing," exclaimed Woodchuck, "that's so! But now mind, you kids, an' keep out of sight. Don't let nobuddy lay a hand onto ye. If anybuddy comes along, jest beat it 'thout stoppin' to see who it is."

Therefore, during that day, the town and its environs were full of disappearing boys. Almost everywhere one looked there was a youth hiding behind a tree or scuttling up a lane. It was no more possible to lay hands on a member of the B. S. O. than it would be to catch and question the *ignis fatuus* and put it through the third degree.

The seventh-grade teacher was the first adult to get into communication with them. She saw Banty Norton hiding on top of a shed and made motions to him of a pacific nature, which he heeded with a certain reservation of suspicion.

"Banty," she said, "Justice Marley says Peewee Tubbins did it."

"He never!" said Banty.

"It's all over town, and Deputy Sands is looking for him. People say the justice has proof."

"You go tell the justice to take his old proof an' run up the road," said Banty. "He hain't got nothin'. I don't care what he says, nor nobuddy else, he hain't got no proof. It might 'a' been me, or it might 'a' been 'most any of us. But Peewee, he never could 'a' thought it up. It looks to me like growed folks hain't got much sense. They ought to know fust off it never was Peewee."

"But the deputy's after him, and the justice and Mr. Knox and everybody says he'll be sent to reform school."

"I cal'late I better git off'n the roof," said Banty. "I betcha they don't send him to no reform school. I betcha a million dollars. The' hain't but one way. Peewee's got to git to be a fugitive from justice. He's got to have a secret hidin' place, an' secret friends that takes him grub an' all. An' I betcha we kin keep him hid fur twenty year if we got a mind to."

"I'm not sure," said Miss Seventh Grade, "it wouldn't be a good idea."

"Where's Mr. Breeze?"

"Fishing," said she scornfully.

Banty looked at her and pondered the sniff; then he grinned. "Don't you worry none about his fishin'. He hain't throwed us down. Say, ma'am, is it so you 'n' him is goin' to marry?"

"The idea!" exclaimed Miss Seventh Grade.

"It 'ud be a swell idea," said Banty. "Anyhow, if you see any of the kids, jest tell 'em to send Peewee to the sugar house if they see him. Tell him he better come roundabout an' not to miss no cover. I wisht it wan't Peewee. He's about as much of an Injun as a hoss runnin' away down Main Street. He's awful dumb."

"I don't know about his being dumb," said Miss Seventh Grade, "but his methods are direct."

"Yes'm," said Banty, and he scrambled down off the shed and disappeared.

In the excitement of Peewee's promotion to the estate of a fugitive from justice, the Black Star Order forgot its anxiety over Solon Breeze's possible departure to other fields and devoted its energies to conspiracy. They concentrated upon Deputy Sands, who at best was no superdetective of fiction. First they secreted Peewee—not in the sugar house, but in the deserted scaler's shanty of an old lumber camp.

"Now we got to feed him," said Woodchuck. "We got to take turns carryin' him grub."

"We got to do better'n that," said Banty Norton. "We got to bamboozle ol' Depitty Sands. We got to pick one feller that's a-goin' to take Peewee his grub, an' then we got to have a couple decoys fur Ol' Sands to foller."

"I dunno's one can carry all the grub Peewee'll need," said Pazzy Boomer. "He eats suthin awful."

"He'll eat less fur a spell," said Woodchuck heartlessly. "When he gits out of this mess he won't be so pussy."

It was Woodchuck who carried the first meal, while Banty and Pazzy, ostentatiously carrying baskets of food, bewildered Mr. Sands by setting off in opposite directions. The deputy endeavored to follow both of them, with what results might have been expected, and Woodchuck accomplished his mission unobserved. When he was leaving, Peewee called him back.

"I want ye to carry a message," he said, "an' it's a important message, so don't ye dast to forgit it. It's about a secret, an' you won't understand the message prob'ly."

"Who to?"

"Seventh-grade teacher."

"Huh!"

"You go to her house awful secret, an' what you got to say to her is that mebby I won't never see her agin on account of goin' to prison fur life, but that she's got to remember what she promised me or else I'll come back an' ha'nt her." Obviously Peewee was confusing life imprisonment with arrival in the land of shades and ghosts. "You jest tell her that, an' then you lemme know what she says."

(Continued on Page 122)

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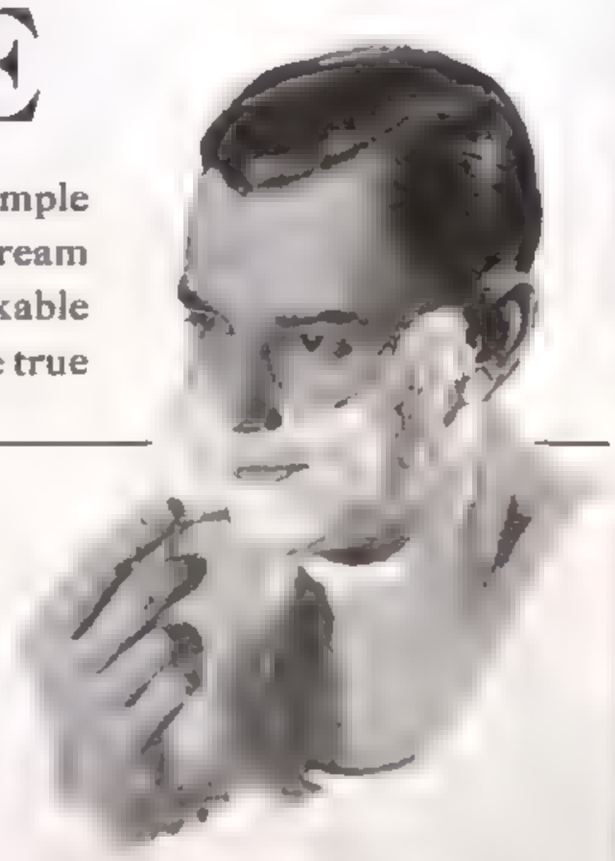

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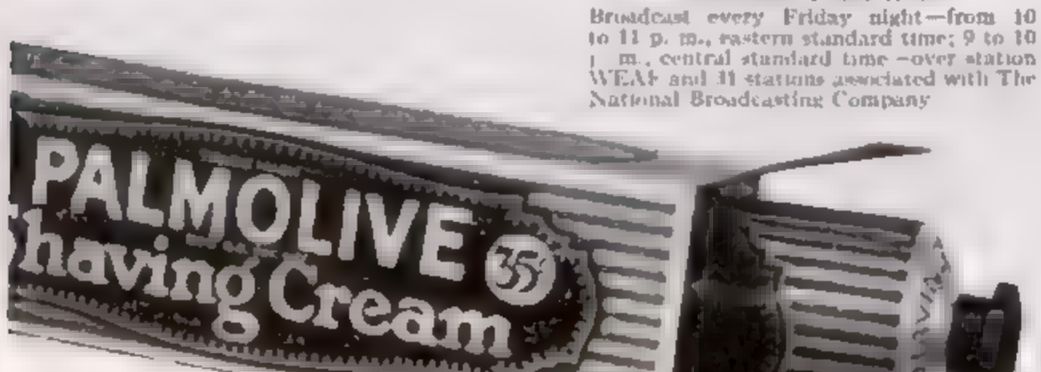

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Continued from Page 120

Woodchuck delivered faithfully this message and was surprised to see a sudden moisture appear in the seventh-grade teacher's eyes. To her there was something rather fine and certainly pathetic in this fat little boy who, in the midst of what must have seemed to him tremendous trouble, could remember and continue to work for what he considered to be the public good.

"You tell Peewee," she said softly, "that I got his message."

It was five minutes after this that Solon Breeze, with creel on his back and rod in his hand, passed the porch upon which she sat.

"I've got your fish," he said jauntily.

"You may take them somewhere else," she said coldly.

"Impossible—utterly impossible. I can't break faith with a fish. I caught these upon the distinct understanding they were for you. Would you have the little trout lose confidence in my word?"

"It's boys I'm worried about, not trout. . . . Oh," she exclaimed, "how can you go off enjoying yourself when that boy is in trouble?"

"I'm calloused, I guess. Human suffering leaves me cold. . . . By the way, what is the evidence against the miscreant Peewee?"

"A neighbor saw him get out of his back window after eleven o'clock and climb down a pillar of the stoop."

"Um"—Solon wrinkled his nose—"now what project was that? . . . Anything else?"

"Someone else saw him gathering stones down by the bridge."

"Stones?"

"So they say. He was gathering something, and what could it be but stones in such a place?"

"It might," said Solon, "be data. The scientific mind may gather data under a bridge."

"And," went on Miss Seventh Grade, "two people report having seen him lurking through the town at the time of the window breaking."

"But nobody saw him hurl a dornick?"

"Not so far," she said.

"And where is Peewee? Incarcerated?"

"He has disappeared."

"I'll warrant you," said Solon. "Better have these trout for supper while they're fresh."

"Aren't you going to do something?" she demanded.

"Why, yes," he said, "as a matter of strict fact, I am."

"What?"

"That," he answered, "is a secret between me and the fish."

From that spot Solon went to the office of Justice Marley, which he entered to find the town's judicial officer sitting at his table.

"Judge," said Solon, "if I induce the fugitive to give himself up, will you shut him in the hoosegow, or will you release him in my custody and upon my guaranty to produce him for trial?"

"I dunno's the's any call to shet him up, though feelin' is a-runnin' high."

"No talk of lynching?" asked Solon with preternatural gravity.

"Hain't heard none."

"Very well, I'll produce the abysmal brute. Can you try him tomorrow and have it over?"

"To be sure. . . . Be they bitin'?"

"Caught a nice mess," said Solon, "of fish and otherwise. . . . Say, ten o'clock tomorrow?"

"Suits me," said the judge.

IV

AT A QUARTER OF TEN Solon walked down the street beside Peewee Tubbins, who was torn between the mixed emotions of terror at his plight and pride in being a public character. They entered the court room, which speedily filled itself with citizenry.

"I've produced the accused," said Solon. "He is represented by legal counsel."

"Where is it?" asked Justice Marley.

"I am it," said Solon modestly.

"I cal'late we're ready, so we better start to whizzin'. Fust witness is Jim Pond."

Mr. Pond and others testified to Peewee's clandestine departure from his home at the untoward hour of eleven, to seeing him gather missiles under the bridge and to his presence in the locality of the depredations. One could see that Peewee was as good as convicted, though that had been a foregone conclusion. True, the evidence was circumstantial, but what would a boy sneak out at night for except to commit some mischief? Why would he gather stones but to hurl through windows, and what was he doing on the scene of the crime if not to commit it? When the adult mind deals with juveniles, it does not insist upon the exactitude of evidence it might demand in the case of a man. If all the boys who have been convicted and punished on suspicion alone were laid end to end, they would reach farther than they should.

"Now, Peewee," said Solon, "take the stand and raise your right hand and swear to tell the truth."

"The hull truth and nothin' but the truth," added the justice.

"I may say," said Solon, "that I have not examined the accused. I do not know what story he will tell, but such is my confidence in his innocence, and my knowledge of his personality, that I feel sure it will not be without interest. Now, Peewee," he said, turning to the prisoner, "did you leave your house by way of the back-stoop roof on the night of the disturbances?"

"Yeah," said Peewee uneasily.

"You had a reason, didn't you?"

"You betcha," said Peewee.

"Connected with breaking windows?"

"What 'ud I want to bust winders fur?"

"Then why did you leave your home so secretly in the dead of night?"

"I had suthin to do," said Peewee.

"What was it?"

"I don't cal'late to tell. It's a secret. It's awful secret, an' a body don't tell sich things."

"But," said Solon, "unless you tell, you are very likely to be sent to the reform school."

Peewee's pale lips set stubbornly. "They kin send me to Jericho," he said.

"But suppose I ask you to tell me—suppose I ask as a favor. If I say, 'Peewee, it is right for you to tell, and I personally want you to tell very much.'"

Peewee gasped and looked around the room; his eyes met those of the seventh-grade teacher and they grew wide with dismay. "You want I should tell right here in front of all these folks?"

"I do."

"An' you hain't ashamed nor nothin'? You don't care if I tell?"

"Of course not." Solon could not understand this reluctance, but he did ache with curiosity to discover what had set the sleepy Peewee to prowling of nights. Peewee sighed.

"All right then," he said. "I clumb down the post an' went to pick flowers."

"What?" Solon was dumfounded at this answer. Peewee Tubbins and flowers! "Why flowers?"

"Wa-al," said Peewee, "I got to thinkin', an' all to once it come to me I ought to. Wimmin likes flowers, an' when Pete Sanders was tryin' to marry my sister he was all the time bringin' her flowers—jest like you git fish with worms, kind of. And it come out all right with Pete, fur she up an' married him an' they got a baby an' everythin' by now."

"The purpose of this bouquet you went to gather was courtship?"

"Kind of."

"Who were you courting?"

"Me? Aw, I wan't a-courtin' nobuddy! I don't want nothin' to do with no girls. I wouldn't marry no girl fur nothin'. No, sir-ree, bob! I was jest helpin' to court somebuddy."

"Ah!" said Solon. "So you gathered a bouquet? Where?"

(Continued on Page 125)

GET OUT YOUR NOMA LIGHTS TO CELEBRATE THE 4TH OF JULY

(AMERICA'S BIRTHDAY)

INDEPENDENCE DAY! The birthday of our country. Anniversary of that immortal day when the tolling of an historic bell told to anxious hearts that a great document had been signed, a great gesture had been made, and the colonies, for weal or woe, were united in defiance of tyranny and in fealty to liberty!

Let's make it a *real* celebration this year! Get out your Noma Lights from their packed away Christmas-decoration boxes. String them up the red and white and blue lights - yes, and the green and yellow too, to help the display. Attach them to porch sockets. Let every porch be decorated, and every window frame—lattices, garden bushes and trees. Let's make the Fourth of July as joyous as Christmas. You have your Nomas—use them! This is the birthday of America.

To Leaders in Community Life

This is an opportunity to unite your community in a genuine patriotic celebration. Our nation's greatest holiday should be a time of *real* Americanism, of a deeper appreciation of the ideals upon which our foundations were laid. Festoon your street with little twinkling Noma Lights; decorate the town square. Your flags show in the daytime. Use Nomas at night—on the eve and on the great night of the Fourth.

Your electrical dealer and lighting company are providing special displays of Independence Day *decorations*. Ask them for plans and suggestions for illuminating your house and grounds or your community, or write for suggestions direct to the Noma Electric Corporation, 340 Hudson Street, New York City.

You need no electrician to string up Noma Lights

Noma Lights are the little twinkly strings of MAZDA *Lamps used for Christmas trees and all festive decorations. They are inexpensive. You can string them up yourself, in any combination; then take them down easily and pack away again. Nomas give a "kick" to all celebrations. Use your Nomas to celebrate the Fourth of July.*

NOMA LIGHTS

DECORATIVE

USE THEM FOR ALL CELEBRATIONS

An entertaining booklet, "*How to Keep Your House Young*," full of interior decorating helps, will be sent you on request. *Use coupon.*

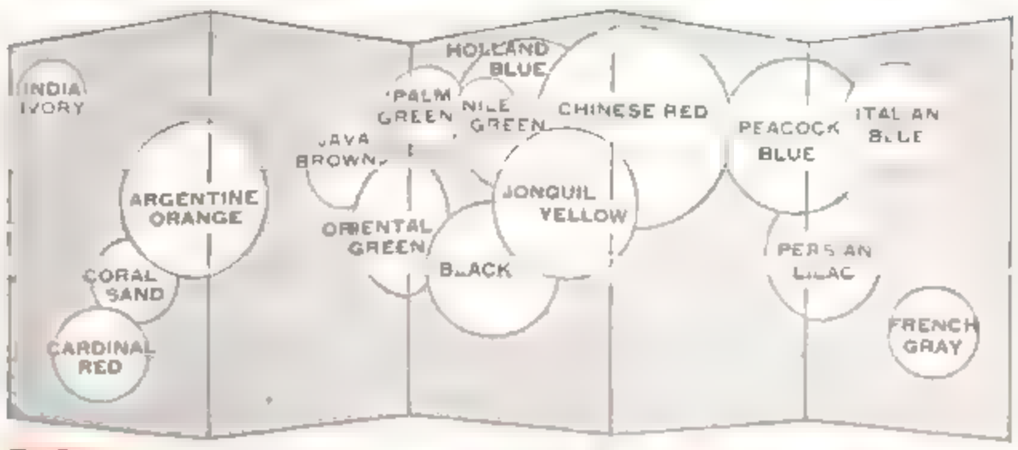
EVERY WOMAN HER OWN DECORATOR

What woman doesn't find joy in making her home more charming! With Valspar Brushing Lacquer the pleasant task becomes most fascinating—for such remarkable transformations can be made! And in an amazingly short time!

An old chair, or bookcase, or table, can be endowed with new life and beauty—woodwork, floors, furnishings, that don't quite fit into the decorative scheme, can be brought into delightful harmony. And it's so easy and economical with Valspar Brushing Lacquer.

Actual tests show Valspar Brushing Lacquer can be brushed longer and has greater covering capacity than ordinary lacquers. And the fifteen new attractive colors provide a wealth of beauty to choose from—also these colors can be mixed to secure a multitude of other delicate tints and shades!

Key to the Valspar Brushing Lacquer Colors shown on the screen above



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I enclose dealer's name and stamps—20c for each 45c sample can of colors specified at right. (Only three samples of Valspar Brushing Lacquer supplied per person at this special price.) *Beautiful Interior Decorating Booklet sent free.*

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S. E. P. 6-23-28

The famous Valspar boiling water test

VALSPAR BRUSHING LACQUER

(Continued from Page 122)

"The's a mess of them yaller pond lilies down by the bridge. I got 'em there."

"And then what?"

"I tied 'em up with string an' took 'em to where she lived, an' I knowed what room she was sleepin' in, so I throwed 'em through the winder. She sleeps with her winder open."

"Some people do," acceded Solon. "And who was the lady?"

"You want me to tell that?"

"Of course."

Peewee fidgeted.

"When folks wants to git married, they allus act kind of foolish," he said, "so that's why I done it. I wanted her to git the idee you was footish like the rest of 'em, an' then she wouldn't go makin' no difficulty about marryin' you."

"Me!" Solon commenced to regret his neglect to go into this question privately. The court room became audible.

"Yeah. It got so's you had to marry somebuddy, so we picked out the best one we could think up, on account we wanted you to have a kind of a good wife, an' one you wouldn't have no objections to."

"It was necessary for me to marry? Why, Peewee?"

"Because when a feller marries he settles down. Banty says so, an' so does Woodchuck, an' if you settled down you wouldn't go movin' around takin' other jobs some'eres, an' we wanted ye should stop right here. An' so we made it up you got to marry, an' then nobuddy done nothin', so I went an' asked her if she'd marry you, an' she said she would."

Miss Seventh Grade was of the color of bright, bright red roses.

"She said she would?"

"Wa-al, not in so many words, but she says for me to keep my mouth shet an' it would come out all right—or suthin like that—an' so I kind of figgered I'd push it along some an' make her b'lieve you was a-courtin' her, so I went up an' throwed this here bouquet through her winder. I betcha it helped too. An'"I says to her that other time she wouldn't have to teach no more, on account you'd have to support her, because fellers has to support their wives. An' I says anybuddy ought to be glad to marry you an' git out of teachin' the dang seventh grade any more."

Solon coughed loudly. He did not dare turn his head, but he rolled his eyes in an effort to catch a glimpse of the lady in question. The court room was unqualifiedly pleased.

"Peewee," he said in a voice which was somewhat strained, "did you notice anyone on the street that night?"

"Yeah."

"Did you see anyone break a window?"

"No. I wan't noticin'. I was busy."

"Who did you see on the street?"

"Heinie Busch."

"And who, Peewee, is Heinie Busch?"

"Janitor of the school."

"I think that's all, Peewee; and now we'll ask Mr. Busch to take the stand."

A small and wizened little man with ferret eyes came forward very reluctantly and was sworn

"Now, Heinie," said Solon, "are you janitor of the school?"

"I hain't no more."

"Ah, since when?"

"Since the school board met and fired me 'thout no reason a-tall."

"I see. And did that please you?"

"They hadn't no business to do it."

"And you said you'd get even? Careful now, Heinie, a dozen people heard you."

"Mebby I did, but I didn't mean nothin'."

"So you came in the other night and broke all the windows of the school board?"

"I never!"

"Heinie, I didn't go fishing yesterday—no. Gummy White did the fishing and got the fish while I sort of wandered around. You see, Heinie, I'm different from some folks. When a thing is done, I ask myself who had a motive for doing it. I ask myself what sort of person would do that sort of thing. Now I knew you pretty well, Heinie, and that you were an ingrowing, sulky, revengeful sort of fellow, and just small enough to take your revenge by breaking windows. And you had a motive."

"Didn't nuther," said Heinie.

"And no windows but school-board windows were broken. Therefore someone had a grudge against the trustees. Boys may break the windows in a deserted house, but they wouldn't go in for the systematic smashing of windows in a series of houses. That's where folks went wrong. They said broken window spells boy. I said windows broken like this spell man."

"I didn't," said Heinie again.

"So I nosed around your house, and I found a sack half full of rocks and half bricks. And I collected a dozen half bricks that went through windows. It's queer, Heinie, but they are the same kind of yellow bricks you used to build that smokehouse last week. And you were seen on the streets ——"

"They hadn't no business firin' me," Heinie said nervously. "It made me mad."

"So you smashed their windows?"

"I tell ye they made me mad," Heinie said with the sudden savagery of a cornered rat. "And I told 'em I'd git even. Nobuddy kin do me no dirty trick 'thout sufferin' fur it."

Solon raised his brows toward Justice Marley. "I guess that clears my client," he said.

"Not guilty," said the judge.

"Come along, Peewee." Solon made his way straight through the crowd to where the seventh-grade teacher was trying to force her way out of the room.

"My dear," said Solon, "better let me help you through."

"Go away! Go away! It was dreadful! I never can hold up my head in town again! Didn't you hear them laugh?"

"Yes," said Solon, "but it wasn't mean laughter. It was kindly laughter from the throats of kindly people. And they are all going to be very glad to know we are going to be married and stay here to live among them."

"They—they laughed!"

"Wouldn't you have laughed?" Solon did laugh. "We were foolish not to tell everybody at once. It would have saved so much trouble."

"They'll think—you just asked me after this—because you had to."

"Nonsense!" said Solon. "But it's too bad we went and got ourselves engaged a month ago. It's hard on Peewee."

She commenced to smile faintly. "It is hard on Peewee," she said.

"He'll go down in history," said Solon, "as a superfluous Cupid."

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 26)

Arrangements of an Epileptic Torso
Will cap our peaks; and on our summits holy a
Symbol will stand: The Soul of Melancholia.

And shall our mountains be an exhibition
Of post-dynamical decomposition?
The Spirit of the Egg bestride Mount Whitney?
Katahdin show the Progress of the Jitney?
Will the aspiring artist spirit never rest?
The only peak that still is safe is Everest!

—Morris Bishop.

Herbie Makes the Sacrifice

"MY SON Herbie has taken a job selling cement, and it's an awful load off our minds," said A. Martin Jenkins, fifth vice president of the First, Second and Third National Bank and Union Trust Company of Jonesville. "We have been worrying secretly about Herbie. We didn't tell it outside the immediate family circle, but all through college he had been specializing in English.

"Now that it is all over and he is on salary and commission, with a car furnished, I don't mind admitting I was afraid for a while, especially when he wrote home from school saying he'd met a girl who wasn't what you'd call pretty but who liked the same things. This girl wore sensible clothes and was dissatisfied with American verse forms.

"This was about the time Herbie couldn't stand the way the magazine editors were ruining American fiction by insisting that stories have plots and characters and that they be interesting to the readers. Herbie and this girl had about decided to get married and print their own things privately, just for themselves and one or two friends. They wanted to go off into the woods and live their own lives where they would not be blunted by contacts with materialism. Herbie said the ordinary world of America offered no place for a woman with the delicate sensibilities of Elfreda.

"But not long ago something happened. Elfreda, it seems, had been engaged all along to a plumbing-supply fellow in Akron, Ohio, and he told her she'd have to stop fooling around and marry him or he would break the engagement. And she felt compelled to yield to the coarse demands of the world.

"Herbie, of course, decided that life wasn't worth living any more and that he might as well sacrifice himself on the altar of commercialism. First thing I knew he was covering four states, closing road and building contractors for cement and making about five hundred a month. Aside from being broken-hearted and disillusioned, he is perfectly happy.

"Just recently he wrote his mother from Rock Island that he was going to spend a week-end in Sioux City visiting a girl whose father has a department store or something. He said he didn't see that he had any right to wreck her life just because he had had a permanent sorrow, and, besides, the cement company was going to increase his territory. I told mother she'd better have my cutaway and striped pants pressed, for we'd probably be attending a wedding on short notice."

—McCready Huston.

The Modern Girl, According to Popular Songs

SHE'S sugar. She's a red-hot mamma with ruby lips. She's a flapper with turned-up nose and turned-down hose, and when she struts her stuff—oh, boy, she's just a red-hot Hottentot! She's the fairest peach on all the beach, and when she walks down the street all the little birdies go "Tweet-tweet-tweet." And she's five feet two, with eyes of blue, and, boy, what those five feet can do! She's my bundle of love. She's beautiful. She's cute. You read in her glance oceans of love and romance. She's all alone every evening, feeling blue. She's wondering where you are and how you are. She's waiting by the telephone, and you can't make her blue, 'cause she's got lots of vitality. And can she roll those eyes and give those sighs and kisses—burning kisses from the sands of Araby! Her love's as strong as applejack, and after her laughter come tears, among her souvenirs. She's adorable. She's a poor little Broadway rose, with singed wings and silken hose. She's a one-o'clock baby. She's nobody's sweetheart now. But can she do the black bottom, and how! And what she's got, she's got lots of. She knows her stuff. She's my sugar.

—Vincent Clark Odell.

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Tune in on the station nearest you. See list below. Realize the alluring atmosphere of old-world charm this Sessions Westminster Chime clock can add to your home. It will make you want one. On your mantel this clock issues, every quarter hour, quaint Westminster Chimes. It tells time correctly, for years. Within its fine mahogany cabinet is the new Sessions 8-day Westminster movement but recently perfected.

For the first time, fine clocks with Westminster Chimes can be bought for thirty to thirty-seven dollars. See them at any good clock store. If your dealer is sold out, ask him to order one for you. Send a post card for the free fascinating booklet, "Chimes That Cast a Spell of Old World Witchery." The Sessions Clock Company, Factories Forestville, Conn. Salesrooms, 233 Broadway, New York. 5 N. Wabash Avenue, Chicago.

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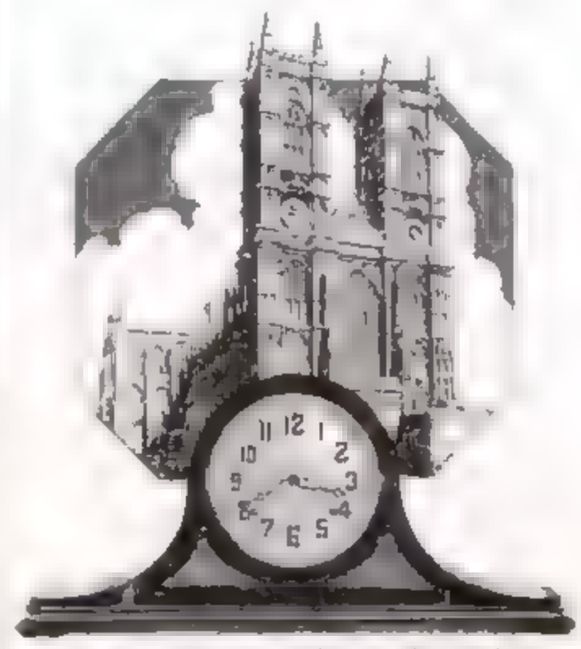
WHAM, Rochester | WMAQ Chicago
WEEI Boston | WDOD, Chattanooga



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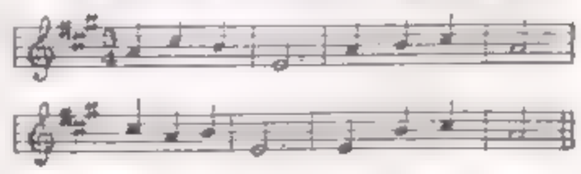

SESSIONS CLOCKS
WESTMINSTER CHIMES

The House *that caught up with* Progress

PEOPLE thought it an old, old house. It wasn't. Only fifteen years behind the times.

A "heap o' living" had made it a home. But the same years that had endeared it to its owners' hearts had seen remarkable improvement in building. Progress had passed it by.

Then one day, for mother's and the children's sake, a "health examination" was made of the house. And a wonderful transformation was wrought.

The old-fashioned bathroom that the family was a bit ashamed of was rejuvenated by walls that glow with color, a modern built-in tub, a low and quiet closet.

Useless odds and ends were sold to the junkman and the little storeroom became a second bathroom to meet the growing needs of the growing children.

The old sink, so hard on mother's back, was replaced by a new high sink with glistening drainboards and swinging faucet.

Father was through fussing and fuming over the hungry heating plant, designed for days when coal was cheap and it was customary to shut off the rooms on the cold side of the house. It abdicated in favor of a thrifty boiler that sends even warmth to radiators in every room.

Within a month the house had caught up with progress.

Its increased value is far more than the moderate cost of the improvements. Willing renters and buyers are legion, but its owners prefer to live there. Bankers stand ready to loan a sum on the property far greater than before.

Many another house is being crowded into the discard that can profitably be made new again. Perhaps yours. Then you too will thank the day on which you call in a reliable plumber and a competent heating contractor to "make a health examination of your home."

Plumbing and Heating Industries Bureau

A national association of Heating Contractors, Master Plumbers, Wholesalers, and Manufacturers — EVANSVILLE, INDIANA

MAKE A HEALTH EXAMINATION OF YOUR HOME

The Odd Tip of "Old Hats"

By JAMES R. CROWELL

THEY never thought Old Hats would amount to very much—the members of the New York Stock Exchange didn't back in the reconstruction period after the Civil War. Practical jokers there were in plenty among the 1060 men holding seats on the board in those days, and even though the great failure of Jay Cooke & Co. on September 18, 1873, had forced fifty-seven other member firms to the wall, to cast a pall of deep gloom over the Street, the day was never so dark that it couldn't be enlivened with a little fun at the expense of Old Hats.

In and out of the group of men trading in large volume on the floor of the exchange, Old Hats would weave his way during trading hours, hawking his wares in much the same manner as the alley huckster, with his shrill cries, sold red-ripe tomatoes to housewives.

"Odd lots!" he would call, moving hither and thither among men intent upon selling shares wholesale, not retail, as he did; and back to his ears would come the mocking echo from those who scoffed at his picayunish method of doing business.

"Old hats!" they would cry in derision after him, a feeling of contempt in their hearts for a fellow member who had no greater ambition than to confine his efforts to handling orders of less than 100 shares—the trading unit. A dealer in flotsam and jetsam, he was to them a sort of glorified scavenger.

Curiously enough, the identity of the original Old Hats has been lost, though the creator of the principle on which he operated is known. An exchange member named Monroe was the pioneer odd-lot dealer. Monroe had introduced the idea twelve years or so earlier, when a continuous market was established, first in the streets and afterward on the exchange, to meet the necessity brought about by the Civil War for a fluent medium of stock barter. An avalanche of fractional-lot orders poured into the commission houses at that time and the brokers lacked the facilities to care for them without detriment to their regular business. Monroe, sensing the demand, established himself as an odd-lot specialist whose sole occupation it was to buy or sell in quantities ranging from one to ninety-nine shares. Brokers with fractional-lot orders always went to Monroe, who would trade with them at something like a half per cent from the market. These transactions were on his own account, which made him a dealer and not a broker.

Capital in Exchange Seats

In the interval from war days to the Jay Cooke panic of '73, Monroe seems to have dropped from view. But in the long period of extreme depression which followed the Cooke disturbance there were several members who recalled what a lively thing he had made out of his odd-lot business and who now seized upon his system as a means of keeping the pot boiling at a time when the usual run of large-volume trading was in the doldrums.

It was the pioneer among these disciples of Monroe's doctrine for making money whose droning cry of "Odd lots" caused hilarity on the floor and resulted in the bestowal of the appellation, Old Hats. In all the bigness of Wall Street, and all the vastness of its operations, few persons had much respect for Old Hats. Why, they reasoned, a man must be a piker at heart to have no higher incentive than raking in the leavings.

A seat on the exchange in that day fifty-five years past was worth from $5000 to $7700. You have read recently of seats sold as high as $375,000, at which rate the present 1100 memberships would have a total value of $412,500,000. And if you have wondered why these Stock Exchange seats have increased so tremendously in price, or why this boom has existed at all, let it now be made known that Old Hats has played no unimportant part in it all. Stocks have run wild in their upward rush, the volume of trading has passed all bounds, clerical forces have worked twenty-four hours of each day to keep the accounts up-to-date, the public has been in the market as never before. Why? Well, largely because of the activities of the new edition of Old Hats.

A Man at Every Post

Back of all the surprising things which have taken place within that imposing structure at Broad and Wall Streets, New York, which houses the New York Stock Exchange, has been the voice of the American people. An era of prosperity unequaled in the history of the country has given articulation to the voice, and the system of barter devised by Monroe has been a vital factor in its expression. A far-flung army of new investors who dabble in stock on a scale of less than 100 shares in a single order has entered the field once reserved exclusively for the rich man. Odd-lot transactions have come to be a major influence in the market, a safety valve that swings in either direction, and through the machinery for the administration of this comparatively new business passes a volume exceeding many times the aggregate sales on the exchange at the time Monroe made his appearance as the first exponent of this form of trading.

Twenty-seven years ago—April 30, 1901, to be exact—Wall Street was swept by a great flurry as a prelude to the Northern Pacific panic of May 9, and on the floor of the exchange shares were dealt in to the number of 3,270,851. That record stood until 1925, when 3,448,747 shares represented the total volume of trading for one day. The next high-water mark was 3,786,111, touched in March of 1926, and this figure held as the top for all time until March of this year, when the market began its greatest rampage of history, tumbling all the old peak achievements from their pedestals in a sustained run of record-breaking sessions. March 27, 4,790,270 shares were dealt in. In the entire history of the exchange prior to this year there had been only eleven 3,000,000 share days. In the first three months of the present year there were nineteen. In March there were three two-hour Saturday sessions in which the sales went past the 2,000,000 mark, a happening which had scarcely been regarded as possible.

The total wealth of the United States is estimated at $400,000,000,000, its yearly income at $90,000,000,000. The relation of these staggering figures to the violent movement in stocks is that a money-surfeited nation has taken to playing with its hoard of gold in an effort to make it still more enormous. And it has succeeded. Today the market value of the listed securities on the New York Stock Exchange is approximately $100,000,000,000—a spectacular rise over what it was just a few years back. In the flood tide of prosperity the old economic inhibitions have slunk away into oblivion. A feeling of confidence in business leadership and of security in the country's future is the dominant note. For the present at least, the lid is off in a commercial sense.

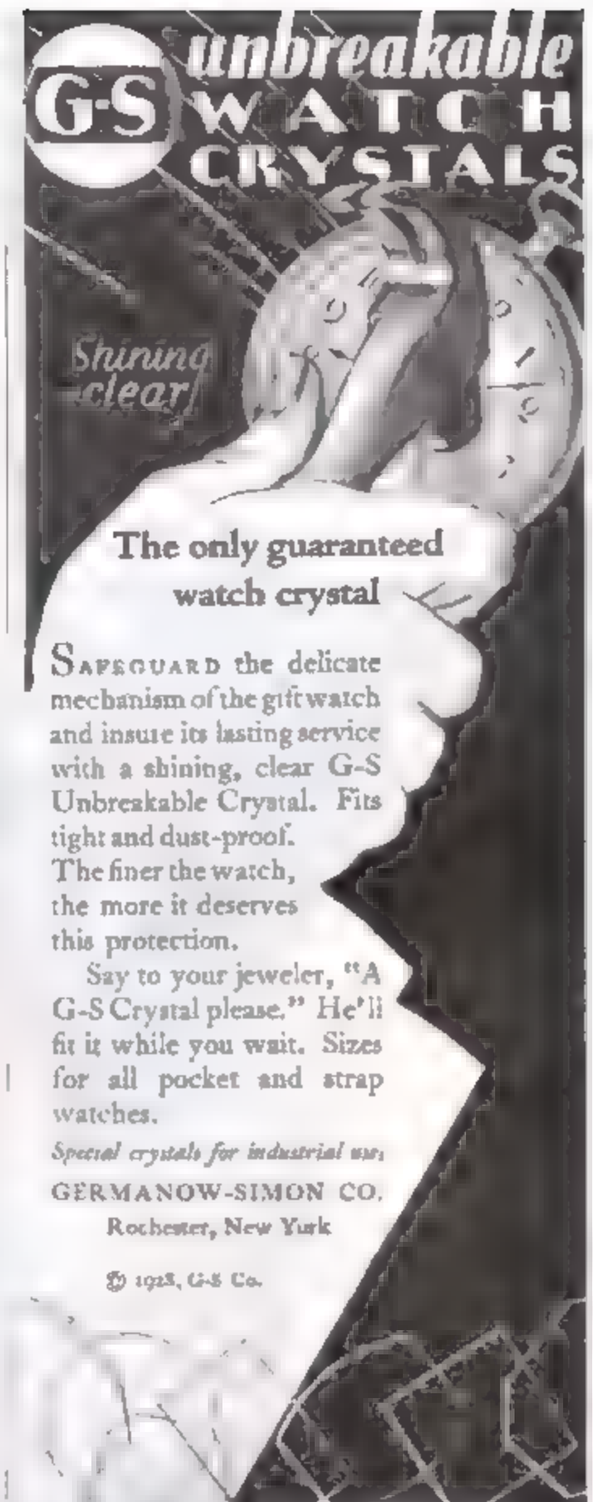
How extensively the public is in the market is indicated by the fact that 25 per cent or more of the business done in the stock market is in the form of odd-lot buying. In one of those recent seething days on the exchange one of the three great odd-lot houses handled on its own account more than 500,000 shares. Its medium for transacting this immense amount of trading was its imposing staff of exchange members, one stationed at each of the twenty-eight trading posts on the floor. The exigencies of fractional-share dealing, as they have expanded from Monroe's day, are exacting and far-reaching. An odd-lot firm must have a man at every post, and twenty-eight memberships mean, at the high price of $375,000, $10,500,000 worth of exchange seats. And unlike the commission brokers, who execute customer orders, these firms are forced to take a position in the market. An order upon them for twenty-five shares means that they must buy or sell 100 shares, with the attendant opportunity of suffering a loss on the uncalled-for 75 shares. Thus the fractional-share purchaser deals at from one-eighth to one-quarter from the market, representing the odd-lot firm's margin of protection.

The Unpardonable Sin

The unprecedented activity in odd lots, symbolizing the public's presence in the market, is one of the reasons for the amazing rise in the price of exchange seats. There are other reasons, of course, of which basic national prosperity is the foremost. Three and four million share days are halcyon days for the stock brokers—a crystallization of the Street's most alluring dream of cascading profits from its harvest of fees. So the intrinsic value of a seat on the exchange has risen to an unheard-of point. In this geyser of activity a broker need only stand pat on the orders placed with him; he is strong and affluent in his rôle of commission man, without bother as to personal investment or speculation.

With the continuance of activity on such a scale as we have had in the past few months, the likelihood of expulsion or suspension from the exchange grows correspondingly less. A seat on the exchange is too rich a possession nowadays to be trifled with and surrendered for cause. Then, too, the standard of ethics has risen steadily through the years, and methods once regarded as legitimate have long since been legislated out of existence. The great unpardonable sin of the member today is unbusinesslike conduct in his dealings with the public. Detection and exposure press hard upon the heels of transgressors. A recent instance of this came when an old member, while acting as a specialist, made an opening trade for his own account at a price not justified by the condition of the market, thus placing in effect a stop order, part of which he then purchased. For this offense he was suspended for six months.

From 1900 to 1924 the price of seats hovered between a low of $34,000 in 1914 to a high of $115,000 in 1920, and then in 1925 began a skyrocketing ascent which has carried it to the present level. And the best-informed opinion of Wall Street now foresees the $500,000 seat.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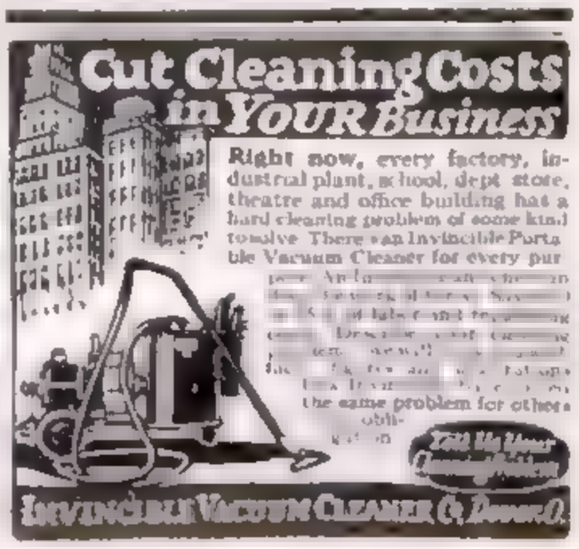
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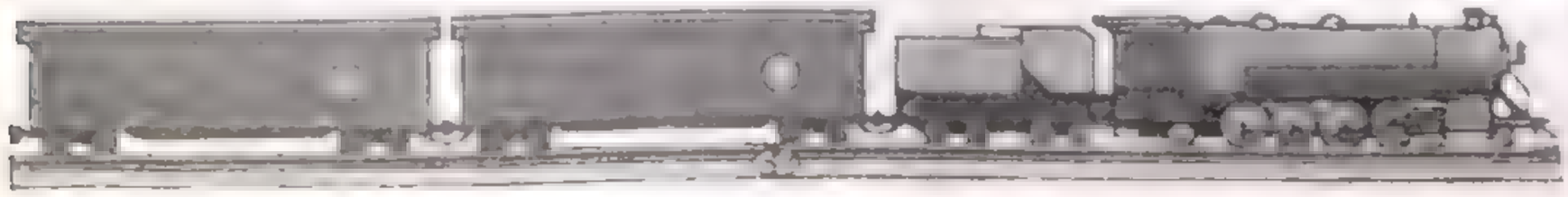

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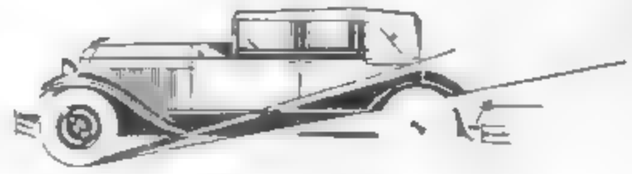
ALSO MAKERS OF Warner Liquid Magic THAT PENETRATES, FILLS RUST AND LUBRICATES.

Analytical Study of a Pleasant Evening at the Theater

With Seventy-Five Reasons Why the Theatrical Business is What it is Today—By Channing Pollock

1. Jones reads in morning paper that the Night Shirt, produced yesterday, is the best play written within memory. Cast includes Black, White and Brown, three of his favorite actors. Suggests to his wife that they have a pleasant evening. Wife agrees.
2. Mrs. Jones goes to buy seats. Box-office man tells her "nothing nearer than the fifty-second row."
3. Informed as to this, Jones telephones a ticket agency. The news is confirmed
4. Jones' partner says his wife's brother knows a man whose uncle's cousin went to school with the favorite niece of a prominent ticket speculator.
5. This influence and nineteen dollars in cash procure a promise of the seats.
6. Jones calls for the same. Not ready.
7. Jones calls again. Same result.
8. Jones calls once more. Receives an order for tickets.
9. Armed with this order, Jones goes to the same box office that had "nothing nearer than the fifty-second row," and obtains seats in the fourth.
10. Mr. and Mrs. Jones delighted that they are to have a pleasant evening.
11. Mrs. Jones does research work to locate the theater and ascertain at what hour the performance begins. Discovers the latter to be 8:20.
12. The Joneses bolt dinner, and leave home at seven.
13. Cabman never heard of that particular theater. Repartee. Cabman wins. Jones does more research work. The taxi starts.
14. Taxi held up at 86th Street.
15. Taxi held up at 72d Street.
16. Taxi held up at 66th Street.
17. Taxi held up at 59th Street.
18. Taxi held up at physician's while Mrs. Jones is treated for nervous prostration.
19. Taxi proceeds east on 44th Street to Madison Avenue, west on 45th Street to point at which detour began, doubles to 59th Street, circles the Columbus Monument nine times, and crawls down Tenth Avenue to the theater.
20. At 8:25 the taxi arrives.
21. Jones asks the doorman what time curtain rises, and is told 8:30.
22. Head usher says curtain rises at 8:35.
23. Foot usher says curtain rises at 8:40.
24. Coat-room boy beseeches Jones to check his hat. Jones declines.
25. Jones finds that his seats are in the thirteenth row.
26. Finds other people occupying them.
27. Jones calls usher.
28. Other people ejected. Repartee. Other people win.
29. Jones finds no hat rack under seat. Deposits hat on floor. Holds coat on lap.
30. At 8:50, Jones has finished reading What the Man Shall Wear, and is still searching his program for a cast of characters.
31. At 8:52, finds it.
32. At 8:53, finds that Black and White are no longer in the cast but Brown remains
33. At 9:00, a gentleman comes before the curtain to announce that Brown is ill. Those who don't want to see an understudy may have their money back.
34. At 9:05, the curtain rises.
35. At 9:06, Jones discovers he can't hear a word. Decides to bring an ear trumpet next time.
36. At 9:15, understudy appears. Rotten.
37. At 9:20, temperature in the theater eighty-six. Jones decides to bring an oxygen tank next time.
38. At 9:21, two ladies and two gentlemen arrive to claim seats the other side of Jones. Loud discussion of seating arrangements. Jones misses the conspiracy to commit murder.
39. At 9:25, seating settled.
40. At 9:25½, the first gentleman steps on Jones' hat.
41. At 9:27, more arrivals in the row ahead of the Joneses. All the rest of the row stands. Jones misses the murder.
42. At 9:30, first act over. The two gentlemen the other side of the Joneses go out—separately. The second gentleman steps on Jones' hat.
43. At 9:31, Jones discovers there is no orchestra. Begins conversing with Mrs. Jones.
44. At 9:32, conversation gives out.
45. At 9:34, overhearing another conversation, Jones discovers that the seats next him were purchased fifteen minutes ago at the box office, and at box-office prices.
46. At 9:35, Jones discovers that the seats in front of him were not purchased. The ladies occupying 'em work at a store whose employes have been invited to help fill the house.
47. At 9:50, the second act begins.
48. At 9:53, the first gentleman returns. Steps on Jones' hat.
49. At 10:00, the second gentleman returns. Same business.
50. At 10:10, the two gentlemen and two ladies decide to go home. All four step on Jones' hat.
51. At 10:15, intermission. Jones checks his hat.
52. At 10:22, Jones rejoins wife. She wants to go home. Jones persuades her to stay for "the surprise finish."
53. At 10:40, curtain rises.
54. At 10:41, gentleman behind Jones gives away "the surprise finish."
55. At 10:54, show over.
56. At 10:55, Jones goes to coat room for hat.
57. At 11:00, Mrs. Jones wants to know why he left it there.
58. At 11:05, Mrs. Jones insists upon knowing.
59. At 11:10, Mrs. Jones gives opinion of anyone who checks his hat.
60. At 11:15, Jones gets hat. Not his.
61. At 11:20, Jones gets his hat and pays for it.
62. At 11:21, the Joneses emerge.
63. Raining.
64. At 11:22, Jones tries to get a taxi.
65. At 11:40, Jones is still trying.
66. At 11:41, Mrs. Jones gives opinion of anyone who can't get a taxi.
67. At 11:41½, Jones tips boy to get taxi. Boy disappears.
68. At 11:50, boy has not returned.
69. At 11:55, the Joneses walk to the Subway. Mrs. Jones gives opinion of gentlemen who take ladies home in subways. Jones speaks sharply. Mrs. Jones stops speaking.
70. At 12:30, the Joneses arrive home.
71. At 1:30, the Joneses get to bed. Mrs. Jones begins speaking.
72. At 2:30, Jones gets to sleep.
73. At 7:00, Jones gets up and goes to the office.
74. That night Jones discovers that critic who sent him to the play is bosom friend of the man who wrote it.
75. For the next six months the Joneses spend their evenings listening to the radio.

Can the whole world be *wrong?*



Chrysler is accorded enthusiastic acceptance overseas in the same full measure that it receives in America. In 92 civilized countries, the recognition of Chrysler leadership has built Chrysler export sales to third in volume in the National Automobile Chamber of Commerce. Four years ago the name was totally unknown in the world's markets.

Chrysler leadership overseas is a foreordained result achieved by a new measure of performance and a new standard of quality and style, which the world heartily prefers as the soundest, finest and most satisfactory motor car investment available.

The world over, those who know and appreciate fine engineering and workmanship have acclaimed Chrysler Standardized Quality—the highest plane to which scientific engineering and precision manufacturing have been raised by any manufacturer.

The unique benefits resulting from this most unusual manufacturing plan in superbly vigorous performance, in riding smoothness, in handling facility, in smart beauty of line and color, in luxury of appointment detail, in safety, in proved long life and in day-in-and-day-out dependability under all conditions are everywhere accorded the preference they enjoy in our own United States.

In one phrase, the whole world has come to recognize Chrysler as the *world's lowest-priced producer of quality cars in the four great price classes.*

IT IS deeply significant that the peoples of 92 countries, speaking such a diversity of tongues, think the same thoughts and are actuated by the same motives in buying their motor cars.

Americans abroad are particularly impressed with the numbers of Chrysler cars they see. Ask your friends when they return what American car they saw in greatest numbers in any country. Chrysler, will be their reply.

CHRYSLER SALES CORPORATION
DETROIT, MICHIGAN

See what this does *to* "YELLOW MASK"

Marvelous Ingredient embodied in New Dental Cream removes that Yellowish Tinge from Pretty Teeth and Works Quick Miracle of Whiteness . . . Just Try It!

NOW even the most yellowish teeth can be swiftly whitened to the soft beauty of polished pearl!

Without harm to the most delicate enamel. Without the use of grit or coarse materials.

A valuable ingredient embodied in a smooth, creamy dentifrice works this miracle of whiteness. An ingredient that dental science has sought for years to incorporate in a tooth paste because of its magic whitening powers. A white, silky powder technically known as "Tri-Calcium Phosphate." Used by the foremost dentists for the specific purpose of removing stubbornly clinging stains from the teeth and imparting a high and lustrous finish.

"Best teeth whitener I have ever seen or used"

"In twenty years of dentistry I have never seen a dentifrice that could so whiten the teeth as Orphos does. It certainly does clean them. It can be used three or four times a day without harm.

"A. E. T. ——, DDS"
A prominent Eastern dentist

Embodied in ORPHOSTOOTH PASTE this remarkable "Tri-Calcium Phosphate" banishes that hateful yellowness much as an eraser wipes out pencil smudges. Even the first brushing is a revelation. The result is simply dazzling. And each succeeding brushing intensifies the glorious whiteness brought to light. And how teeth do glisten! Just like newly manicured nails.

"Yellow Mask" is so unbecoming. If present (look now and see!) ask for ORPHOS tomorrow at your favorite drug or department store. Whiten it must, and will . . . just read the guarantee below.

Whitens .. *or costs you nothing*

ORPHOS won't fail. If by a single chance it should, after 20 days' usage, return unused portion of tube to druggist and your money will be returned.

WOMEN WANTED BY DEPARTMENT STORES

By Frances Fisher Dubuc

DEPARTMENT STORES present a wide field of opportunity for women in the business world today. They offer many and varied opportunities for capable and ambitious girls and women for positions ranging from the junior assistant of sixteen to the mature woman in the forties. This, the writer found, was the consensus of opinion among not only officials, executive heads of departments, directors of personnel and training, employment managers and instructors of retail selling in schools and colleges but also employes of every grade in department stores throughout the country, from stock-room girls and file clerks to general managers, from packers to presidents of great retail organizations.

"Though department stores have been in existence since our grandmothers' day," said the president of a New York department store, "until recent years the business has been an unorganized one as compared to banks, insurance companies and various industries. Until 1918 it developed slowly, and usually along the lines of least resistance. Since the war, especially during the past five years, retail-selling organizations have developed perhaps more rapidly than any other line of business in which women are employed in large numbers."

A department store has positions to fit almost any taste. If you don't like to sell shoes or hats, for instance, try stationery, underwear, jewelry, books, draperies, ready-to-wear clothing, dress goods, household supplies, pictures, toilet preparations, candy, or any other of the thousand and one articles sold in the dozens of departments in a large store of this kind. You will be given a chance to find yourself by the management of any progressive department store if you prove the sincerity of your purpose.

If you don't like selling, try being assistant to the librarian, the dietitian, the dentist, the chiropodist, the recreational director, the superintendent of service or of the health department, the director of the information bureau or the editor of the house organ. Or ask for a trial in the restaurant, or in the mail order, the adjustment or the catalogue department. In these last three named a large clerical force is generally maintained and there are especially good opportunities leading to advancement. If you like research or statistics get a start in the merchandising department or apply for a clerical position assisting the job analyst or the investigator of commissions and bonuses.

Training That Helps

If you have an attractive personality and a discriminating taste in clothes and furnishings be a shopper in the personal-service shopping department, which is one of the newest and most interesting in this line of work. If you have a college education or the equivalent and special training in secretarial work, interior decoration, social work, economics, library work, designing, dressmaking, athletics, recreation or copy writing, you can turn your knowledge to account quickly in the department store, while the opportunity for advancement to executive positions is extremely good.

Progressive firms today pay a regular staff to recruit girls and women possessing good educational and social backgrounds—social in the sense of environment—who show ability for business or who have had experience in various lines of retail selling or training in any subject which can be applied to department-store work, and willingly give them every opportunity to rise to higher positions. Such firms also conduct training classes during store hours for their sales people, special classes for executives and coöperate with public-school systems in the matter of giving boys and girls part-time employment and with universities and colleges which have established courses in salesmanship, retail-store management, merchandising, marketing and distribution, and correlated subjects fitting students for the higher-paying positions in a department store.

A Job in a Store

A few of the largest stores have systems of training college graduates which have worked out satisfactorily thus far to all concerned. College men and women are employed as members of special squads. The salary to start is about twenty-five or thirty dollars a week. These people work from three to six months in many different departments throughout a store, making reports which they submit to the educational, or the training department, as it is sometimes called. Thus these stores train them for executive positions within the organization, or for places of responsibility in merchandising, which is generally conceded to be one of the most remunerative types of work in this field for women.

"Comparatively few people realize how many and varied are the opportunities for women in a department store, so suddenly has this field developed and so radical have been the changes in these great organizations, some of which are good-sized towns in themselves, having several thousand employes," said the personnel director of the largest department store in a Midwest city to the writer. "I frequently hear," she went on, "supposedly well-informed persons remark, when department stores are mentioned as a remunerative occupation for women, 'Oh, yes; a few buyers get those high salaries you hear about—five thousand dollars or so, and so on.'

"One would judge from such statements," she continued, "that the only executive positions open to women in department stores were those of buyers. Whereas in our store alone, where we have about 500 saleswomen—a small number as compared to some of the department stores in New York, Chicago, Philadelphia and Boston, and therefore we are more typical of all stores of this kind in most cities—we employ more women buyers than men, and 50 per cent of all our executive positions are filled by women. When the average person speaks of some girl or woman as holding a job in a department store, usually the impression is gained that she is behind a counter—notions, lace, ribbons, gloves, or in the great open spaces of our coat, suit and dress floors, haughtily condescending to wait on customers. People do not realize that a substantial percentage of good positions for women are behind the scenes—fitters, designers, fashion artists, clerical and secretarial assistants to the managers, directors and other executive heads of departments, like the adjustment department, the advertising, educational, household arts, accounting, the service section for employes and the service department to customers, to name only a few.

"Then we have the comparison department. Few outsiders know anything about such a system, which is very important. This department keeps the merchandising manager, and also the buyers, informed of what other stores are selling, the prices, varieties and display methods. A staff of comparison shoppers is regularly employed, varying of course according to the size of the store. The heads of these departments have generally worked up to their executive positions, beginning as shoppers at salaries

(Continued on Page 132)

Stop the scorching rays of summer sun

SCORCHING summer heat, pouring down on *your* home from a merciless unblinking sun . . . heat intense and penetrating, as if fiery imps had caught the rays and concentrated them on your roof with a burning glass!

Why endure the discomfort of these burning sun's rays during long summer months? This suffering is no longer necessary, for scientists have discovered and perfected an effective way of *shutting out* heat . . . of keeping your rooms cool and livable

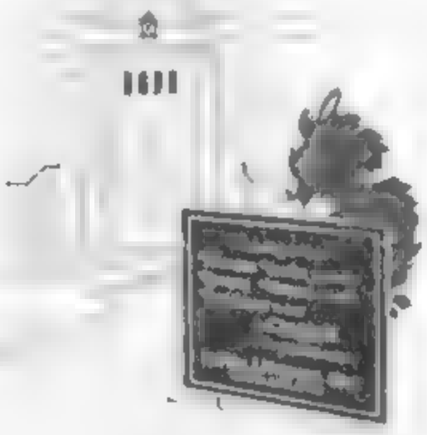
For generations the long tough fibre of cane has been a troublesome by-product of sugar mills, its wonderful properties unrealized. It was useless as cattle food – injurious as fertilizer . . . no one knew just how to dispose of it.

Scientists were looking for just such a material. They promptly put the cane fibres to laboratory tests. The strength and toughness of the fibres proved remarkable . . . and they contained millions of tiny sealed air spaces—just what is needed for perfect insulation!

Today these fibres are interlaced into big strong boards of Celotex, that stop heat, cold and dampness . . . that *build* as well as insulate . . . that make homes *quiet*, for Celotex deadens sound *strong*, for Celotex reinforces walls . . . *economical*, for Celotex replaces other materials and reduces fuel bills

In modern homes and apartments Celotex is used on inside walls as plaster base and on outside walls as sheathing. In old homes as well as new, people find Celotex ideal for lining basements, attics and roofs and for many other purposes

Already Celotex has been used in more than a quarter of a million American homes. And as further proof of its insulating worth, Celotex is used in thousands of refrigerator cars and household refrigerators.



When buying a house look for the Celotex sign. It is the mark of a well-built house and *your assurance* of greater home comfort. All reliable lumber dealers can supply Celotex. The Celotex Company, Chicago, Illinois. In Canada: Alexander Murray & Co., Ltd., Montreal.

Shut out intense summer heat from *your* home by using

CELOTEX
INSULATING LUMBER

CELOTEX IS THE ONLY INSULATION MADE FROM THE LONG TOUGH FIBRES OF CANE

MORE LIGHT on the Democratic Convention Houston, Texas.

WHEN the delegates to the National Democratic Convention convene at Houston, June 26, dark horses may be in evidence, but no dark streets! For no sooner had the convention been awarded to Houston than this city placed an order for additional twin-light standards to be installed on Main Street, supplementing the Union Metal installation already there :

Moreover, Houston came to "street lighting headquarters" for equipment similar to that which lights the entrance to the famed Holland Tunnel, New York City . . . the installation on State Street, Chicago, "The brightest street in the world" . . . the illumination of 204-foot Woodward Avenue, Detroit.

Follow Houston's example! Bring your local street lighting problem, be it large or small, to Union Metal engineers.

THE UNION METAL MANUFACTURING CO.
General Offices and Factory: Canton, Ohio
Branches—New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Cleveland, Pittsburgh, St. Louis, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Jacksonville
Canada The Canadian General Electric Co
Foreign. The International General Electric Co.

For every city, large or small, there is a distinctive type of Union Metal Standard If you are interested in obtaining the advantages of brighter, safer, and more beautiful streets for your city, send for this free booklet.

Union Metal Design No. 3777 equipped with General Electric Novalux Units as installed in Houston, Texas. Height to light source, 19 feet 9 inches.

UNION METAL
THE ORIGINATORS AND LARGEST PRODUCERS OF
ORNAMENTAL LAMP STANDARDS

(Continued from Page 130)

ranging from twenty dollars to thirty dollars a week to salaries of $2000 to $5000 a year as executives. Many young women like this work on account of the freedom from routine and because it offers good possibilities for advancement in other departments, such as the merchandising field

"Then there is the book department, which is an interesting one," she went on. "Only recently have large department stores tried to give this department the literary atmosphere of a small bookshop, and employ people who really know the contents of books. We take, preferably, college girls into this department, although we will train high-school graduates if their home background is good. We start them at eighteen dollars to twenty-five dollars a week, and there are excellent chances for promotion to different sections of the department. Some stores take only women in this department who have had library training of some kind. I know a woman buyer of children's books who started in this way; she was formerly a teacher. Her salary is $4200 a year. Some of these executives receive even higher salaries, up to $10,000. Another who had been a librarian in a college and, as she said, had few human contacts outside the campus, so limited was her work, determined to seek a larger field, came to us and we started her at twenty-five dollars a week. . . She has built up our book department so that in the past year we have taken on five girls. Among these were two college girls—one with library training and the other with normal-school certificate, who decided not to teach when she heard that Miss S was head of the department. We pay Miss S $5000 "

Chances for Advancement

"Beginners in the interior-decorating department are paid from eighteen dollars to thirty dollars a week. Heads of these departments receive from $1800 to $10,000 a year, according to the locality and the size of the store, of course," she added, "and in many places commissions which are well worth considering." There is much interesting work to be done in this department, quite apart from the executive jobs, and the work is not so confining as in many other positions. There is also an opportunity for a woman to build up her own following, which will help her materially if she wants to go into business for herself ultimately; and while gathering experience she does not have to invest her own capital in the business.

"The hours are long, you hear people say," she went on. "Yes, perhaps, generally speaking, an hour longer than in other work. Most stores in large cities keep open from nine to five or five-thirty. The rank and file of clerical workers, secretaries, stenographers and sales people in other lines of business everywhere have to be on duty from nine to four-thirty or five. There isn't much difference in regard to hours To succeed in any line—business or professional—you must expect to forget the time and occasionally give just a little more than is expected of you.

"I might go on for hours longer telling you about the different departments, each one in itself a field of opportunity," she added enthusiastically. "The general salaries may sound small—eighteen dollars to twenty-five dollars a week to start—but remember there are the commissions and bonuses, and it depends entirely upon your own individual efforts whether you rise or not. When you decide to enter this field go to the employment manager of the store you decide upon—the manager may be either a man or a woman—state frankly what you think you can do and why—be very clear and explicit as to the latter. If you are in earnest and of serious purpose you will be given every opportunity to make good."

Secretarial Opportunities

"If, after a reasonable trial in one department, you believe you would do better in another, or you want to get more training in a particular section of the same department, you have the privilege of going directly to the personnel or the educational director, the general manager or the superintendent of juniors, if you are still in your teens and attending school part time, and stating your hopes and fears. If your record is good every consideration will be shown your request."

"In the department-store field today the knowledge or training that any girl or woman possesses can be utilized quickly and with splendid financial returns," said the employment manager of an Eastern department store regularly employing 2500 people, and 3000 each holiday season. "For instance, take secretarial work," she went on. "Now that sounds unusual, connected with a department store, but if more of the girls and women who spend time and money securing a training in this work would seek positions as assistants or secretaries in big department stores as soon as they have completed their secretarial courses, they would not be under the necessity of continually looking for something better, as hundreds of them do, judging from the want ads and reports from employment agencies.

"We, for instance, do a business of $20,000,000 a year; at least that has been the average for several years since the war and since the whole idea of retail selling has

(Continued on Page 134)

A Corridor at Leland Stanford University, California

Carrying home atmosphere about with you

The reason for the superlative beauty of the modern closed car interior is not far to seek. American women exacted it—and rightly. They appreciated how enduringly beautiful were the velvets in their homes. And with the increasing use of the motor car they saw that permanent beauty in car interiors could be obtained through no other medium. They demanded velvet—in the majority of cases, CA-VEL—and found in doing so that the motor car at last provided the comfort and beauty of a charming home on wheels.

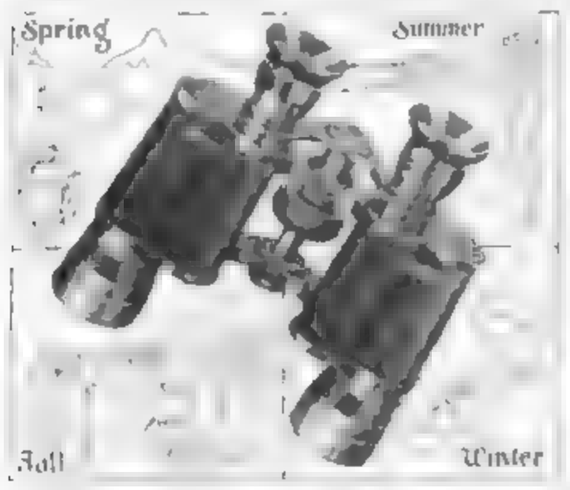
. . . . . Yes, it is true that CA-VEL covers more closed car interiors today than does any other fabric. Its beauty, for all its delicate orchestration of subtle, changeful tints, its rippling play of shadows, is a beauty permanent. Its time-tested colors have the freshness of tomorrow. Its sheen remains more luminous by far than the famous velvets Hepplewhite and Sheraton so loved to use in their historic masterpieces of cabinetry. . . . . It is obvious enough, then, why so many women, when looking over new cars, ask "Is it upholstered in CA-VEL?" They know that its enduring freshness means a greater value at re-sale. Collins & Aikman Corporation, Established 1845, New York City.

C A - V E L

VELVETS OF ENDURING BEAUTY

SW

Don't miss the Pleasures these BINOCULARS give!



Final Offering! FREE Trial!

Explorers, Big Game Hunters, Sportsmen. Indispensable for races, sports, hunting, vacation, motoring, voyaging, etc. Leather neck and shoulder straps. Our final offering at $27.50
Don't miss this great value!

Our Plan is Different!

It's amazing nation-wide comment NOTHING to Deliver! Send, Try, Test, ENJOY Binoculars for 10 Days ABSOLUTELY FREE.

If pleased, you may pay on Budget Plan $6.00 MONTHLY or if you prefer to pay cash at end of 10 DAYS, deduct $2 and send Check or Money Order for $25.50 in FULL SETTLEMENT. Otherwise return them. Order NOW $25.50

SEAVER-WILLIAMS CO.
Importers, Exporters, Manufacturers' Agents
68 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON, MASS.
Gentlemen:—Send me the $2.50 10 POWER BINOCULARS for 10 days' FREE TRIAL on your Money in Advance "NO Money on Delivery" Plan.
Name
Address

for 2¢

You Can Start a Profitable Business of Your Own!

Little things often lead to momentous changes. Was it not a cobweb, for example, which inspired Robert Bruce to battle again and so change the fate of Scotland? Was not the kick of a cow indirectly responsible for the modern city of Chicago? And does not history tell us of a loose horseshoe nail that turned the tide of a mighty battle?

In everyday life, a 2c stamp has been known to carry appeals which saved a big business from financial ruin. The foundation of a mammoth mail-order house traces back to the stamp which carried an offer of merchandise from one man to another.

So may a 2c stamp decide your financial future—start you on the road toward an ever-increasing income. How? By using one to mail this coupon.

Just Mail This Coupon

Box 1624, c/o
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
601 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Penna.

Here's my coupon. What's your cash offer?

Name Age
Street
City State

PATENTS BOOKLET FREE
BEST RESULTS HIGHEST REFERENCES PROMPTNESS ASSURED
Watson E. Coleman, Patent Lawyer, 724 9th St., Washington, D.C.

(Continued from Page 132)

undergone such radical changes and reached its present high state of efficiency. This volume of business means that we have a large number of executives—heads of departments, buyers and others. Each one employs a secretary; frequently the assistant executive has a secretary also.

"The average salary for a secretary is from twenty-eight dollars to sixty dollars a week. Though in many fields a secretarial position is the stepping-stone to something higher, in department-store work the opportunity is especially good. Many executive positions in specialized departments in stores throughout the country are filled by former secretaries.

"There are sound basic reasons for the unusual opportunities that exist in this field for women. It is primarily for women and supported by them. Women know what women want to buy. The proportion of women to men in our store is sixty to fifty and that is typical of all large stores. The percentage of executive positions between the sexes is fifty-fifty. We have thirty women executives drawing salaries of $5000 or more a year; several are above $10,000.

"This is a business, moreover, that deals exclusively with what people wear, eat and put in their homes, and is therefore exactly as much a woman's job as housekeeping Thus the older woman has a chance, and a good one, in department-store work, as well as the young one. A department store is an educational force both to the individual and the community in which it operates," she continued. "Service is now accepted by all the best organizations in this line of business as being the only sure foundation for permanent success. Problems like personnel relations, recruiting and training employes, health and recreation, personal service to customers, and many other matters involved in this comparatively new idea in the field of department-store activities, are quite as much the concern of department-store owners today as the actual merchandising.

"Even when a girl is from a comfortable home or other agreeable environment, and has had a high-school or even college education, she seldom has any special standard of taste in clothing, textiles, art, furniture and other subjects of like character. To remain even for a short time—say, a year or so—as a worker in one of our great department stores, coming into daily contact with beautiful things and meeting the people who buy these articles, she will at least come to know the real from the spurious and be benefited thereby. I was in other work eight years before coming into this store," she added, "if I may give you a personal illustration. I always had the necessities of life, and some luxuries. I thought I knew what nice things were, but the contacts in this great organization have been so helpful and broadening that I find my horizon has been tremendously widened, and most articles that I once thought artistic, either in wearing apparel or decoration, I would not consider for a moment today; and I know I am speaking for hundreds of intelligent women in stores everywhere when I say this.

"Though firms are constantly on the lookout for intelligent girls and those who have some special talent or training, and though probably the girl with the average college education advances more quickly, still few if any large department stores show a deliberate preference when employing a person. This matter of an educational background does not mean so much after all. I am a college graduate myself, and yet during these years when I have interviewed hundreds of applicants, I have realized again and again that the question is not: 'Where did you get your education?' It is rather: 'What education and training do you possess and what do you propose to do with it?' The point is: 'Have you good mental habits? Are you capable of sustained mental as well as physical effort?'"

THE PREMEDITATED PRODIGAL

(Continued from Page 38)

of a careless cheerfulness, was in these days faintly stilled and subdued. Yet he answered questions readily enough. Yes, True had come home to stay; yes, he was running the mill now. Yes, they had needed True; it was a good thing he came home, just at the right time.

"I'd have been hard put," he confessed, "to get along without pa to tell me what to do. True, he knows."

Some people offered him their sympathy, with an undercurrent in their words. But Freeme seemed to think they referred only to his father's illness. He did not appear to be at all sorry for himself. If he foresaw, as a result of True's reinstatement in his father's graces, the vanishing of his own chance at his patrimony, it failed to depress the young man. He was, save for concern about his father's health, as care-free as he had always been. He said more than once that he was glad True had come home.

"It's pleased pa mightily," he declared. "You can see that—see it's a relief to him. It wasn't only that we needed him. It bothered pa, anyway, having True gone. He leans on True pretty heavy most the time."

During the weeks that followed, as Jasper grew weaker, the village heard that a repentant and solicitous True was steadfastly by his father's side; and True himself said one day, to an inquiry:

"Yes, pa don't hold a grudge at me. He's said so. I acted scandalous, but I've made it up to him." And there was a complacent satisfaction in his tones.

So when, late in October, old Jasper died, there were nods of regretful acceptance of what seemed the certainty that True's star was finally ascendant now.

It was two or three days after Jasper died, Chet explained, before the will was read.

"But True didn't wait for that," he said. "Doctor Crapo was there when the old man died, and he said that the minute it was over True kind of straightened up and coughed, much as to say: 'Well, now that's done, and we can go ahead.'"

The elder son assumed, in advance of the confirmation of his expectations, a proprietary air. Arthur Tuck had drawn the old man's will; he would bring it when he came to the funeral. But in the meantime True spoke to his brother, with a grim assurance, about what their plans should be. He assured Freeme that the younger man could always have a job in the mill so long as he worked industriously and behaved himself, and Freeme laughed carelessly and said he would probably find occupation elsewhere.

"You've wanted the mill," Freeme told True, not maliciously but with an acceptance of the facts plain to both of them. "Well, you can have it. I won't hang around and pester you."

"You're welcome to stay," True repeated condescendingly. "You can live here, long as you pay board. I won't be hard on you. Course, if I come to get married ——"

Freeme repeated in faint impatience that he was not interested. "I'll stay to the funeral," he said. "Then you can have it. I'll get out of here."

So matters stood during the intervening days. Will Bissell was by marriage related to the family; and Will was present when, after old Jasper had been interred in the cemetery above the village, they all drove back to the house by the mill and gathered there in the living room—Arthur Tuck and Freeme and True and one or two other remote connections. And Arthur—he was a tall, lank, inoffensive man—looked about at them all, above his spectacles, and he combed his drooping mustache with his fingers and he began to read.

A minute later, as Will related the matter at the store, True was raging; for Jasper had left the mill and the house and all his major goods to his younger son, to Freeme.

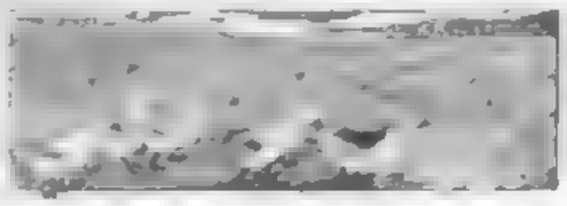
Arthur Tuck had no sooner read this provision, Will explained, than True came leaping to his feet with a cry of protest like a cry of pain. He would have snatched the will from Arthur's hand; he furiously exclaimed:

"You blamed fool! That's not the will."

But Arthur, thrusting the paper behind him out of True's reach, said gravely, "Yes, True, last will and testament."

"He made a new one!" True cried. You could read his thought in his word. "He made a new one after I come home and settled down!"

Arthur shook his head. "He never did," he contradicted. "This is the only will he ever made with me."



True tried again to snatch it from his hand. "You let me see it," he insisted, and he was sweating with terror now. "That's the will he made after Freeme come home. He made it over since I come back this fall."

"No," Arthur insisted; "no, this was made last year."

"Last year!" True screamed. "Last year! Before Freeme come home at all? With him off drinking and fighting and gambling around ——"

It was as though belated comprehension came to him; as though he glimpsed an understanding; as though he heard announced a sentence utterly irrevocable.

"Before that?" he repeated helplessly.

"Yes," said Arthur Tuck. "Freeme didn't come home till Christmas, or after. This will was drawn on the twenty-fourth of September that year, along early in the fall, weeks before Freeme came home."

It would soon be sunset. Two ducks swung in across the lower end of the marsh and circled toward us. I saw them, but I was not concerned with ducks just now.

"So Freeme got the mill?" I echoed.

Chet nodded. "True went to law, but it didn't do any good," he agreed; and he added: "I was kind of sorry for True. He'd been so slick and clever. He acted kind of crazy for a while, like he couldn't see how things had gone so wrong for him.

"Freeme's tried to help him since; but True's been like a man with something the matter with him. He never did get over it. Once in a while he comes back to row with Freeme. You see him there today. Freeme's willing to share, but True he wants it all."

"I suppose," I suggested, "old Jasper figured True could look out for himself, thought Freeme needed helping more."

"I dunno," Chet confessed. "I dunno why he did the way he did. Only, I've took note more than once that it ain't so much what a man does that makes you like him. It's more just—him, no matter what he does."

He crouched abruptly.

"Look out!" he whispered. "Mark!" He had seen the wheeling ducks at last, but his movement startled them. They towered and swept away and Chet spoke disgustedly.

Later, as we paddled down toward the dam, he said in sorrow, "Well, this day we've picked dry bones."

But I chuckled. "I hadn't noticed it," I told him. "It's been a good day, seems to me."

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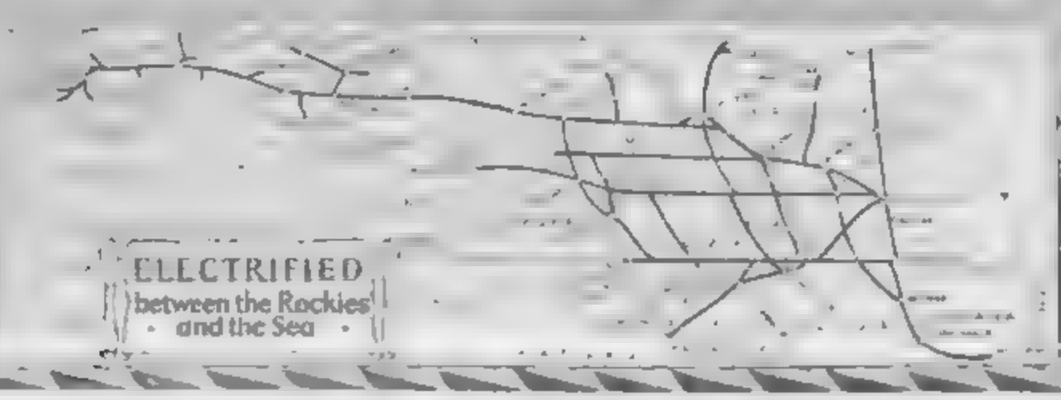
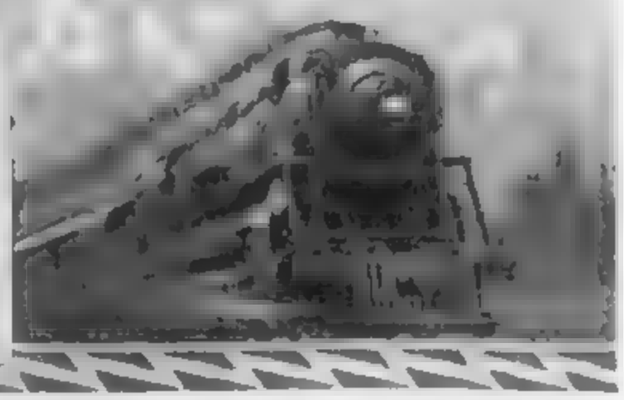




OUT-OF-DOORS

Mountain Weather

UP IN the flower-starred alpine meadows between the glaciers the air at sunset grew crisp and frosty, and the hoary marmots or great gray whistlers were very active. It was after the middle of August, and along the crest of the cordillera the long white winter was speeding southward from the Arctic. Its heralds were already across the border and splashing gold and crimson on the green slopes near timber line. The marmots' sole mission in life during the short brilliant summer was to store up fat for their long sleep, and warned by the ever-increasing nip of the night air, they feasted on the green plants and grasses, stuffing their fat sides to the limit, while at frequent intervals their long clear whistles pierced the hush and loneliness of the high walled-in valley.

It had not been so quiet here a month ago. Snow fields streaked the bare rocky talus slopes under the peaks and rested in thick white heaps, sprinkled with fir needles, across parts of the meadows shaded from the afternoon sun. Then the air pulsed and throbbed with the gurgle and murmur of little creeks coursing over the valley from the melting snows, while now and again the deep rumble and roar of an avalanche, smashing onto the head of the glacier thousands of feet above, added a new and sinister note. But by the end of August the days and weeks of intense sunshine had done their work; quiet trickles marked the rushing turbulent creeks of July; the avalanches from the heights above the glacier were few and far between; and a solemn hush, broken only by the shrill calls of the fat marmots, brooded over the little valley. The mountains seemed to wait, with finger on lip, for the overture of winter.

One afternoon a tiny cloud formed suddenly out of blue nothingness, far up against the snow heights. At first it was but an insignificant spot of vapor, no larger, apparently, than one's finger nail, but it grew and spread with startling rapidity. Other clouds drifted in around the heights from the southwest and masked them in a dense pall, which lowered moment by moment until it blotted out the landscape in chilly white gloom. The rain was soon falling in a dense drenching mist, while through the pointed tree tops the fog drifted and curled. At dusk wet snowflakes were flopping through the branches, and when dawn pierced the leaden skies a thin white mantle draped the mountains' shoulders and hung into the valleys. For three days the storm lasted; then, as if by magic, the gray mists sucked back up the hillsides and vanished, and a warm sun of early autumn made short work of the snows.

In Winter Gales

Their parents had already curled up in nests deep down under the rock piles, but the young marmots were still hungry and restless and gaining more fat at every opportunity. The slopes below timber line were painted crimson now, and luscious with sweet and juicy huckleberries upon which bears and humans feasted. The one drawback was the uncertainty of the weather. Its changes were lightninglike, and its vagaries could not be foretold. Little by little the storms grew colder and more violent, until at last, sometime in October, there came a day when the groves of pointed little firs and hemlocks, dotted across the floor of the valley, bent and whipped under a driving white gale; the snow drifted deep over the mouth of the marmots' burrows and, curling up in furry balls, alone or snuggled to their mothers' fat sides, the young commenced a long deathlike rest of seven or eight months. Outside, the vivid hues of autumn were blotted out, and the Arctic silence shut in over the mountains from Alaska south into Northern California and eastward over the Rockies.

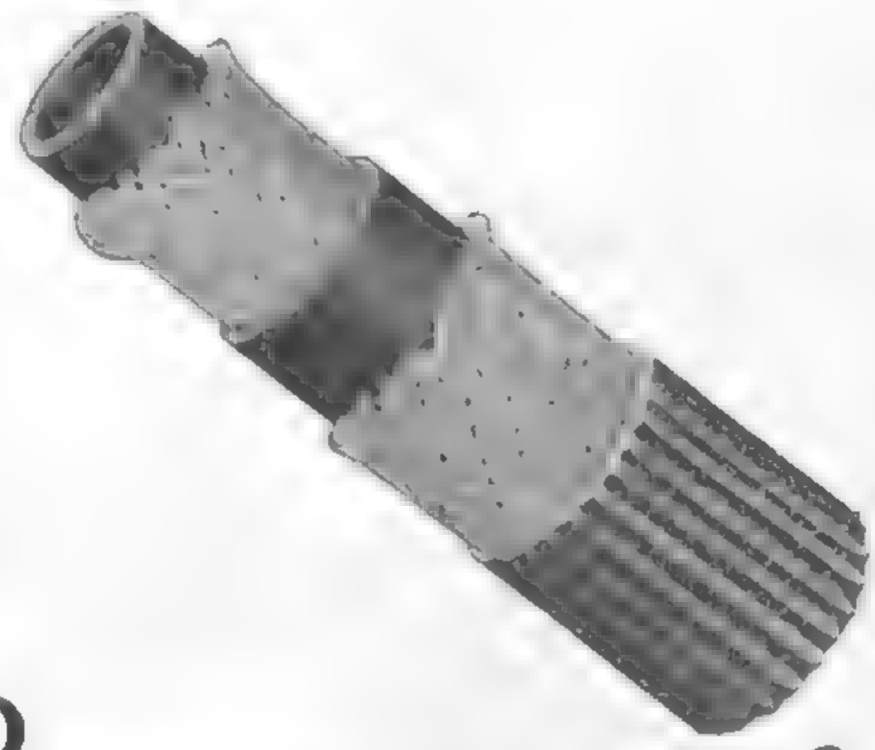
At these heights of about five thousand feet, along our northwestern mountains, the snows endure from October into June. Winter is thus the normal season, and the character of the flora reflects this Arctic rigor. The huge conifers of the lower levels yield slowly to the hardier and smaller species, as we toil up into the high country, until in those natural flower gardens, the alpine meadows, we wend our way through scattered groves of the subalpine fir, hemlock and Alaska cedar. Scattered along the extreme upper limit of tree life, like sentinels of the forest, we find the white-bark pine. Every tree bears marks of the heavy hand of mountain weather, in short drooping branches and spirelike outline; at higher or exposed positions, in the twisted tortured shapes, the limbs warped into the line of the prevailing gales, or blown in fuzzy green rugs across bare earth and splintered rocks. From the ceaseless struggle each twig grows wondrously strong and tough.

The Result of a Hard Life

On many a climb near timber line I have trusted implicitly in an earnest clutch at a handful of these green and friendly allies. There is a wonderful soul-filling satisfaction in the friendly feel of rough, warm bark, when below you the savage rock slabs bend over into space and the roar of the glacial river pulsing up out of the forest carpet is scarcely loud enough to drown the beat of your heart. Even the grass tufts are stubborn and resist your vigorous pull, for naught but the hardiest forms of plant life can survive their wild environment. As we travel northward into Canada, the length and severity of the cold and storms force a progressive lowering of the timber line, until upon the shores of the Arctic Ocean we are far beyond the last stand of the forest. But a trip into the high mountains condenses within a few hours the principal variations in flora of an expedition of thousands of miles into the Arctic.

In summer, in the mountains of the Pacific Northwest, I seldom tote anything more weighty or elaborate than a lean-to shelter. Packing at best is a man-killing job, and the sourdough shrinks from carrying a superfluous ounce. In late summer and early fall, however, it is well to have along some sort of portable tent. For a lean-to I usually employ a 7 by 9-foot oilskin poncho. It has brass eyelets in each corner and in the sides; it will afford reasonably good shelter for two men, and may be strung up easily with a length of rope between two trees. Nevertheless, its accommodations are a bit Spartan and trying on the disposition. Sprawled beneath it while the cold wet mists eddy and curl through the tree tops and a dreary leaden arch sweeps everlastingly from the southwest, one pulls sullenly on a clogged pipe and damp tobacco, and reflects in vain upon the comforts of a real tent. To my way of thinking, the ideal portable tent for open mountain country is of the miner's type—pyramidal in shape and erected with a single jointed pole and a few stakes. Constructed of light strong waterproof material and large enough to sleep three men comfortably, it will weigh only about eight pounds complete, and, what is even more important, it will fold into a very small and compact bundle, for in packing, bulky things are anathema. When those first telltale wisps of cloud gather on the heights, it is a very comforting thing to have with you.

There may perhaps exist some form of comfortable clothing to keep one dry in mountain weather, but I have yet to find it. In real mountain treks elaborate changes of clothing adaptable to variable weather conditions are out of the question. You simply cannot pack them along, and some sort of compromise between lightness,



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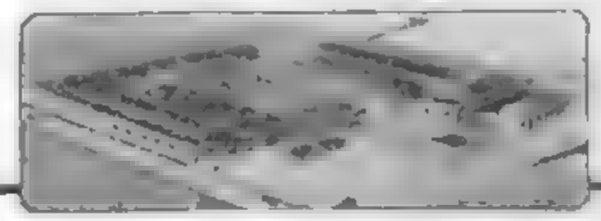

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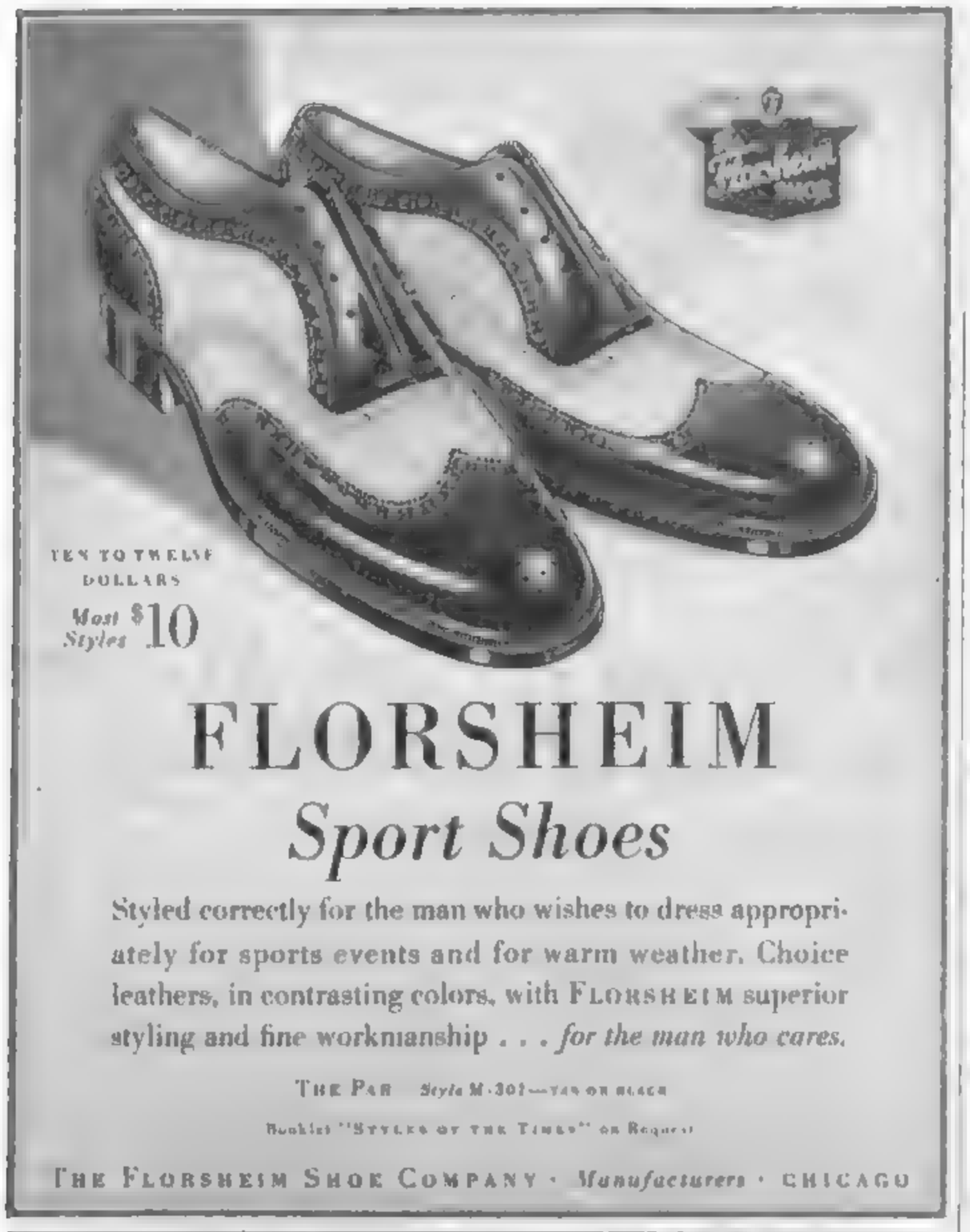

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comfort, warmth and water resistance is obligatory. I have spoken in a former article of the northwest logger's, or stag, shirt, which is about as practical an outdoor upper garment as can be had. And after all, one can only hope to keep dry and warm above the waist when in the hills. Light wool underclothes of the two-piece variety, gaberdine knickers, and spiral puttees are satisfactory; and one spare pair of underdrawers are handy when the wet pair are drying—and probably burning too—before the fire. Parenthetically I would add that in the woods a man who knows how to dry wet clothes without burning sundry holes in them is no less than a genius of the first order. Wool garments such as these are doubtless provocative of sweat, but the same is one of the minor discomforts of packing and climbing, and cannot be avoided. It is better to be hot than cold, and when the dark blue mountain heavens are veiled in cloud and the wind drives the rain and sleet in a blood-chilling tempest across the bare ridges or spatters it through the forest canopy into the gloom below, it is a fearsome thing to be too lightly clad.

Cleaning the Air

I remember a startling instance of how swift the weather mutations sometimes are in the mountains. We had been out four days, under cloudless August skies. Forest fires were smoldering here and there, after weeks of hot dry weather. In the mornings the air was clear and crisp, and the snowy heights of Rainier-Tacoma and the wild amphitheater of peaks around us lay chiseled in sharp outlines against the dawn. By early afternoon a brown smoke haze would fill the valleys and eddy slowly up over the lower glaciers, until each evening at sunset the peaks were veiled and distant in a reddish purple mist. With the chill of night the water vapor would condense upon the tiny nuclei of smoke particles, precipitate them in dew, and by morning the air would be clear and brilliant again. On the morning of the fourth day we broke our comfortable camp and set out across the alpine uplands of Spray Park toward the North Mowich Glacier. The sweat poured from us in tiny streams, and to make good this draining of body moisture, we drank frequently from the innumerable ice-cold rivulets gurgling down from sheltered snow fields. Sparkling with the clean mountain air, the water acted like a tonic, and how good it tasted! Sometimes it seemed as if we could hardly wait to dip our cups under the next little cascade and dash that refreshing coolness over face and head!

Tricks of Nature

We reached the edge of the cliffs above the North Mowich Glacier and peered glumly down some fifteen hundred feet of very steep rock slide crossed by bands of matted snow brush and stunted firs growing thickly together in a wellnigh impenetrable mass. To use that expressive Scotch term, we fairly "birstled" under the alpine sun, which still shone in a cloudless heaven. Up from the depths of the North Fork of the Puyallup River drifted the familiar afternoon haze; the weather seemed as permanently arid and changeless as in the desert of Sahara. And yet, two hours later and through some alchemy of Nature some slight change, perhaps, in the moisture content of the air—the glistening North Peak and the heights of the Ptarmigan Ridge, down which we had made our way, were blotted out by a cold white curtain.

We set up our futile bit of canvas in a thicket of hemlock close beside the moraine of the glacier, and at dusk mushy flakes of sleet were flopping through the branches. Gone were the bright rose-tinted sunsets, the soft warm radiance on the high névés. Winter had come within a few hours, and now it was cold—a damp raw chill which penetrated to the marrow of the bones. That night, the next day and the next, the storm continued—rain, sleet and snow, and always the billowing dreary fog. Utterly miserable, we endured it as long as possible, and when our grub ran low we bucked a path through the dripping forest and on out over twenty miles of lonely trail to civilization. And as if to mock us, the clouds parted before a north wind, the sunlight sparkled on the wet leaves, gilding the broad tops of the devil clubs in the little ravines, and through a rift in the forest we caught an alluring glimpse of those great Western glaciers, the beauties of which were snatched from us for another year by the vagaries of mountain weather.

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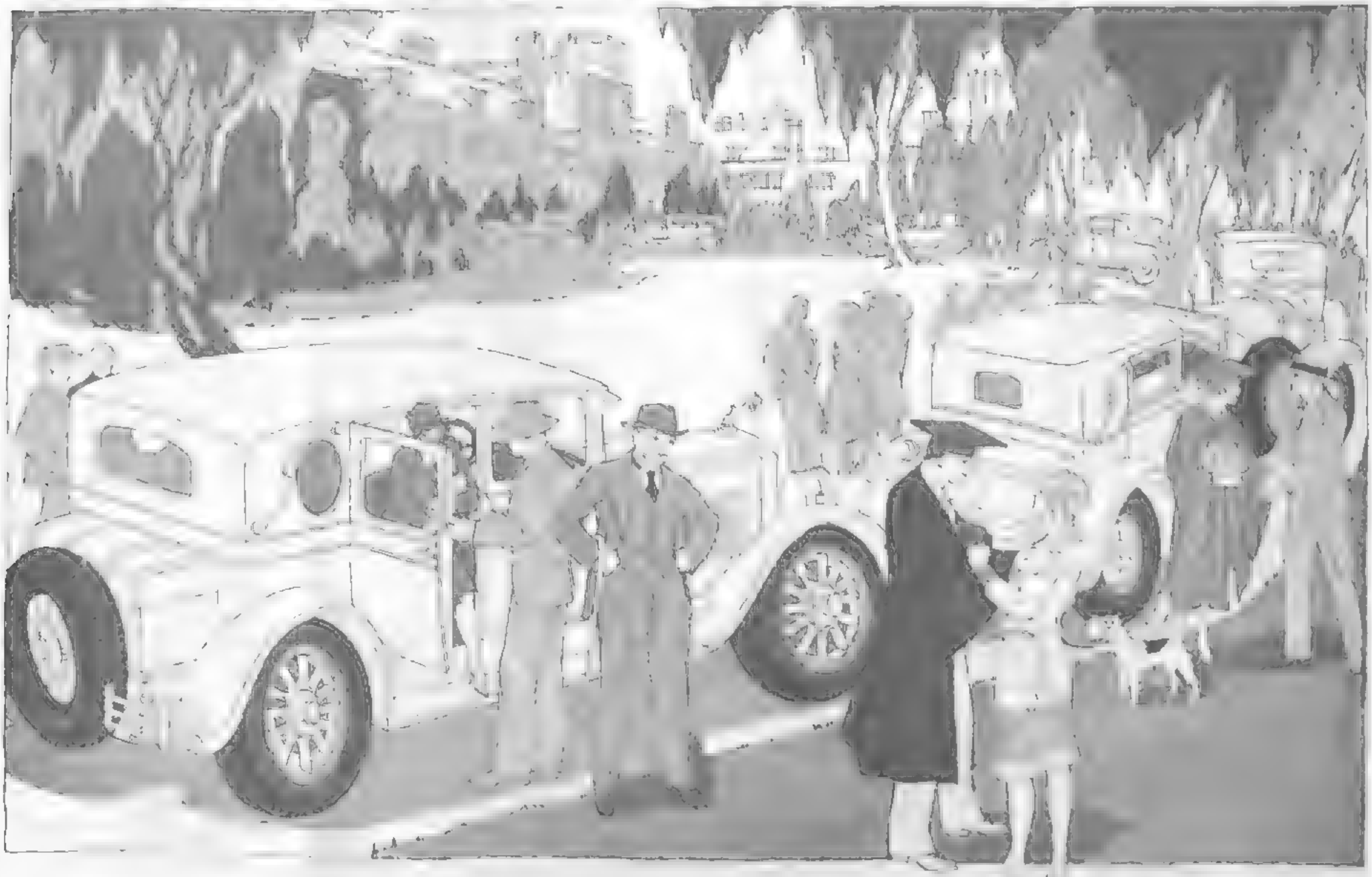

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THE DEATH STRUGGLE OF A WORN-OUT DEMOCRACY

(Continued from Page 5)

Under such conditions it was necessary to struggle, even though sometimes victory seemed very difficult and almost unattainable.

Events were tumbling over in a most troubled way. In the month of January, after harsh discussion, it appeared impossible to avoid a threatened railway strike. Soon after, the general strike of the post and telephone employes burst out and lasted six days. It disorganized not only the private interests of citizens but also state communications. It cut off the shuttle of thoughts in a moment made even more delicate by the international situation. The Avanti, the official newspaper of the Socialist Party, of which I had once been editor, wrote on that occasion that the post, telegraph and telephone offices were a luxury of modern times, that the ancient peoples had been great even without telegraphic apparatus. Who knows whether this gibberish came from a mocking spirit or from the kind of confirmed idiocy with which extremists are afflicted?

The stated cause of the agitations was always economic, but in truth the end was wholly political; the real intention was to strike a full blow in the face of the state's authority, against the middle classes and against disciplined order, with a view to establishing the soviets in Italy. That was the plain purpose behind all the ornaments and masks. It is little realized how easily a combination of disorder can put a whole nation—by control of its exchanges and its communications and cities—in the hands of a tyrannous minority.

In the midst of general hardships and of cowardice, of grumbling of impotents, of the vaporings of dull critics, I, almost alone, had the courage to write that the state's employes, if they were right in view of the feebleness of the government, were wrong, in any case, toward the nation. To inflict upon a people the mortification of an inadvised strike, to trample upon the rights of the whole, meant to lead men from modern civil life back again to tribal conflict.

Material and Moral Damage

"These dissensions," I wrote in my paper on January 15, 1920, "are between function and government. The sufferer who suffers after having paid, the sufferer with the inevitable prospect of paying more, is the Italian nation"—the word nation understood in the sense of human collectivity. And further on I added: "The material damages of a strike of this kind are enormous, incalculable. But the moral damages at home and abroad are still greater. The moment chosen for the strike gives to the strike itself the true and proper character of a support to Allied imperialism. This is the culminating moment of the negotiations in Paris. This is the moment in which there is the one question—to get, finally, a peace. Why didn't the postal, the telegraph and telephone operators wait two weeks more, until the return of Nitti from Paris? Was it just 'written,' was it just 'fatal,' that the ultimatum to the government should fall due on the thirteenth? All this confirms the sinister political character of the act."

As God pleased, on January twenty-first, the post and telegraph strike was ended, but already there had begun, on the nineteenth of January, a railway strike. It was a useless strike. The leaders of red syndicalism had been willing to proclaim it at any price, even when it was against both the sentiment and the interest of the workmen themselves. I defined this strike as "an enormous crime against the nation." The country was in desolation. Italy was in the claws of disorder and violence; the foreigners left our charming resorts and byways; discredit grew general among bankers, while catastrophic rumors swayed over the international world, entangling more and more our diplomatic negotiations.

In the midst of the most unbridled egoism, the Fascists held firmly their places during the strikes of the public services. I shall not forget that some groups of our men, inspired by faith, thoroughly did their duty during these agitations. They faced with firm boldness the insults and threats of the striking fellow countrymen.

Meanwhile in face of the righteous indignation of public opinion, some Socialists began to feel timid. They tried to separate their responsibility from that of the leaders who had proclaimed the strike. On that occasion, in the Popolo d'Italia of January twenty-first, I published an article entitled Too Late! I put into the light—with words that later on revealed themselves prophetic—the real situation of socialism.

A Lesson From La Fontaine

"The Turatians," I wrote—"and by this word we intend all those who in Filippo Turati, the leader of the Right, recognize their chief—should have been awakened before. Now the car is thrown upon the steep slope and the reformist's brake is creaking, but it does not hold; nay, it exhausts the strength of those who are dragging on the lever. At the bottom there is the impregnable massive wall against which the car will break to pieces. Out of the ruin will come wisdom. This was said also by the French fabulist, La Fontaine:

"À quelque chose malheur est bon:
à mettre un sot à la raison.

"It would be preferable, nevertheless, that the blockheads might restore their reason without plunging the nation into destruction and misery."

The railway strike was protracted up to January twenty-ninth, and all the time diplomatic discussions were bringing us to disastrous compromises in our foreign policy. About this time, into the aridity of the disputes of classes there was thrust an event colored with highest idealism. It was arranged that the suffering children of Fiume should be brought to Milan. They had been enduring the hardships of a blockaded town, without economic resources; they were at the mercy of their own distress. Already the children of Vienna, the sons of our enemies, had obtained in Milan kind treatment. Was it not admissible that there should be found love and pity for the Italian infants of Quarnero? The episode of kindness caused by the Fascists with the consent of the Fiume command detonated a large resonance throughout Italy. Great manifestations of joy greeted these children at every junction or way station of their journey. The censors of the press, however, prevented us from writing of the triumphal journey of these children. It was all part and parcel of a program systematically to slander our spirit, which always stamped the political handicraft of Nitti, like an ugly hall-mark on a leaden spoon.

This man, in order to justify his inept diplomacy, pronounced in the chamber a speech on the Fiume question with a friendly intonation toward the Slavians, at the very time that Wilson was pressing his stranger project to create of Fiume and Zara two isolated, detached, aborted free cities under the control and the authority of the League of Nations!

On February eighth, my newspaper bore on the first page the following headline: The Abominable Speech of H. E. Cagoia—The Snail. By this surname Gabriele d'Annunzio had stamped F. S. Nitti and the term had become popular. Following the headline was a short editorial of mine, entitled Miserable. In it, after having set forth again in a few words the painful history of the negotiations in Paris, I concluded:

The truth is that Nitti is preparing to go back again. He goes to Paris in order to give his shirt. Before the stubborn Jugo-Slavian irreconcilableness our Cagoia knows nothing better than to wail, weep and yield. The whole tone of his speech is vile, dreadfully vile. Not in vanquished Germany, nor in Austria, has there been so vile a Minister as Nitti. If there had been one, he could not have lasted. This one is the Minister of runaways, of autolesionists; he is the Minister of Modigliani, the man of peace at any price. By trying to remember continually that the objectives of Italy were Trent and Triest, Cagoia offers arms to the Jugo-Slavian resistance.

The peace of 1866, in comparison, is a masterpiece with that offered by His Indecency. On his next journey to Paris, Cagoia will make another renunciation. Zara? Valona? Who knows? Quite likely. It is not impossible that he will yield Gorizia too. Perhaps also Monfalcone. And why not the line of Tagliamento? Maybe only by this price can we hope for the friendship of Jugo-Slavia!

Before such infamy we feel that it would be preferable to be citizens of the Germany of Noske than subjects of the Italy of Cagoia.

We have before us days of dolor and shame; worse than those of Caporetto, worse than those of Abba Carima!

We will recover our strength, but first there is someone who will be forced to pay.

The Campaign of the Press

The domestic policies and the foreign policies pursued by the government of that time did not fail to provoke some stiff discussions among those newspapers that were reflecting the varied tendencies of national life. The Stampa, at the head of which was Senator Frassati, who some time later was to be selected as ambassador in Berlin, was one of my targets. I violently attacked it, owing to the program it adopted. It gave itself airs as if it would be the redeemer of our fatherland. It is necessary to remember that Senator Frassati had been against the entrance of Italy into the World War. He always stood aside during the most bleeding and tragic periods of Italian life. Consequently he was the least capable of taking a pose as redeemer of our fatherland at the time when peace was to be concluded with the enemies after the victorious end of our war.

The Corriere della Sera, representing and interpreting the thought of a great flow of so-called liberal public opinion, was defending arbitration for Fiume and Dalmatia, proposed by Wilson and supported by the prose of Albertini, who followed a pernicious policy inspired by Salvemini and Nitti. L'Avanti, the red publication, availed itself of all these polemics and of the slanders against me to libel me in general before the whole of public opinion. And all this campaign, vain and inefficient, was even supported by the press of the Popular Party. But more important, it was employed against the raising of Fascism and against the war victory.

Strikes were characterized by violent, disgraceful clashes between police and soldiers and the citizens; the interminable parliamentary discussions were marked by fist fights on the floor of the chamber. These were pitiful spectacles, humiliating not only to citizenship and to government itself but to the whole fabric of our political life.

In the short cycle of a few months there had been three ministerial crises, but Nitti always came back to power. The question, as always in a democracy gone drunk with compromise of principles, was of mutual concessions, and very heavy ones. Miserable.

Useless. Nobody was thinking of the rebuilding of social order in a nation which had won a bloody war and which had to face the reality that it was living in the presence of a world of moving realities.

Fascism, unique lighthouse in a sea of cowardice, of compromise and of foggy, plum-colored idealism, had engaged itself

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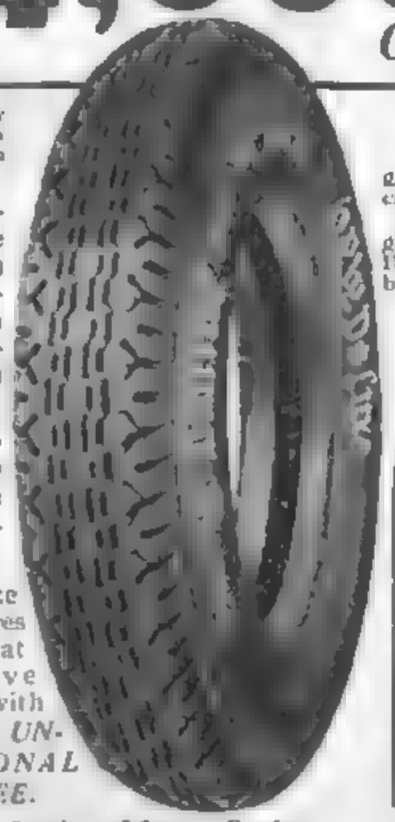

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33x5	37 95	19 50	30x5.25	22 80	18 70
34x5	40 80	20 65	31x5.25	25 60	19 05
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in battles; it was overpowered by mere blind multitudes. I was the bull's-eye of the target of the government of Nitti. He unloosed against me all his hounds, while his journalists tired themselves in vain to note down my contradictions in political matters. The Socialists, mindful of my moral and physical strength, covered me with their vengeance and their ostracism. At least they roamed at a distance. They were cautious and far off the trail of real things.

During one of the many evenings when Milan was at the mercy of these scoundrels, I found myself surrounded and isolated in a café of Piazza del Duomo, the central hub of the Lombardian metropolis. While I was sipping a drink, waiting for Michele Bianchi, a hundred Socialists and loafers hemmed in the café and began hurling a series of abuses and insults. I had been recognized. Perhaps they had in mind, in their collective wrath, to give me a beating in order to place on my person the vengeance they long since had in mind. The crowd, gathering in numbers, became more and more menacing, and so the owner of the café and the female cashier hastened to pull down the shutters. She invited me, according to the fashion of these disorderly times, to go out because I was endangering their interests. I did not wait for a second invitation. I am used to facing the rabble without fear. The more there are of them, the more a man can move toward them with a sure courage which, to some, may appear as an affectation. I cannot say that there was any reluctance on my part to face these cowards.

The Assault on the Dalmatians

I looked at the leaders and said, "What do you want of me? To strike me? Well, start. Then be thereafter on guard. For any insult of yours, any blow, you will pay dearly."

I remember the picture of that wolf pack. They were silent. They looked furtively at one another. The nearest withdrew, and then suddenly fear, which is as contagious as courage in any crowd of people, spread among the group. They backed away; they dispersed, and only at a distance flung their last insults.

I recite this incident because it was a typical occurrence in the life of a Fascist. But it must be remembered that in other cases the end was quite different—beatings, knife thrusts, bullets, assassinations, atrocities, torture and death.

In these days there began to develop a contrast between General Diaz, victor of our last campaign, and Nitti.

The London pact which had given Italy certain promises broke down. The Adriatic coast line was in a state of complete insecurity. Absurd rumors spread in the diplomatic clubs. The danger of seeing the Jugo-Slavians settled along the whole Adriatic shore had caused a bringing together in Rome of the cream of our unhappy regions. Students, professors, workmen, citizens, representative men, were entreating the ministers and the professional politicians. There was an appeal from all the groups representative of the best Italian life in behalf of Dalmatia. All these forces of righteousness on the occasion of the anniversary of Italy's entry into war organised a Dalmatian parade, with the object of dedicating, in the name of the fatherland, their indestructible loyalty to their country.

Then, in the capital, came about an episode which is still vivid in our memories. It raised a general indignation. The Royal Guards, a new police corps, created exclusively to serve the designs of the Nittian régime, took by storm the parade. They fired gunshot volleys. Many victims dropped down and some fifty were wounded. This was the most unworthy episode that ever happened under the sky of Rome in any memory. And as if this assault and outrage were not sufficient, the Dalmatians living in Rome were arrested, including the women. Very few dared to raise their protests. Supine victims and bullying authorities were the fashion. In the chamber some deputies, among whom were Luigi Siciliani and Egilberto Martire, moved interpellations which found no echo. From the columns of the Popolo d'Italia I spread far and wide my contempt. I threw anathema against the system by which a whole people were disgraced. My cry had some echoes in the senate—in that senate where in historic hours always some great name rose up to defend the dignity, the right and the nobility of the Italian people.

Strength Comes to the Senate

A group of senators, at the head of whom was the Generalissimo Diaz, presented the following motion:

> The senate regrets the methods of government which, by tolerating a want of discipline destructive of the state's power, diminishes the glorious victory of our arms and the admirable resistance of our people. It threatens any cooperative work for the prosperity of the unified fatherland and the peaceful attainment of every civil progress. These are methods opposite to Italian tradition, and they have culminated in the violent repression of a patriotic manifestation on May twenty-fourth with the arbitrary arrest of Dalmatians and Fiumans, guests of Rome.

Among the signatures, with the name of Diaz, were to be seen the names of the Senator Attilio Hortis, a celebrated historian; of Admiral Thaon de Revel, and of many personalities of high Italian culture. The signers were sixty-four, among whom were the four vice presidents of the senate.

The motion, more than its hint to awake Italian tradition, had strength and vigor and disdain for the outrage done to Italian war victory. The leader of that disdain, before all others, was Armando Diaz. The generalissimo bore about him the glory of Vittorio Veneto. He saw from day to day that his fine and lofty idealism of soldier and chieftain was fading away.

The Nitti government—part and parcel of a decadent party and futile parliamentary system—the Nitti government, bearing the stamp of mere pandering for favor and burned with the brand of politicians scrambling for power without regard for the nation and without brave idealism—fell ingloriously for the third time.

Giolitti came back.

After so many humiliations and oscillations, parliament and the political system had revealed itself as an assembly wholly unworthy to control or guide the destinies of a people. At the third fall of Nitti, Giolitti, of whom it may be said that he made the Premiership a profession, came back upon the scene. His return gave some of us the impression that he was a kind of receiver in bankruptcy for so-called self-government.

Justice requires our recognition of a great rectitude in the private life of Giolitti; but

(Continued on Page 146)

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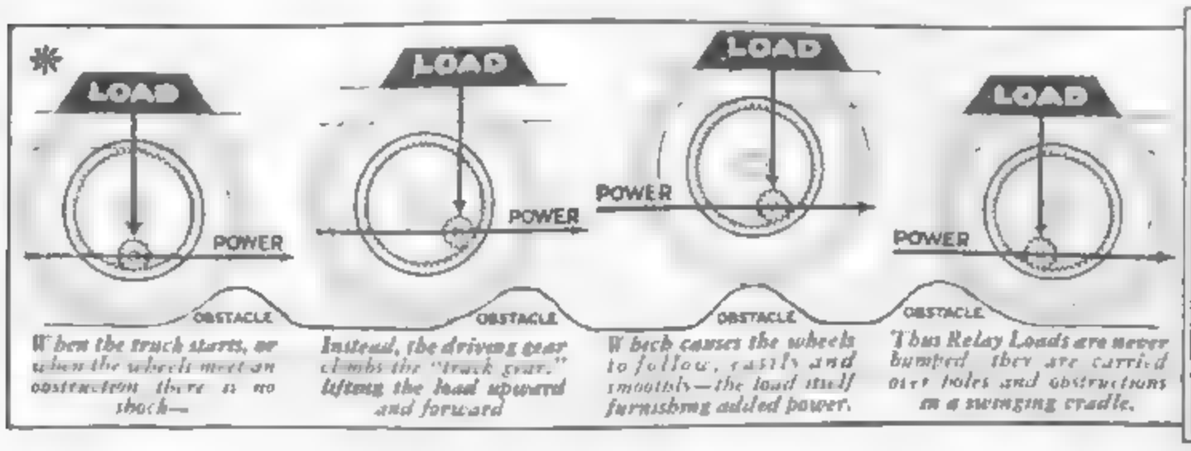
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(Continued from Page 142)

in his political character he was a dissolver. He never gave evidence of believing in the deep idealistic springs and streams of Italian life. As a creature of the bureaucracy, he placed the whole Italian problem on the vicissitudes of democratic and parliamentary pretense and artificiality. Thus, owing to his temperament, he kept off during the war. Soon after the victory he returned on the political scene like a man who had to wind up a business. That business he was liquidating had been certainly the most bloody and yet no doubt the most magnificent and from idealism the most successful of our history as a united people.

The disclosed purposes of the Giolitti Ministry as to domestic policy were good. After the most unhappy Nittian mire, public opinion was induced to accept without hostility new pilots. Foreign agents, provoking elements, supported also by some domestic political compromises, were inciting against us the Albanian population. This noble land, which is but twelve hours distant from Bari, and which always absorbed an influx of our civilization; this land in which had gleamed some sparks of modern civil life only on account of the influence we exercised there—all at once revolted against our garrison. We had been at Valona with sanitary missions since 1908, and since 1914 we had military there. We had built there the city, the hospital, the magnificent roads which were a refuge for the Serbian Army, routed in 1916. In Albania we had sacrificed millions of lire and devoted thousands of soldiers to maintain her in efficiency and to give this little state a future and a well-ordered existence.

I knew and urged that it was useless to expect any decided Albanian policy from Giolitti. The domestic situation, which continued to remain troubled, deprived him of energy or mind to devote to foreign policy. At that time the Honorable Sforza was Minister of Foreign Affairs; that was quite enough to accomplish the last vandalism in the Adriatic question. Meanwhile our military garrison was obliged to quit Valona, owing to the ineptitude of our government.

We entered another phase of defeatism.

In 1920 there was adopted among the railway employes the systematic practice of preventing the movement of trains carrying soldiers, carabinieri or policemen. Sometimes a similar policy extended also to the clergy. In the face of this inconceivable abuse of power, I alone protested. The Italian people were suffering passively from a stupid conception of their opportunities and from blindness which could not see their own power and pride. Those who dared to resist and were critical of the bureaucracy or of government policy were persecuted by the government itself.

Cut Off From the World

There was the incident of the station master of Cremona, Signor Bergonzoni, which fell within my observation. He, by an act of energy, ordered the railway men subject to his authority to hook onto a train a car conveying some troops to Piacenza. For this episode, exhibiting the most ordinary case of regularity in routine, the Railway Syndicate, domineered by Socialists, demanded of the Ministry of Public Works the dismissal of the station master, Bergonzoni. And because the Ministry by its firmness rejected this demand of the syndicate, Milan, which had nothing to do with all this matter, had imposed upon it a railway strike lasting thirteen days. Milan, a city of 900,000 inhabitants, choked by an enormous traffic, found itself incommunicado from its suburbs and the whole world. It was thrown back on the use of stage coaches, autos, camions, and was obliged to use even the small boats along the Naviglio River.

Milan, our greatest modern city, was in the power of political anarchy. The same military elements who would have been able easily to take in their hands the situation and dominate it were put at the mercy of the local authorities. They were even obliged to ask the authorities for the flour to make bread for the troops! The stations, situated at the boundaries of the district of Milan, had in store heaps on heaps of goods; of course these stores decayed or deteriorated and were at the mercy of warehouse and freight-car robbers. At length, after thirteen days, on the morning of June twenty-fourth and after a meeting on behalf of the striking railway employes during which there was a fusillade of firearms, with dead and wounded, the railway men, overpowered by the indignation which had spread over the whole body of citizens, were convinced that it was better to return to work. But the state's authority was dead; it was now ready for the grave.

Russian Hypnotism

The Giolitti Ministry muddled amid a plenty of financial difficulties. Giolitti himself hoped to be able to appease the Socialists with the project of general confiscation of all war profits, and still more with a plan to institute a strong tax on hereditary succession. This latter measure, wholly socialistic, would annihilate the family conception of a patrimonial line. It would have threatened the rights of an owner to bequeath to his heirs his riches with his name. It had consequences which were not only economic but also moral and social. Capital as an institution is only in its infancy; the right of its disposal is necessary to foster the function and development of this instrument of ambition, of human welfare and of civilization.

In international policy Count Sforza, Minister of Foreign Affairs, concluded the agreement of Spa, signed the protocol of Tirana with the renunciation of Valona and Albania, signed the weak treaty of Sèvres with Turkey, and prepared by fits and starts to attempt an end also of the question of Fiume. This last happened at the conclusion of the treaty of Rapallo.

The application of the pact of London, by which Dalmatia was assigned to Italy, seemed to have been twisted without a single justifiable reason into something not to be argued. And Senator Scialoia, a gentleman of the old stamp, said amid the weak voices of the senate that the London treaty "has continually been tricked out of force and effect by those who are themselves Italians."

Believing with all my being that it was necessary to stop the flood of decadence in our foreign policy, I began to use our Fascisti organization and the Popolo d'Italia. I tried to raise some dikes. It was difficult to hold back the dirty water. There was a tendency to go toward communism whatever the cost. The power of Lenin—I admit it—had assumed the character of a potency only paralleled in mythology. The Russian dictator domineered the masses. He enchanted the masses. He charmed them as if they were hypnotized birdlings. Only some time afterward the news of the dreadful Russian famine, as well as the information furnished by our mission which had gone to Russia to study Bolshevism, opened the eyes of the crowd to the falsity of the Russian paradise-mirage. Enthusiasm ebbed away little by little. Finally Lenin remained only as a kind of banner and catchword for our political dabblers.

The aviation fields of Italy had been closed, the machines were being dismounted. There had been, however, some attempts to engage in civil aviation. One of the most unhappy and dramatic episodes of that time came out of the sky above Verona. Returning from a trip to Venice, a big airplane fell upon the city. The mishap caused the death of sixteen persons, including the pilots. Among the dead there were several journalists from Milan. The tragedy affected all Italy. Mourning was general. But to my horror the authorities seized this opportunity to abandon discussion of aviation and to dismantle the few machines, motors and wings which were left.

It was just at that period that I wanted to take lessons to become a pilot. The machine which crashed in Verona had been guided by a neighbor of my birthplace, Lieutenant Ridolfi. His body was carried to the churchyard of Forli. I had gone to Forli for rest with some political friends. My reception in my own home district had been cold and even hostile. My effort to be agreeable and my willingness to learn to fly just after Ridolfi had lost his life seemed to be quite wasted. Anything in those days that did not have a material value seemed to be superfluous. These were years when men's hearts were gray. For the same reason the state for which Gabriele d'Annunzio was preparing a durable form in Fiume did not catch the imagination of mankind.

But I did not give up. I repeated my flights. I flew over Mantua with the staff of the Popolo d'Italia. I was determined to show in action that aviation ought not to disappear from our vision of Italian possibilities and progress, to be found, if necessary, at the cost of hardships. I gave an example personally every time I had the chance, and my friends did likewise.

The growing exaltation of the bewitched masses and the incredible weakness of the government culminated at the beginning of September with the occupation of the factories on the part of the metal workers. The occupation of the factories was to be an example of Bolshevism in action. The doctrine to be illustrated was the taking possession of the means of production. The workmen, with their childish understanding, and much more the chiefs who were betraying them—and well aware of their treachery as they did so—pretended that they were able to administer directly, without an order from anyone planned beforehand, all the workshops, all the processes, and even the sales of output. In truth, though it is not commonly realized, they did nothing else besides making some side arms, such as daggers and swords. They lost not less than twenty-one days in forced leisure and childish manifestations of hatred and impotence.

Days of Bolshevism

The occupation once begun, the managers, the owners, the employes of the establishments were sequestered by the workmen. The trade-marks and factory signs were taken away, while upon the roofs and the doors of the factories the red banners with the sickle and hammer, symbol of the soviets, were hoisted with cheers. In every establishment a committee was formed subject to a socialist-communist set of by-laws. Telephones were used to threaten all who were keeping out of the movement and who, as we of the Popolo d'Italia, were setting out to war against this grotesque sovietic parody.

The seizure of the factories was accompanied by the most ferocious acts. At Turin, the old capital of Piedmont, which had such glorious monarchical and military traditions, the red court of justice worked with all its might. Mario Sonzini, a nationalist and patriot, who among the first had gone over to Fascism, was arrested by the workmen, put under a cruel and grotesque revolutionary trial. He was riddled by bullets and his body was then thrown into a ditch. Somebody had a kind Christian thought and threw him into the smelter ovens, but, as these were extinguished and as cold as industry itself, somebody else thought to put an end to the poor martyr by beating and kicking out what remained of life. Sonzini's guilt was only that he was a Fascist. The same fate befell others. To this kind of inhuman brutality not even the women were strangers. Apparently a bestial type of cruelty had taken hold of men and women drunk on licentiousness.

The newspaper L'Avanti reported this barbarous murder as follows:

> It may happen in life for one to be a nationalist, to pass to Fascism, to reflect the tendencies of order and to be, nevertheless, arrested and shot to death; this is an average stroke of destiny.

The occupation of the factories in several Italian towns was merely opportunity

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THE men pictured here are but two of the thousands of successful workers scattered all over the country. Men and women alike find in our plan a quick way to "cash in" their spare hours. You are probably busy with your daily duties; even then you can utilize your lunchtime, your evening hours and your Saturday afternoons to make money this pleasant way.

No matter what your age, or whether you need $50.00 or $500.00, we'll be glad to explain how you may start earning extra money now. There's no obligation in asking us to do it.

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after smoking
Black Jack
soothes the throat
Nothing like a stick of Black Jack after smoking to soothe the throat and freshen the mouth and breath. If you like licorice you'll love Black Jack. It's the world's most popular licorice-flavored gum.
It's the licorice

for violent demonstrations. There were dead at Monfalcone, there were dead in Milan and there were dead in other towns on the peninsula.

Our credit abroad had been extinguished like a puffed-out candle. Even after the conclusion of peace, there was little thought any longer devoted to a rehabilitation of our nation. One could feel a clear sensation of collapse. The printing press began to spew out paper money. It was necessary to increase circulation; it was necessary to have recourse to inflation to prevent our economic life from going into complete ruin. After ten years, we are still feeling the burden and the consequences of that inauspicious period.

The exigencies of such artificial finance hastened the wreck. I denounced the peril in a series of articles in a debate with Meda, a member of the chamber, a man believed to be erudite in public finance. I can say now that nobody in that murky time had the ability to indicate any clear course to the Italian people; in financial matters we went straight toward utter ruin—and playing an accompaniment on the strings of his foreign policy, Sforza was continuing his series of renunciations. He arrived at Rapallo and from that moment Fiume was doomed to become a detached, exiled city lying on a bed of thorns.

Overwhelming Fear

On November fourth the celebration of the anniversary of our victory gave opportunity for slight symptoms of reawakening. Rome and Milan both had extensive patriotic demonstrations. All Italy celebrated. I did.

But that was transitory. Almost at once there afflicted us those mournful incidents—the tragedy of the Palace d'Accursio in Bologna, that of the Palace Estense in Ferrara, and the Bloody Christmas in Fiume.

At Bologna there was a bold handful of Fascists led by Arpinati. We were aware that the Socialists were preparing, in the red city and through the whole valley, pompous demonstrations to celebrate the installation of the new city government of Bologna, composed for the most part of reds. On November twenty-first quantities of red banners were hoisted on the high towers of the City Hall Palace as well as on the private buildings. There had been planned also the release of flocks of pigeons to bring the greetings of the Bologna Socialists to their comrades of other places. The whole town was in the hands of the Socialists. They were on the point of adopting a constitution of the soviets. The city government minority, composed of elements of good order, with Fascists and combatants, was present at the meeting. This was considered by the reds as a provocation and a challenge.

The Fascist group of Bologna, which had its headquarters in a street called Marsala, organized several squads to defend the public order at any price. In the afternoon the Fascists were being marked out with continuous and increasing insults and provocations. The Fascio—the organization of the Fascisti—by placards made it plain that it was resolved not to be bulldozed, and it warned the women and children to keep at home behind locked doors. It was foreseen that the streets of Bologna might witness a tragedy. This firm attitude of the Bologna Fascists, guided by Arpinati, whipped up the Socialists, not only because they were feeling no longer able to do as they pleased but also because physical fear had taken possession of their leaders all up and down the line. I say categorically that fear and cowardice have always been typical characteristics of the Socialist Party in Italy.

At the moment when about thirty Fascists formed in tiny squads and tried to go from Indipendenza Street, the open space crowded with the Socialists, there was a general scattering and a disordered shouting and clamor. A portion of the terrified crowd poured over to the City Hall and entered the courtyard. The Socialists, barricaded there as in a fortress, blinded by their own base fears, supposed that all fugitives were Fascists; they feared that the City Hall might be invaded; therefore they threw from above, upon the crowd, hand bombs with which they had armed themselves.

This increased the general terror in the crowd. Many of the people ran off, tearing up their tickets of the Socialistic organizations.

While around the palace and in the courtyard these events were going on, in the Hall of the City Council there exploded a sudden tragedy. The red members of the council, frightened by the apprehension of a Fascist invasion, thronged for the most part toward the exit. Some of them, however, preferred joining the public, composed of red elements; some flung themselves against the little group of the council conservatives.

The first shots were now heard in the hall. The guards, not to be caught, threw themselves upon the ground. The few minority councilors—among whom were the advocate Giordani and advocates Oviglio, Biagi, Colliva, Manaresi—kept firm their places, offering a conspicuous mark for wrath whipped up by fear. Somebody fired. The bullet missed Oviglio by a miracle. But a second shot killed Lieutenant Giordani, *Bersagliere* and mutilate of war, hated for his record by the reds. Meanwhile the organizers of the bloody riot were continuing to hurl bombs, as if they were gone out of their minds, into the square crowded with people, and they hit fugitive Socialists under the impression that their victims were Fascists. Horrible was the carnage and the butchery.

Something of the same kind happened a little later at Ferrara on the occasion of a great Socialistic manifestation which was to have taken place in the historic castle of the Estensi. A column of Fascists, advancing to the spot of the meeting, met a fusillade of lead. The Fascists left on the ground three dead and numbers of wounded. Ferrara the red; Ferrara, which had all municipalities and the province in the hands of the Socialists; Ferrara, which had threatened to arrest its own prefect—passed hours in anxiety. The same exasperated passion of Bologna seized the noble province of the Estensi. I felt, however, that one could catch a glimpse of tragedies which were mere preludes to certain revolution. What revolution?

Italy's Heritage

I called to Milan the responsible chiefs of the Fascist movement, the elements of the Po Valley, of Upper Italy, of the towns and countrysides. Those present were not many, but they were men resolved to take any risks. I made them understand, as I had suddenly understood, that through newspaper propaganda, or by example, we would never attain any great successes. It was necessary to beat the violent adversary on the battlefield of violence.

As if a revelation had come to me, I realized that Italy would be saved by one historic agency—in an imperfect world, sometimes inevitable still—righteous force.

Our democracy of yesterdays had died; its testament had been read: it had bequeathed us naught but chaos.

Editor's Note—This is the fourth of a series of reminiscences by Premier Mussolini. The next will appear in the issue for July 7th.

When you force your plumber to sell you a cheap water closet

you lose more than he does!

"WE'VE got to pare down," you insist. "We won't pay that much."

"All right," says your plumber (who has been presented with the same situation before), "here's one for $30."

So you take it. And this is what you get:—

A small bowl with a small, uncomfortable seat that cramps the body and discourages regular habits.

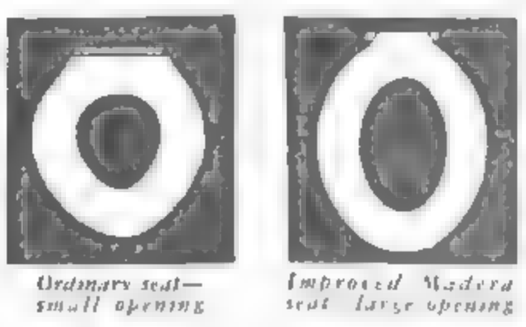
A small seat opening with dry bowl surface beneath, both of which are easily made unsanitary and are hard to keep clean.

Cheap valves and fittings, which cause so many repair bills. Doubtful china, which may develop little cracks to retain dangerous bacteria. Inadequate, incomplete, noisy flushing. This kind of a toilet is known to the trade, rather contemptuously, as a wash-down.

So when you make your plumber come down on his price don't feel sorry for him. Feel sorry, rather, for yourself and your family.

Your plumber prefers to offer you an Improved Madera toilet at $85 for the following good reasons:—

The Improved Madera has a long, graceful bowl with a long, comfortable seat. The seat opening is also long, and the bowl surface beneath this opening is completely covered with water.



Ordinary seat—small opening *Improved Madera seat—large opening*

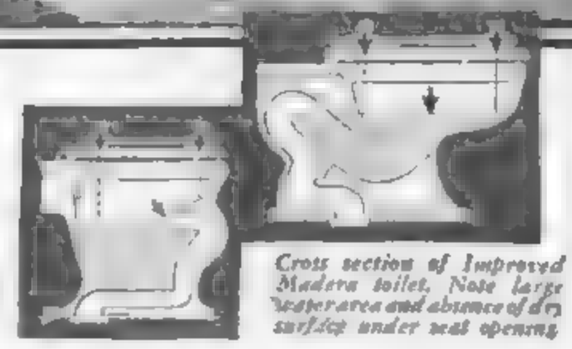
Bowl and tank are of Durock, finest and densest of vitreous china, the snow-white body of which is beautifully evident through a transparent glass-hard, fused-in surface. Durock is ageless. Nothing can penetrate it, and it can always be cleaned with a damp cloth.

Flushing, though exceedingly quiet, is made positive and complete by twin jet siphonic action through a trapway so large that *it will pass even the modern sanitary pad.*

The Improved Madera at $85 comes completely equipped with the finest fittings money can buy. It costs no more to install than a cheap water closet. *And because it calls for no after-service or repairs, the total, over-all cost is finally actually less.*

Don't resist your plumber's desire to provide you with this finest of hygienic developments. Better—encourage him to show it to you. The Improved Madera is sold and installed by Master Plumbers everywhere. If you have trouble finding it, let us direct you. Do this now, so the work of installation can be done while the family is away.

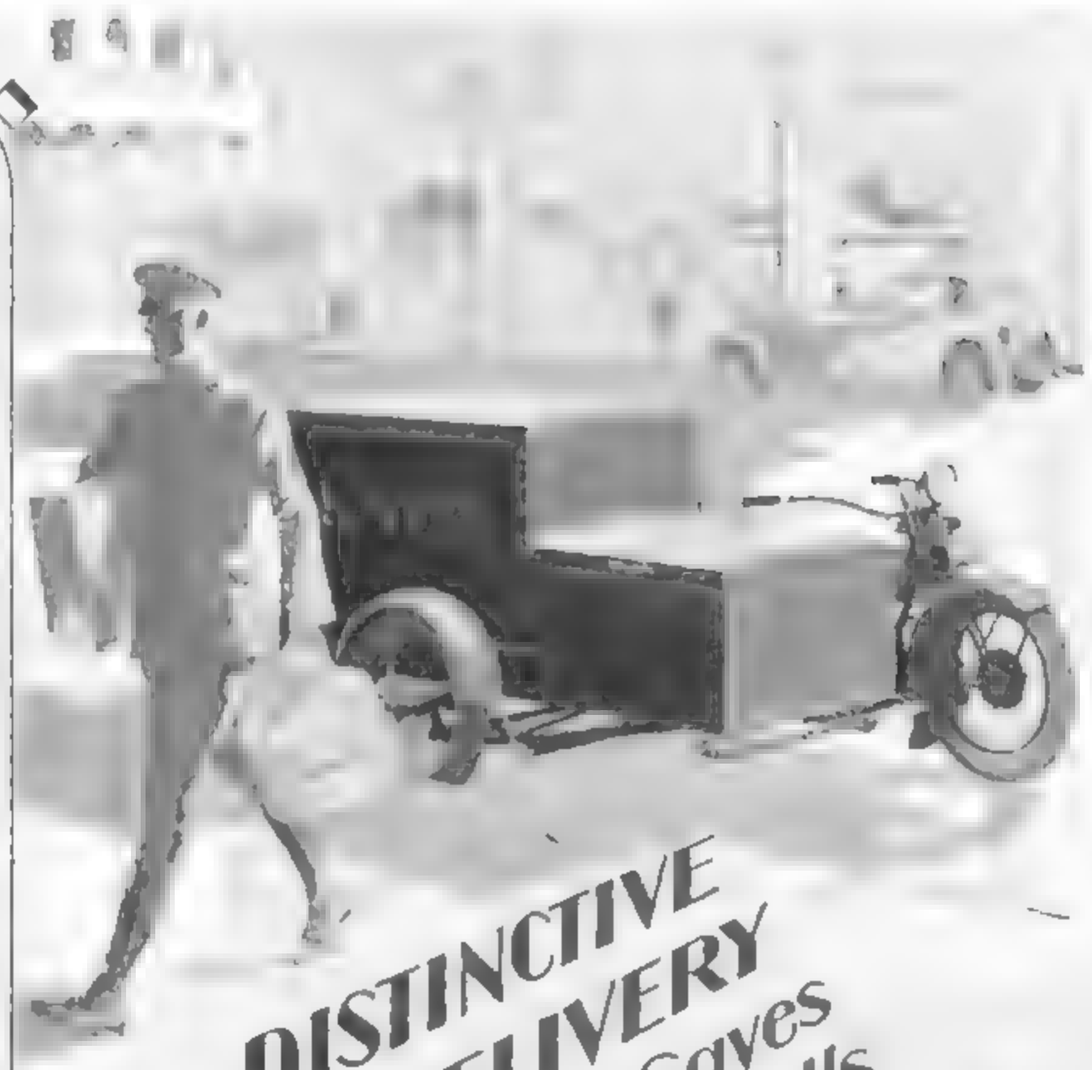
THOMAS MADDOCK'S SONS COMPANY
Durock Bathroom Equipment
Trenton, N. J.



Cross section of ordinary toilet. Note small water area and large dry surface under seat opening.

Cross section of Improved Madera toilet. Note large water area and absence of dry surface under seat opening.

MADDOCK'S *Improved* MADERA



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Special and Stock Bodies to Meet Your Requirements

Special body—... Trucks in their circulation departments for both local and interurban deliveries.

Stock body—widely used by grocers, markets, delivery services, etc. Easily handles quarter-ton load.

HATTERS and haberdashers, department stores and other retailers of quality lines are turning to the Harley-Davidson Package Truck—for they know the sales-value of this Distinctive Delivery.

As modern traffic grows more and more congested, the handiness and easy parking of the Package Truck are increasingly valuable. Time-cost of deliveries and service calls is reduced—long carries eliminated—other vehicles outdistanced without speeding.

Per-mile cost is *one-third* that of cars or trucks—averages *under 3 cents per mile!*

The advertising value of distinctive Package Truck delivery is a big asset in itself.

Call your local Harley-Davidson dealer for a demonstration—or write us for data. Mail the coupon.

HARLEY-DAVIDSON MOTOR COMPANY
DEPARTMENT S. P. MILWAUKEE, WIS.

HARLEY-DAVIDSON
¼ Ton Capacity Package Truck

Rapid growth of Package Truck delivery has created exceptional sales opportunities for dealers... time franchise available in many localities... invited from responsible business men. Address Desk A...

HARLEY-DAVIDSON MOTOR CO.,
Dept. S. P., Milwaukee, Wis.

Send illustrated literature and full information about the Harley-Davidson Package Truck.

Name
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Business

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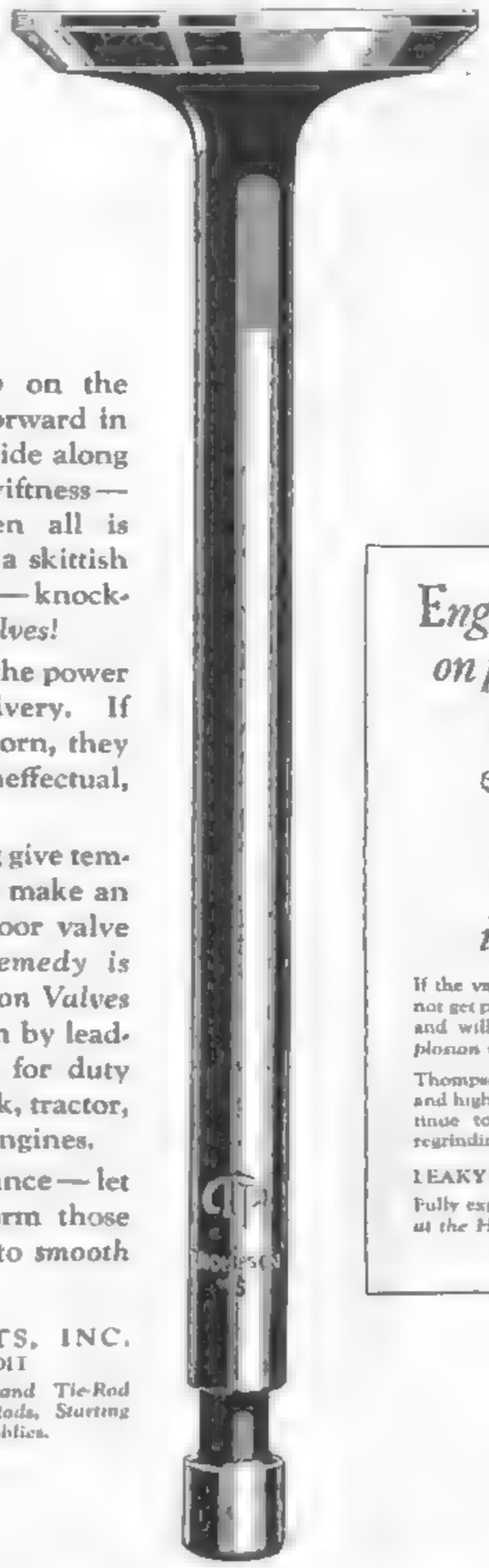
JERKY SPASMS OF ENERGY?

or

SMOOTH FLOW OF POWER



SHIFT into high!—Step on the gas!—Does she leap forward in instant live response?—glide along with ever increasing swiftness—evenly—smoothly? Then all is well! But if she acts like a skittish filly—bucking—kicking—knocking—*then look to your valves!*

It's the valves that hold the power in leash for instant delivery. If they are leaky, burned, worn, they waste a large part of it in ineffectual, jerky sputterings.

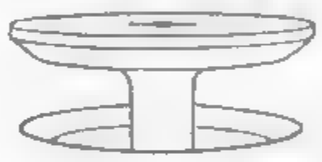
Grinding and regrinding give temporary relief, but will not make an old valve young, nor a poor valve good. *The one sure remedy is replacement with Thompson Valves*—valves which are chosen by leading automotive engineers for duty in the fiery furnace of truck, tractor, motorcycle and airplane engines.

Give your engine a chance—let Thompson Valves transform those jerky spasms of energy into *smooth engine power.*

THOMPSON PRODUCTS, INC.
CLEVELAND and DETROIT

Thompson Valves, King, Shackle and Tie-Rod Bolts, Tappets, Drag Links, Tie Rods, Starting Cranks, and Brake-Rod Assemblies.

Engine power depends on perfect sealing of this VALVE



in this HOLE

If the valves do not seal perfectly, you will not get proper compression before the spark, and will lose part of the *force of the explosion* when the spark ignites the mixture.

Thompson Valves endure the fierce heat and high speed of modern engines and continue to seal perfectly without frequent regrinding and early replacement

LEAKY VALVES MEAN LOST POWER

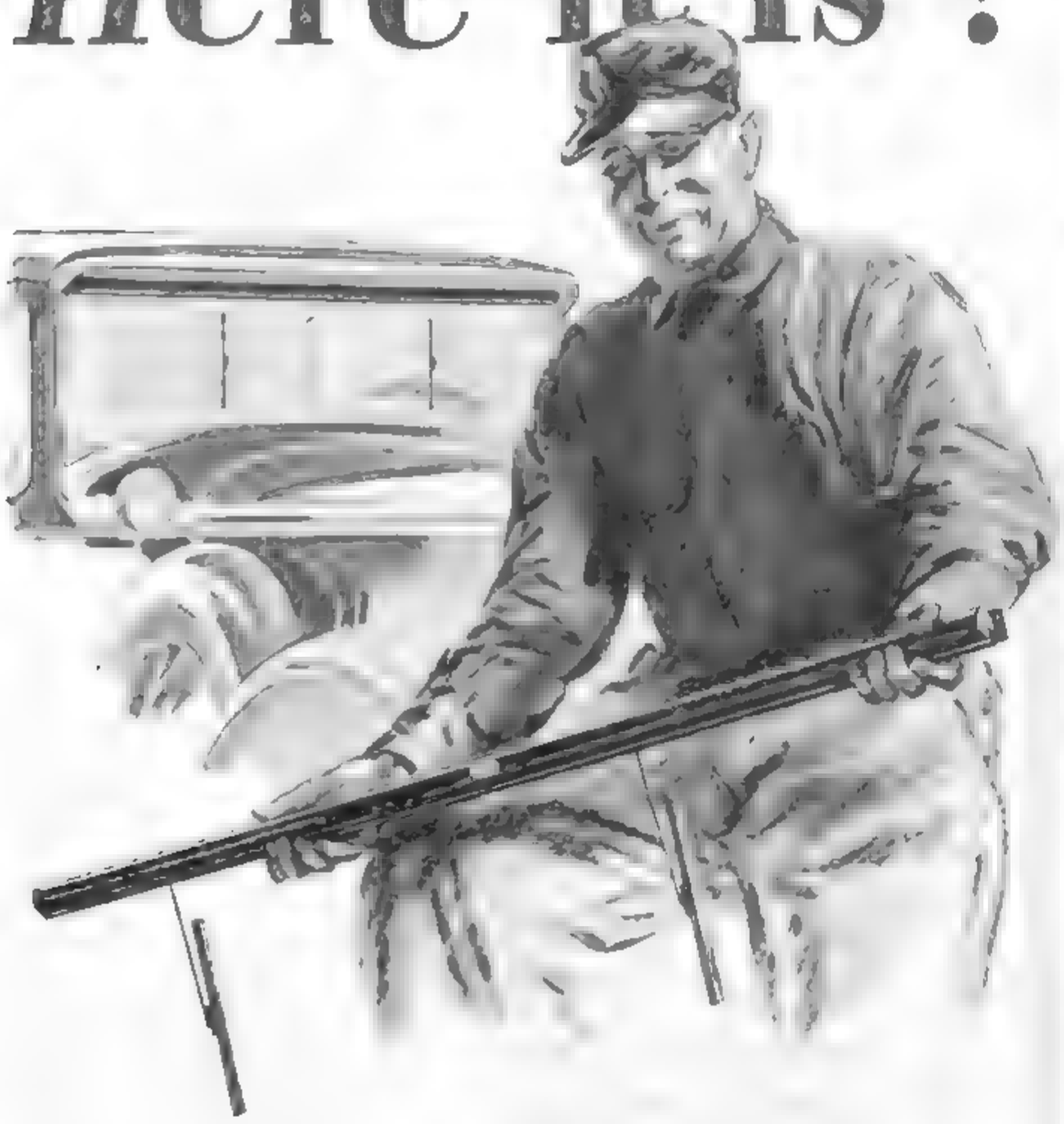
Fully explained in our booklet, *The Valves at the Heart of Your Motor.* Write for it.

Thompson Valves

This Thompson Products trade-mark identifies Thompson Valves, Bolts and Starting Cranks.

These products are sold for replacement by jobbers and garages. Ask your repairman.

Here it is!



greatest windshield wiper in the world...

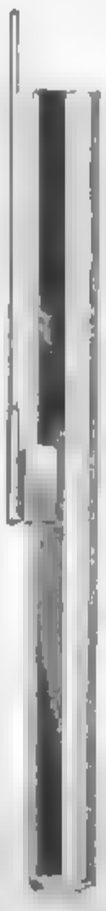
THESE two powerful blades do a wonderful job of windshield wiping—and this is the secret—they sweep the rain off *sidewise*, and the water runs *downward* off the bottom of each blade. You actually get as wide and clear an outlook in a rainstorm as on a bright, sunny day!

Trico made the first hand cleaners that were used on motor cars back in 1918. The regular Trico Automatic which swings back and forth is now the popular cleaner—and it does a good job. But for those who want the best, nothing can equal this new Trico Visionall—with its two vertical blades that drain as they wipe. It leaves no water film on the glass.

TRICO
VISIONALL
Twin-Blade Windshield Wiper
PATENTED: U. S. A. AND PRINCIPAL FOREIGN COUNTRIES

Two models—the Standard, for all cars, priced at $8.50, and the Deluxe, with added refinements, $12.50. Trico automatic cleaners are run by suction from the motor of the car. No electrical connection. Free, unlimited air-pressure is the only motive power.

TRICO PRODUCTS CORPORATION, BUFFALO, N. Y.



New 5-ply Rubber Blade fits any cleaner

The Visionall has two of these new Trico five-ply Pyramid blades. They clean more cleanly. These blades fit any suction cleaner. 35c each (U.S.A.) mailed postpaid if your dealer can't supply you. Pat. Feb. 14, 1928

The Poets' Corner

To All Friends

LOVE is no stuff to gather dust on shelves!
The more we give, the more we have ourselves;
So all our love we send to you, and then
Yet more we'll have to send to you again.
—Arthur Guiterman.

Home Folks

HOME folks are different from any others.
I don't mean simply cousins, aunts and brothers,
But neighbors and acquaintances and, oh,
The home-town people! If you only know
Their faces even, or whose boy that fat
And tousle-headed youngster is, and that
Mischievous pig-tailed girl! Some children's faces
Bring to you pedigrees, feuds, histories, places,
Whole generations of a family's story
Chronicled in some fight-scarred youngster's gory
And battered face, or in some small girl's flirt
Of much beruffled skirt,
Or in some baby's solemn, round-eyed gaze—
"So like his Uncle Aleck!" Moods and ways
Of neighbors—oh, we know! Our neighbors, too,
Know what we're apt to say, and think and do.
Who in the city, though he loafs or labors,
Knows—yes, or cares—what happens to his neighbors,
Or gives a neighbor word or thought or look?
This is the way the town folks read the Book:
"All men are strangers," not "All men are brothers."
Home folks are different from any others!
For home folks feel the bond that deep within
The heart exists and still makes all men kin.
—Mary Carolyn Davies.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Seven Hundred and Fifty Thousand Weekly)

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A REQUEST FOR CHANGE OF ADDRESS must reach us at least thirty days before the date of issue with which it is to take effect. Duplicate copies cannot be sent to replace those undelivered through failure to send such advance notice. With your new address be sure also to send us the old one, inclosing if possible your address label from a recent copy.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Publishers also of *Ladies' Home Journal* (monthly) 10c the copy, $1 00 the year (U. S. and Canada), and *The Country Gentleman* (monthly) 5c the copy, 3 years for $1 00 (U. S. and Canada). Foreign prices quoted on request

Not just for fun but for health too

the Cannon Swim

To get the most out of a swim

When you are overheated it is best not to jump right into cold water; the shock is too severe. If you are at a club, take a warm shower first. Yes, warm! Reduce the temperature gradually, not suddenly. You should be comfortable before you dive. If swimming out-of-doors, lie around and cool off before going into the water. Splashing a little water on hands and feet and head will help to cool you. When you get in the water, work! Swim, paddle, splash about. Get some exercise. The more you exercise, the longer you will be able to stay in the water. Don't let yourself be chilled; at the first sign of a shiver, run out. Rub dry briskly with a Cannon towel until the skin is glowing and comfortable again.

WHEN you go for a swim, take a Cannon turkish towel along with you. Make it a Cannon swim. Swimming is lots of fun, but it can be more healthful, more lasting in its benefits, according to the way you begin it and end it. End it right, with a shower and a good hearty rub with a Cannon turkish towel, to bring the glow of health back to the skin and stimulate muscles and nerves that perhaps have been shrinking away from cold water. Then you'll get the most out of the swim, just as you do out of your daily Cannon bath.

Treat your towel rough, and your skin likewise. Both will stand it. Cannon turkish towels are made to endure a lot of hard wear. That's one big reason why so many institutions serving the public—like hotels and hospitals, athletic and country clubs, railroad and steamship lines, nearly always buy Cannon towels. They have found by experience that the public likes these towels, and that even the extra hard use of thoughtless hands does not quickly wear them out. Cannon towels are certainly economical. The careful buyers of big institutions know it and cut towel expenses by buying Cannon towels. You can do likewise in your own home.

There are all kinds and sizes of Cannon towels, at many prices. There is one or more that will hit your fancy exactly and suit your pocketbook to a cent. Many in plain white. Others with borders in colors, to make it easy for Jim and Jennie, Walter and Marie, to know their towels apart. Take a tip from the hotels, and buy your Cannon towels by the dozen, so you can enjoy a fresh snowy one every day. Towels last longer that way, as well as being more pleasant and refreshing. There are Cannon huck towels, wash cloths, bath mats and bath sheets. Sold at dry goods and department stores everywhere. Prices from 25 cents to $3.50 each. Cannon Mills, Inc., New York City.

TRADE MARK CANNON

Trade-mark label that identifies Cannon towels.

(Above) Cannon dobby border turkish towel, border in pink, blue, gold, green or all white. About $1.25.

Cannon dobby border turkish towel in pink, blue, gold or lavender. About 50c.

(Below) Cannon Lighthouse turkish towel, in blue, pink, gold, lavender or green. About $2.00.

Cannon turkish towel with stripes in pink, blue or gold. About 50c.

Cannon turkish towel in pink, blue, gold, green or lavender. About 75c.

All colors in all Cannon towels guaranteed absolutely fast

CANNON TOWELS

Here TONCAN IRON

lasts twelve times as long as other metals used

Installed a year ago by the Marine Refining Corporation, this Super-Iron still shows no signs of wear. Other metals were destroyed in one month.

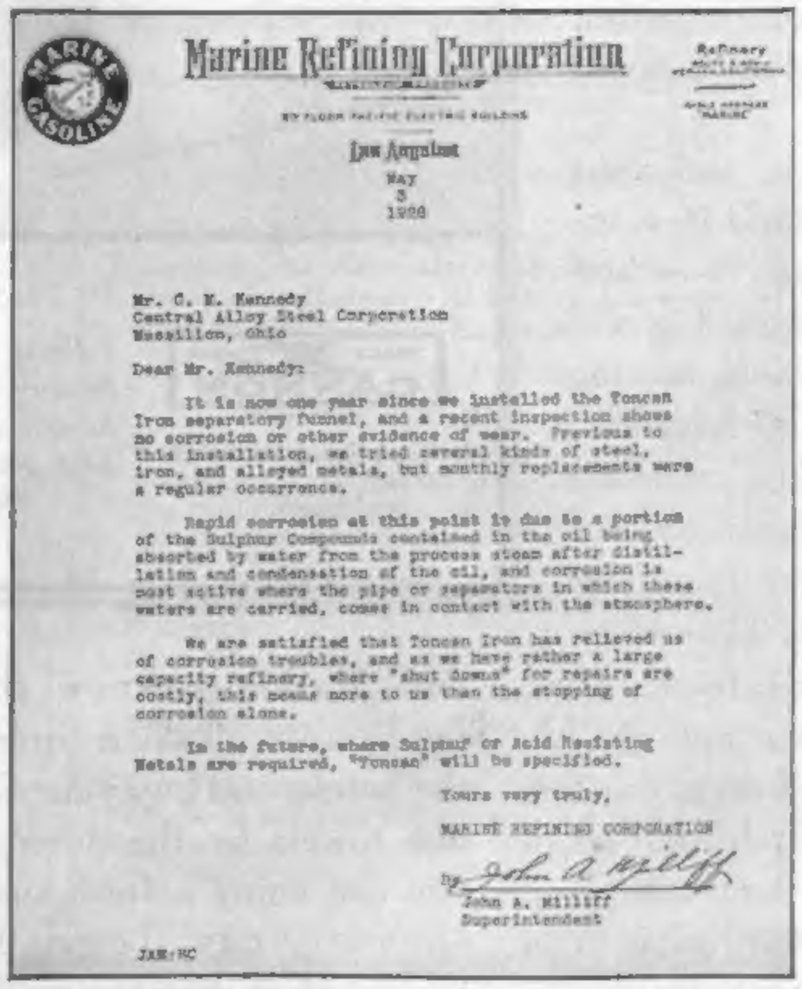
SOLUTION of a costly corrosion problem has finally been accomplished by the Marine Refining Corporation of Los Angeles by the use of Toncan Copper Mo-lyb-den-um Iron. A separatory funnel subjected to sulphur compounds was made of several kinds of steel, iron and alloyed metals in order to combat the corrosion problem, but without avail. Every one of the metals tried was completely destroyed after a month of service.

About a year ago, the funnel was made of Toncan Iron. One month, two months, six months and finally a year went by and still there was no sign of corrosion or other wear. To this day, the Toncan Iron funnel is in good condition and expensive shut-downs caused by the failure of this funnel are definitely eliminated. The letter from the superintendent of this company reproduced here gives testimony of the excellent service rendered by Toncan Iron.

This is but one example of the durability of Toncan Iron. In actual use and in laboratory test it repeatedly shows its outstanding ability to resist the attacks of rust and corrosion. Its superiority over other metals has led to the widespread use of Toncan Iron.

Architects and sheet metal contractors specify it for all sheet metal work of homes and buildings such as gutters, down-spouting, window frames, metal lath, cornices, ventilators, ventilating ducts. Manufacturers of household equipment use it in their products to assure their customers long, satisfactory service. Highway engineers specify Toncan Iron for corrugated culverts. Wherever metal meets moisture you will find Toncan Iron in use defying rust and corrosion.

For further information regarding this super-iron, send for the Toncan Book, "The Path to Permanence."



Marine Refining Corporation

Refinery

Los Angeles

May 3 1928

Mr. C. M. Kennedy
Central Alloy Steel Corporation
Massillon, Ohio

Dear Mr. Kennedy:

It is now one year since we installed the Toncan Iron separatory funnel, and a recent inspection shows no corrosion or other evidence of wear. Previous to this installation, we tried several kinds of steel, iron, and alloyed metals, but monthly replacements were a regular occurrence.

Rapid corrosion at this point is due to a portion of the Sulphur Compounds contained in the oil being absorbed by water from the process steam after distillation and condensation of the oil, and corrosion is most active where the pipe or separators in which these waters are carried, comes in contact with the atmosphere.

We are satisfied that Toncan Iron has relieved us of corrosion troubles, and as we have rather a large capacity refinery, where "shut downs" for repairs are costly, this means more to us than the stopping of corrosion alone.

In the future, where Sulphur or Acid Resisting Metals are required, "Toncan" will be specified.

Yours very truly,

MARINE REFINING CORPORATION

by John A. Milliff
John A. Milliff
Superintendent

JAM:HC

Separatory funnel in refinery of Marine Refining Company, Los Angeles, made of Toncan Iron, is still in good condition after lasting twelve times as long as other metals used.

The famous family of steel products under the Agathon trade-mark includes Alloy Steels, Special Finish Sheets as well as all standard finishes, Electrical Sheets, Hot Rolled Strip, Galvannealed Sheets, and Enduro Stainless Iron. Write for information on any product. It is gladly furnished.

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CENTRAL ALLOY STEEL CORPORATION, Massillon, Ohio

MILLS: CANTON AND MASSILLON, OHIO

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Toncan is fabricated in Canada by The Pedlar People, Ltd., Oshawa, Ontario

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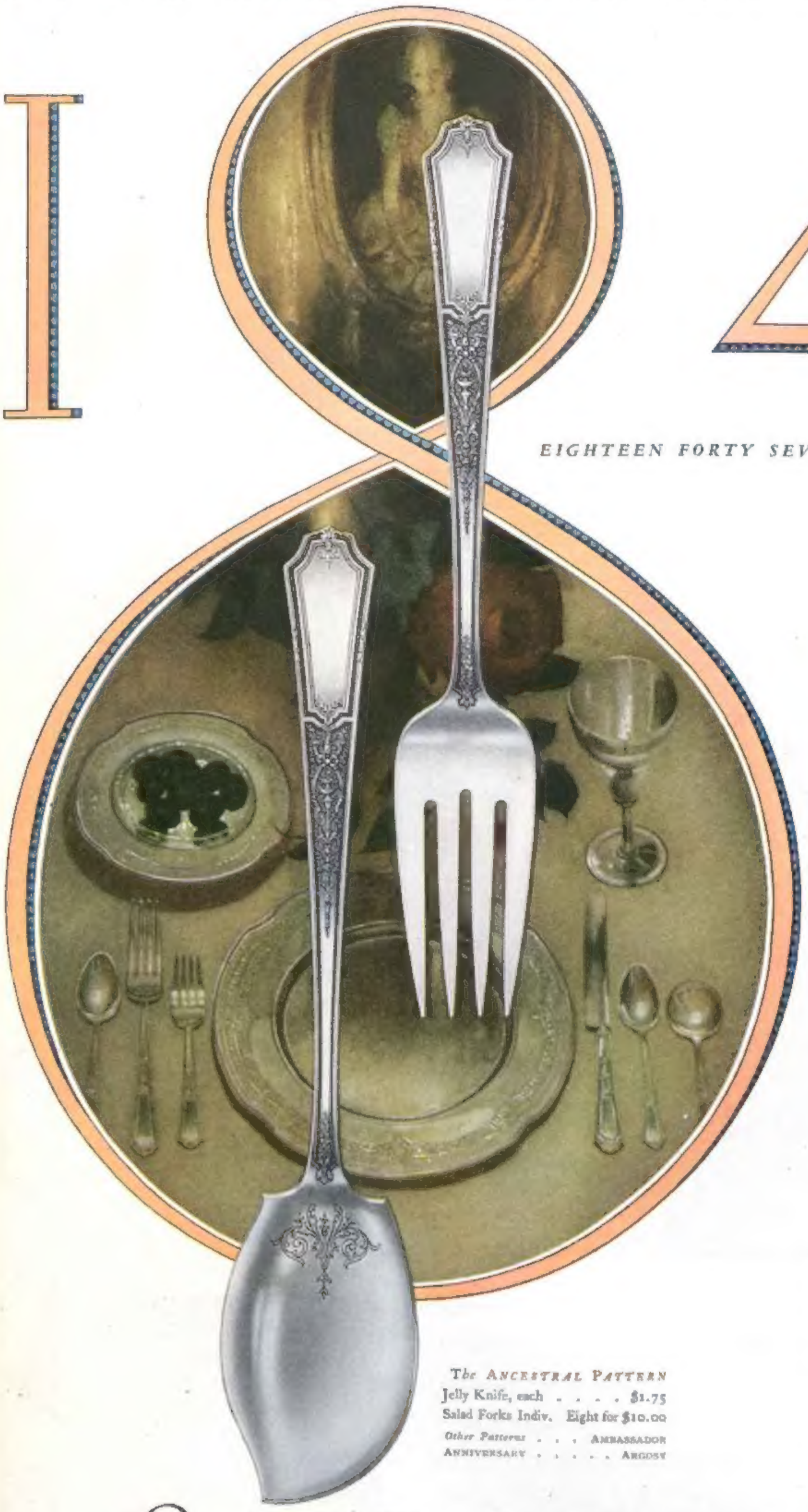
ON THE TABLES OF AMERICA'S FIRST FAMILIES SINCE

1847

EIGHTEEN FORTY SEVEN



A Heritage to Your Children's Children

Will the silverplate you choose to-day retain its beauty through the distant tomorrow? Will it remain the treasured family plate in the homes of your children's children?

You cannot be sure unless you choose the plate that not only is smart to-day but has proved its character in the relentless acids of time.

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. . .

Ask your silverware merchant to show you THE PIECES OF 8 (covers for eight—34 pieces—at $43.75) . . THE PIECES OF CHARM, fancy pieces in flatware, such as oyster forks (8 for $7.00), berry spoons ($3.50 each), dessert servers ($4.25 each), iced tea spoons (8 for $8.00), with HOLLOWWARE, dinner sets, coffee services and ornamental pieces to match. You'll get a thrill, too, from the new PLATE *D'OR* Service in 1847 ROGERS BROS. . . the service of gold for formal dinners. (*All prices slightly higher in Canada.*)

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